

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1919

Vol. LXVII

NUMBER 4

The Wild Fawn

A WIFE WHO BROUGHT GAY PARIS TO QUIET DIXIE LAND

By Mary Imlay Taylor

Author of "Who Pays?" "Children of Passion," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. L. LAMBDIN

MRS. CARTER looked up from her breakfast and glanced anxiously at the clock.

"I wonder where that postman can be!" she exclaimed fretfully. "He's always late nowadays."

"Nonsense!" retorted her husband, unfolding his newspaper. "It's because you want a letter from William. The postman will be along all right."

Mrs. Carter sighed. She could not understand the gap in her son's correspondence. William was her eldest and the pride of her heart. At twenty-seven he had been a success in business. He had dominated the family, advising his stout, deliberate father, overwhelming his lame brother Daniel, and bossing the two younger children, Leigh and Emily, until, goaded to frenzy, first one and then the other of the worms turned. As the only girl in the

family, Emily reached the limit of her endurance long before Leigh came into the battle as a feeble second.

But not even Emily could stem the tide of Mrs. Carter's devotion to her first-born. It had cost her many a sleepless night when, more than a year ago, William Henry Carter had been selected by a well-known mercantile firm to go to Japan. It had been a crowning opportunity for William; to his mother it was a source of mingled pride and anguish. She packed his trunk with unnumbered socks and collar-buttons—she was sure he couldn't get them in Japan—and she smuggled in some jars of strawberry jam, "the kind that dear Willie always loved."

Afterward her only solace had been his letters. She overlooked his ungrateful wrath when the jam-jars broke into the socks, and fell back on her pride in his



LEIGH APPEARED, LADEN WITH FANCHON'S LUG-
GAGE. LIKE A BEAST OF BURDEN HE TOILED
UP BEHIND THE WOMEN, PLAINLY CAPTIVATED

that a girl with a snub nose and freckles should never do her hair in a Greek knot.

"It's enough to make a cat laugh," said Leigh. "What have you got to balance that knob on the back of your head?"

"Leigh dear, don't plague sister so," Mrs. Carter remonstrated mildly.

"As if a boy like Leigh knew anything about a girl's hair!" cried Emily indignantly. "It's a psyche-knot."

Leigh laughed derisively; but at this moment, when the quarrel had become noisy enough to disturb Mr. Carter, it was interrupted by the entrance of the morning mail. Miranda, the colored maid of all work, appeared with a replenished coffee-pot and a letter for Mrs. Carter.

The anxious mother gave a cry of joy.

"My goodness — it's from Willie!"

The interest
became
general,

continuing success, and on the fact that he had been permitted to come home *via* the Mediterranean, and was to act for his firm in Paris.

Now, after an absence of fourteen months, he might be home at any moment; but there had been a gap in the correspondence—no letters for more than two months. The maternal anxiety would have communicated itself to the family, if it had not been that William's company had heard from the young man in the interim, and could assure the anxious Mr. Carter that his son was well and doing business with eminent talent and success. Mr. Payson, the head of the establishment, lived in town, and he was liberal in his praise.

Mrs. Carter's mind dwelt upon this with a feeling of maternal pride, still tempered with anxiety, when she became aware that Emily and Leigh were quarreling openly because of the latter's unfeeling remark

and five pairs of expectant eyes focused on Mrs. Carter as she opened the envelope, her fingers shaking with eagerness. Miranda, to whom the fifth pair of eyes belonged, became unusually attentive to Daniel, and insisted on replenishing his coffee-cup.

"This was written in Paris," Mrs. Carter exclaimed eagerly, "and—posted in New York! I wonder! 'Dear mother,' she began reading aloud, her voice tremulous with joy, "'I'm coming home on the Britannic, and I'm bringing you the—the—'"

She stopped short, her mouth open like a fish's, and a look of horror glazing the rapture in her eyes.

There was a profound and expectant pause. Daniel, the least interested member of the group, managed to drink his hot coffee with apparent relish, and sixteen-year-old Emily ate a biscuit, but Mr.

Carter, who had laid down his newspaper to listen, became impatient.

"What's the matter, mama?" he asked peevishly. "You look scared. Is William going to bring you a crocodile from the Nile?"

Mrs. Carter rallied.

"N-no, not exactly—that is—" She looked absently at the maid. "Miranda, go down to the ice-box and look it through. Let me know just what's left over. I've got to phone to the market immediately."

"Yes'm."

Miranda, describing a sensation from afar, retired reluctantly. She couldn't hear quite as well in the kitchen entry when all the windows were open.

Mrs. Carter waited until the pantry door closed behind the maid; then she turned her horrified eyes upon her family.

"William's married!" she gasped.

"Married?" echoed Mr. Carter angrily. "You're crazy! William's got too much sense. You haven't read it straight. Give me that letter!"

He stretched out a fiercely impatient hand, but Mrs. Carter ignored his order.

"Listen! I did read it right. I know my own boy's writing. I'll read it aloud—listen!"

Mr. Carter thumped the table.

"Why in thunder don't you read it, then? We're listening! Of all the crazy notions! Married—you'll find it's 'meandered.' Go ahead!"

Mrs. Carter rallied her forces again, aware that Daniel and Leigh and Emily were gaping in amazed incredulity. She turned the letter over to the first page, caught her breath, and began.

"Dear mother," she read again, unsteadily this time, "'I'm coming home on the Britannic, and I'm bringing you the sweetest daughter-in-law in the whole world. Her name is Fanchon la Fare, and she's the cleverest, the dearest, the most devoted girl in France. I can't tell you how beautiful she is, but you'll fall in love with her at first sight—just as I did. She's small, 'just as high as my heart,' mother, and she's got the eyes of a wild fawn—'"

"Wild fawn—thunder!" ejaculated Mr. Carter, unable to restrain himself. "Give me that letter!"

This time Mrs. Carter surrendered it. She passed it down *via* Daniel, who was looking unusually pale. His face startled her, and, while Mr. Carter was reading the letter, she met her second son's eyes. They gave her another shock.

"Dan," she whispered in an awe-struck voice, "I—do you think he was engaged to—to—"

She mouthed a name, unable to finish her sentence under the young man's look. Daniel frowned, his



white lips closing in a sharp line, but Emily spoke up unabashed.

"Willie's engaged to Virginia Denbigh. She's got his ring. I've seen it on her finger."

"Oh, Emily!" her mother sank back in her chair, feeling weaker than ever. Her boy, her Willie! She couldn't believe that he would do anything like that. She shook her head indignantly at Emily. "Hush!" she whispered.

"He is, too!" her daughter insisted. "Why, mama, you know he is!"

Mrs. Carter cast a miserable glance at her husband, who was still reading the letter. He was a big, broad-shouldered man, with a ruddy face and bristling gray hair. Although usually a man of fairly equable temperament, his expression at the moment was almost ferocious. He had grown very red, and his eyebrows were bushed out over the bridge of his nose in a scowl that transformed him.

Leigh nudged the unsympathetic Emily under the table.

"Gee, look at father!" he murmured.

Emily, who had resumed her breakfast, nodded with her mouth full. She had played the trump card, and she was quietly observing Daniel. He was as white as a sheet, she thought, and those big eyes of his had a way of smoldering.

"It's because he's had a bad night, I suppose," Emily mused, "or else—"

She speculated, gazing at him; but she did not arrive at any conclusion. She was interrupted by a furious sound from the foot of the table. It was fortunately smothered, but it had the rumble of an approaching tornado.

"The young donkey!" Mr. Carter exclaimed aloud. "My word, I thought William Carter had sense!"

Mrs. Carter's amiable, distressed face emerged a little from behind the big silver hot-water urn which had descended in the family, along with a Revolutionary sword and the copper warming-pans.

"Can you find out anything, Johnson?" she asked faintly. "I—I can't! He doesn't even say where they were married or—or anything."

"Married in a lunatic asylum, I suppose," Mr. Carter returned fiercely. "He says—as plain as can be—that he hasn't known the creature three months!"

"Good gracious! I didn't get as far as that, I—"

William's mother stopped short; she was afraid of making matters worse. Emily, who had stopped eating to listen, came suddenly to the surface.

"Listen, mama! She's French, isn't she?"

"I—I suppose so, dear." Mrs. Carter shuddered slightly. "I'm afraid she is."

"Then I don't see how Willie did it in three months. I read somewhere—in a magazine, I think—that it took months and months to court a French girl, and both parents have to say 'yes,' and you've got to have birth certificates, and the bans have to be posted for three weeks, and even then you can't do it in a hurry; you've got to have a civil marriage and a religious marriage, and—and everything!"

"Good Lord, Emmy! How does a fellow run away with his best girl?" Leigh asked.

"He can't!" Emily, having the floor, held it proudly. "He just can't! It wouldn't be legal; he's got to have his birth certificate."

"Humph!" Mr. Carter glared over the top of William's letter at his wife. "William didn't happen to carry his birth certificate hung around his neck, did he?"

Mrs. Carter shook her head, her eyes fixed on Emily. For the first time she felt it was to be her portion to hear wisdom from the mouths of babes and sucklings.

"Emmy, are you sure you read all that?" she inquired anxiously.

"Of course she did, mother," said Daniel, speaking for the first time, his low, deep voice breaking in on the shrill excitement of the family clamor. "It's French law."

That settled it. Daniel had studied law in old Judge Jessup's office, and there was nothing in law, domestic or international, that Judge Jessup didn't know. Mr. Carter turned his distorted countenance upon his second son.

"Is that really a fact, Dan?"

Dan nodded. He was not eating. He had thrust aside an almost untouched breakfast. The hand that he stretched out now for a glass of water was a little unsteady, but his father did not notice it. Mr. Carter was scowling at the letter again.

"It's as plain as day here, he's known her less than three months. Take three weeks for the bans out of that, and you get seven or eight weeks. The young donkey! Where were her people, I'd like to know?"

Mrs. Carter gasped. Horrible thoughts

had been assailing her from the first, and she could no longer suppress them.

"D-do you think she can be respectable?" she quavered tearfully.

Mr. Carter was mute. He had no adequate language in which to express his own views upon that point, but his gloomy look was eloquent.

There was a horrible pause. Leigh and Emily exchanged glances. There was a little satisfaction in hers; she had exploded a bombshell second only to William's letter, and now she interrupted her father's forty-second perusal of that document.

"Papa," she said in her solemn young voice, "Willie was engaged to Virginia Denbigh, and I don't believe she's broken it off at all!"

"Hush up, Emmy!" cried Daniel angrily. "Leave Virginia Denbigh out of it. You've no right to talk about her. William's married!"

"I guess I've got a right to tell the truth!" Emily flared up. "Willie was engaged to Virginia Denbigh up to last week—and I know it!"

But, to her surprise, it was Leigh who broke out suddenly.

"What does it matter?" he cried. "If William's fallen in love at first sight, he can't help it, can he? It's too much for a fellow, isn't it? When a man sees a woman he loves at first sight—it's—it's like a tornado, it bowls him over!"

"Eh?"

Mr. Carter turned and stared at his youngest son. So did his mother. Leigh was a high-school boy preparing for college. Emily, blond and snub-nosed and honest, had missed beauty by the proverbial inch that's as good as a mile, but Leigh was a handsome boy. He had the eyes of a girl, too.

"Love at first sight?" bellowed Mr. Carter, getting his breath. "What d'you know about it, you—you young idiot?"

Leigh reddened, but he held his ground.

"I know—how I'd feel," he replied hotly.

"Oh, Leigh!" his mother smiled indulgently. "You're such a child!"

"I'm not!" he retorted with spirit.

"I'm eighteen—I'm a man!"

Emily giggled provokingly, and Mr. Carter struck the table with his fist.

"Shut up!" he roared. "I've got one donkey—I don't want another! What did you say, Emily?"

"I said Willie was engaged to Virginia Denbigh, and—"

Daniel, with a suppressed groan of anger, rose from the table; but his father stopped him.

"Wait!" he said sharply. "I want to get the stuffing out of this. What do you mean, Emily?"

"I mean just exactly what I say, papa," cried his daughter, giving Daniel a look of triumph. "Virginia's got Willie's ring on the third finger of her left hand, and he wrote her letters—love-letters—from Japan. I guess I know; I saw her reading one. I guess any girl could tell that!"

"You're nothing but a child!" Mr. Carter exclaimed angrily, but he was searching back in his own mind. He had always planned this match between his favorite son and Virginia Denbigh, and Emily's words went home. He reddened. "Dan, do you know anything about this?" he demanded, turning on his son.

Daniel, who was standing with his hand on the back of his chair, just as he had risen, averted his eyes.

"I'd rather not say anything about it, father," he replied after a moment. "It's—it's not fair to Miss Denbigh, is it, to discuss it?"

His father, who had been observing him narrowly, thrust William's letter in his pocket.

"I see it's true," he remarked dryly. "Emily's got more candor than you have, that's all."

Daniel made no reply to this. He reached for his cane and moved silently toward the door, aware of Emily's cryptic gaze.

Mr. Carter, meanwhile, broke out stormily again, striking the edge of the table.

"I'm ashamed of William!" he growled. "My son—and no sense of honor! I—I'd like to thrash him!"

No one replied to this. Daniel opened the door, went out, and closed it gently behind him. In the pause they heard his slow, slightly halting tread as he went across the hall to the front porch and descended the steps. As the last echo of his footsteps died away, Emily turned to her father.

"Why, papa, didn't you know why Dan wouldn't tell about Willie and Virginia?" she asked wisely.

Her father cast a startled look at her, his eyes still clouded with wrath and mortification.

"No. Why?"

Emily smiled across at Leigh.
 "Dan's in love with Virginia himself, and Willie cut him out. That's why!"

New York dailies, when the bits were likely to interest the town.

"Oh, good gracious, here's a marriage notice from a New York paper!" she cried, pointing it out with a shaking forefinger: "'William Henry Carter and Fanchon la Fare.' Papa, they weren't married until they got to New York—the very day Willie posted that letter!"

Mr. Carter snatched the paper

MRS. CARTER TIPTOED
 ACROSS THE ROOM AND
 WHISPERED: "EMILY,
 DO YOU THINK SHE
 PAINTS HER EYES?"



Mr. Carter stared at her with exasperation. She was going a little too far, and her annihilation was impending when Mrs. Carter suddenly uttered a cry of horror. She had picked up the newspaper. It was local, but it often copied bits from the

from her hand and read the notice; then he slammed it down on the table with a violence that made all the dishes rattle. He was fairly choking with rage now.

"Came over on the steamer with him, of course!" he shouted. "You get the idea,

mama? A French girl! Came over on the same steamer—seven—nine days at sea—and got married in New York. My word!" he fairly bellowed. "What kind of a daughter-in-law d'you think we've got? I ask you that!"

"Oh, papa—sh!" gasped his wife weakly. "Think of these children—"

"Sh?" he shouted. "Sh? With this thing out in black and white? D'you think people haven't got eyes? The whole town 'll read it—trust 'em for that! French laws—birth certificates—bans—chaperons—I'd like to see 'em—wow!"

There was a crash of china, and Mrs. Carter rose and fairly thrust Leigh and Emily out of the room. For the first time in her experience with him, Mr. Carter had become volcanic.

II

It was a clear, starry night, and the long black plume of smoke from the engine was plainly visible as the train rounded the curve and came slowly up to the station. It seemed to approach solemnly, with a certain portentous stateliness, its long line of lighted cars mysteriously welded together and suggesting a giant caterpillar suffering from internal conflagration.

The soft spring night, so illusive in its fragrance and its stillness, was suddenly riven by the fierce clamor of the monster's bell, and the long platform of the station shook and trembled under foot.

Mr. Carter and Daniel waited at the gates, detailed for this painful duty by the panic-stricken Mrs. Carter. The train was late, and they had been waiting fifteen minutes. Daniel patiently leaned on his cane, while his father gripped the iron bars at times with the air of an exasperated tiger looking for a victim. Aware of other people also waiting and within ear-shot, they had said little to each other; but as the train finally approached Mr. Carter broke out with a suppressed rumble.

"The young donkey!" he said for the hundredth time. "I—I wonder what I'm here for, anyway?"

Daniel, who had borne a good deal already, pulled at his sleeve.

"They'll hear you. For Heaven's sake, make the best of it!"

Mr. Carter gave utterance to a sound that seemed to be a cross between a grunt and a bellow, but the thunderous arrival of the engine drowned all other noises, and he

fell silent while he stared gloomily down the long aisle between the tracks where the passengers were disembarking.

"There's William," said Daniel in his ear.

"Where?" Mr. Carter experienced a strange, sinking feeling around the diaphragm. "Oh, I see!"

The two stood silent, trying to get a good view through the crowd.

"My word, Dan, has he married a kid? She's no size at all!"

"Sh!"

Dan went forward, his halting walk jarring anew on his father. Mr. Carter hated to have one of his boys a cripple, but to-night he felt that Daniel was heroic. He followed in a panic.

William saw them.

"Hello, Dan! How d'you do, father? Here—here's your new daughter," he added in a lower, more vibrant tone, drawing his wife forward, pride in his face.

Mr. Carter made a desperate plunge, tried to think of something to say, stumbled badly, and surprised himself and both his sons by suddenly kissing the bride.

"Welcome home!" he said loudly. "We're all mighty glad to see you. We—"

He stopped short with his mouth open, amazed at his own performance. He had never intended to do anything of the kind. He was suffering from stage fright, his mind became a blank, and he simply stared.

But the bride was not at loss. His greeting seemed to touch her. She held out both hands with a fluttering, birdlike gesture, one to him and one to Dan, and she lifted a lovely, animated face.

"*Vous parlez Français?*" she cried eagerly, with shining eyes.

Mr. Carter looked about aghast.

"Good Lord, William! Can't she speak English?"

He was answered with a chorus of laughter. Young Mrs. Carter, William, and Daniel giggled outrageously.

"Of course she does, father! She's half American," replied William.

But the laugh had broken the ice. Mr. Carter looked more narrowly at his daughter-in-law, and discovered that her eyes were lovely. She raised them to his now with a look that suddenly recalled William's description. They were soft and brown and tender, with something sylvan and untamed in their lucid depths.

"By George, a wild fawn, of course, of

course!" thought Mr. Carter, and he offered her his arm.

She took it, clinging to him a little with a touch at once soft and confiding. There was the ghost of an elusive fragrance in her hair, and in the light veil that floated across his shoulder. It suggested violets wet with dew, and even Mr. Carter was intuitively aware that there was something unique, something distinguished and amazing about the small figure, so slight and graceful, and the delicately poised head.

"Of course I speak English," she murmured softly in his ear as they threaded the crowd, followed by William and Daniel and two porters with innumerable bags. "*Mais, hélas!* I wanted to speak French to you because I love it. It's the language of my heart, and you"—there was a lovely tremor in her voice—"you're so good to me here in this smoky place—like a father! I—oh, I know—*je t'adore!*"

Mr. Carter, unaccustomed to the language of extravagance, had a pleasurable feeling of elation. Hitherto, his performances in the social line had been unappreciated, even in the bosom of his family. He had frequently felt like a dancing bear, but now all was changed; this little French girl knew a good thing when she saw it.

"That's all right, you're William's wife," said Mr. Carter, "and I'm mighty fond of William. His mother thinks he's a chip of the moon, I'll tell you that!"

"*Tiens!*" The girl drew in her breath quickly. "Then I'm afraid—she will never like me!"

Mr. Carter, who felt that this time he had really put his foot in it, covered his confusion by hustling her into a waiting taxi. Daniel and he had secured one, but it was necessary to take another for the hand-luggage, and Daniel rode home in that, alone with the bags and umbrellas, while his father and William sat with the bride.

Daniel, who had exchanged a word or two with his brother as they crossed the station together, was aware of William's uneasiness. In the familiar station, confronted with his father and his brother, and all the old realities of his home life, William must have suffered some kind of a shock. He had even said, rather thickly, as they walked along:

"How are they all? Judge Jessup, Dr. Barbour—the—the Denbighs?"

Daniel, staring straight before him, had answered shortly. All their friends were in

good health, he said. But he had previously caught William's eye, and something in its expression rankled in Daniel's mind. He glanced moodily at the heap of luggage in the cab with him, topped by a small green-leather bag with the initials "F. L. F." in silver on the flap. She was pretty; he had perceived the subtle charm of the small, irregular face and the beautiful, wild eyes. Yet he was not reassured; he was, in fact, vaguely uneasy.

Then he reflected bitterly that he was a prejudiced judge. He had never been able to get the look in Virginia Denbigh's eyes out of his mind. He could see them still as he gave her the first warning. The blood went up to Daniel's ears and burned there; he abhorred that little green bag.

Both taxis slowed down at the Carters' door, a stream of light flowed out of the house, and Mrs. Carter, frightened and tearful, appeared at the threshold, supported on either hand by Leigh and Emily.

Daniel, busying himself with directions about the hand-luggage, escaped the ordeal of the greeting, but he caught a glimpse of his mother trying to be nice to the bride and then crying on William's shoulder. When Daniel finally entered the house, the young stranger had taken off her hat and tossed aside the light furs that she had worn with such a daring effect of style. Her brother-in-law was almost startled, she looked so small, so delicate, and so young. Her hair was fluffy and dusky and riotously pretty; it escaped into curls about her little ears and on the nape of her white neck. Her dress, too, in the extreme of the prevailing mode, was a little daring in its display of both neck and ankles.

As Daniel entered, she had discovered Emily, a gawky girl of sixteen, and was displaying a flattering interest in her that covered the embarrassed Emily with blushes. Mrs. Carter tried to save the situation by urging her daughter-in-law to come up-stairs.

"I've got the very best room ready for you, my dear," she said tremulously. "You'll want to arrange your things and come right down. We've waited supper for you."

"How sweet of you, *maman!* I may call you *maman*, mayn't I?" She laid a light hand on Mrs. Carter's arm, raising her soft eyes to her face. "If I'm good I may call you that—*toujours—toujours, n'est-ce-pas?*"



SHE PERCHED LIGHTLY ON THE ARM OF THE CHAIR, WAVING HIM BACK TO HIS SEAT. "IT ISN'T THAT," SHE RETORTED QUICKLY. "YOU DON'T LIKE ME, MONSIEUR!"

"For Heaven's sake Fanchon, don't talk French to mother!" her husband exclaimed. "She doesn't know a word of it—and you can speak English."

"I used to speak French quite a little, Willie," Mrs. Carter protested, coloring faintly; "but I—I'm a little rusty!"

Mr. Carter laughed.

"Mama can just about say, '*oui, oui*,' like a pig," he said bluntly. "You women hurry up; I want my supper."

Fanchon, with one foot on the stairs, turned and kissed her hand to him.

"I'm coming," she declared. "I'm starving, too. I won't be ten minutes!"

"She means two hours," said William, his eyes following the small figure with a look that did not escape either his father or Daniel.

"She's turned his head," the latter thought moodily, not unaware of the charm of the light, hurrying voice and the accent, delicate and sweet, that made her English so exotic.

At the moment, too, Leigh appeared, laden with Fanchon's luggage. Like a beast of burden he toiled up behind the women, plainly captivated. William, seeing it, grinned and laid his hand on Daniel's shoulder. Daniel was the only one who had, so far, shown no signs of capitulation.

"Well, Dan, got any of those old cigarettes in your room?" he asked jocularly.

Daniel yielded, returning his smile, and the two brothers, anxious perhaps for a little talk together, went up-stairs.

Left alone—marooned, as it were—on the old Turkey rug in the hall, Mr. Carter prowled about for a moment, his mind in a maze. He looked into the dining-room, wondered if supper was ready, and finally went into the library and sank heavily into his favorite chair. He had a confused feeling of amazement that the room looked just as usual—the same old books around the walls, the same old portrait of an ancestral Carter over the fireplace, and the guttered chairs, looking as homelike and shabby as ever. Even the litter on the table—it hadn't set itself in order, this corner of the house having escaped the cleaning up for the bride. There was the same old lamp in the center, and his old brier-wood lay there, too.

He sighed, slowly rubbing the back of his head with one hand, while he gazed reflectively at the other. He was confusedly aware of an elusive fragrance about his

fingers, the ghost of a perfume, and he had a dazzled consciousness of those wild-fawn eyes, and the red lips, and little pointed chin. He had a guilty recollection, too, of calling his son a young donkey.

He was still sitting there, staring into the vacant fireplace, when he heard the rustle of skirts and felt his wife's entrance. He did not look up; he seemed to feel an unsympathetic atmosphere, and he heard Mrs. Carter drop into a chair by the table with a heaviness that suggested collapse after an ordeal.

He waited, expectant, but nothing happened. The silence, in fact, grew rather thick. Mrs. Carter sat there, saying nothing, though she swallowed once or twice rather audibly. Unable to endure it any longer, her husband broke the pause.

"She's mighty pretty," he said at last, apparently addressing the fireplace.

His wife said nothing. She only turned a slow, absent look toward him, her mind at work on some problem too deep for him.

"Maybe it 'll turn out better than we thought, mama," he ventured again.

"Maybe," she assented reluctantly. "Poor Willie!"

"Poor fiddlesticks! He's in love." Mr. Carter frowned heavily. "I reckon a man has a right to pick his own wife, anyway," he decided finally.

Mrs. Carter gave him another mysterious look—a look that seemed to deplore his ignorance. Then she rose, murmured something about supper, and left the room. She was going up the front stairs, but she heard William coming down, and, for the first time in her life, she avoided her first-born. With a feeling of guilty panic, she fled up the back stairs. She could hear the bride still moving about in the best parlor chamber, and she slipped past it and crept softly into Emily's room.

At the moment her daughter was standing in front of the looking-glass, staring fixedly into it, but Mrs. Carter did not notice this. She shut the door behind her with the air of a conspirator. Her knees felt weak under her, and she needed sympathy, the sympathy of her own sex. Of course, Emily was a child, but she was a girl child.

Mrs. Carter drew a long breath and put her finger on her lip. Her astonished daughter viewed her a moment in alarm; then a look of understanding dawned in Emily's eyes, and she stood quite still, waiting.

Mrs. Carter tiptoed across the room and whispered:

"Emily, do you think she paints her eyes?"

Emily shook her head.

"It's her eyelashes. I looked hard at 'em, mama, and she does something to them. They look thick and soft like feathers. I think they're just lovely!"

"Emily!"

"I do! That's why her eyes look so nice. I'm going to find out how she does it, too."

"Emily Carter, aren't you ashamed of yourself? I—oh!" Mrs. Carter wiped her eyes. "I'm so ashamed—for Willie! My son's wife with make-believe eyelashes! It—it isn't respectable!"

"I wish I knew how she did it," said Emily. "Anyway, I'm going to find out." Mrs. Carter, having dropped into a chair, buried her face in her handkerchief. She had been longing for a good cry, and this was her first moment of real enjoyment. Her comfortable shoulders rose and fell convulsively, and her daughter caught the muffled sounds of grief. Emily did not heed them, but turned again to her mirror. She had short, blond eyelashes, a good two shades lighter than her blond hair. She viewed them now with the cold eye of an unbiased critic.

"Light eyelashes are horrid," she said to herself, a glitter of determination in her eye. "I must find out how she does it."

"My daughter-in-law!" sobbed Mrs. Carter under her breath. "My Willie's wife, and—and she chalks her nose—I saw it myself!"

III

THE Carters, after a few days, tried to settle down and get used to it, but the new Mrs. Carter never quite let them do it. She kept taking them by surprise, with a kind of flying grace that left them speechless. She was making rapid conquests, too. Leigh had become her slave. He followed her about in an embarrassed state of subjugation, and spent long hours in his room writing sonnets, dedicated to Fanchon, or, more often, to "another's wife."

Emily, meanwhile, was making some curiously subtle alterations in her own appearance, as yet undiscovered by her anxious mother. She had successfully negotiated a loan of three dollars from Daniel—for purposes unknown.

In one way or another, the bride had made progress with them all; she had fascinated, or dazzled, or perplexed first one member of the family and then another. It was only Daniel the student and philosopher, who still resisted. In the rôle of an observer, he maintained an unruffled tranquillity.

It was this very thing—his inaccessibility, his aloofness—that ruffled young Mrs. Carter. At first she had not noticed him—a pale young man who limped; but after a while she caught herself watching him, expecting something, she knew not what. She was tantalized by his silence, his drawling Southern speech, his quiet observation. In a hundred little ways she had tried to take him unawares and failed. Then he grew interesting, and she studied him. She had that love of conquest that some women have, and she had not conquered Daniel.

Quite unaware of the interest he had excited, Daniel pursued his usual course, except in one direction. He had had neither the heart nor the courage to go to the Denbighs. It seemed to him that he could never bear to see again that look in Virginia's eyes, a look that was not for him—and not caused by him, thank God! It followed him when he worked in Judge Jessup's office, on briefs that were soon to make him famous, and when he walked, meditating, under the stars. It could not be shut out, because Virginia's face, her eyes, her smile, had been with him so long in secret.

He had tried to thrust the image out when he thought she was to be his brother's wife, but now he did not try to battle with it. He would, indeed, have loved to dwell upon it, but for that look of doubt and pain in her eyes when she first heard of William's marriage. Love's vision is excruciatingly clear when it is looking at love revealed. He knew now! And he had found it too hard to go there; he felt as if he had, in some mysterious way, become heir to his brother's falsehood. He was bearing a vicarious punishment by denying himself a sight of Virginia's face; but he thought of her with a constancy that shut out his brother's bride.

He was thinking of Virginia one day when he came in rather earlier than usual, and, finding the library empty, sat down to write a letter or two. He chose his place, too, because there was a picture of Virginia

on the mantelpiece—a small photograph of her as a schoolgirl, which she had given to his mother. It was framed and standing there beside the old ormolu clock.

As Daniel wrote he looked up at the picture with that curious sense of companionship that lonely people, people who have suffered, draw from such inanimate images of those they love. It comforted him. He lit his pipe and began to write. For the moment he forgot his lameness, that lameness which seemed to him such an insuperable barrier to his own hopes of happiness.

The house was quiet. His father and William had not yet come in, his mother and Emily seemed to have effaced themselves, and he knew that Leigh was taking an examination at school. It was very peaceful. The old, worn room had a certain shabby dignity, the company of books looked down at him, and through the open window he could see a snow-white lilac in full and splendid bloom. He halted his pen for a moment, and looked out at the sunshine that seemed to bathe the delicate blossoms in a shower of splendor.

He had utterly forgotten the sensation of the household, his brother's wife, and he was taken unawares. The door behind him opened softly, he perceived the scent of violets, and Fanchon entered.

"*Ma foi!*" She stood looking at him, her head on one side. "I didn't know you were here!"

Daniel laid down his pen. He had come to expect something new every time he saw her.

"Does that matter?" he asked, smiling, aware that she was dressed for the street and that she looked lovely, a dark, bewitching little creature with haunting eyes. "I don't matter. Come in, do!"

She came, watching him, and put out her hand.

"*Mais non!* Let us be friends," she said softly, with a kind of childish frankness.

"I thought we were friends already," he retorted, touching the hand lightly and flushing in spite of himself.

She shook her head.

"*Non, non*, you don't like me!"

Daniel rose and drew forward a chair.

"Pardon me, *madame*," he said gaily. "I forgot my manners. You see, I'm your brother, and I don't remember."

She perched lightly on the arm of the chair, waving him back to his seat.

"It isn't that," she retorted quickly.

"You don't like me, *monsieur!*"

He leaned back in his own chair, watching her, wondering just what she meant.

"Perhaps you're mistaken. Perhaps I do like you. Why shouldn't I?"

She laughed, throwing one arm lightly across the back of the chair and letting the light flash on the jewels she wore on her small fingers—extraordinary jewels, Daniel thought, for William's wife.

"*Mais non*, I know! I feel things here!" She touched her heart lightly, the dark eyes misting suddenly, the red lips trembling. "I—I can't live unless I'm loved!"

"If we all felt like that there'd be a good many deaths," Daniel remarked.

For a moment she made no reply, but her eyes seemed to grow pale and small and appealing.

"She's either a creature of a hundred moods," he thought musingly, "or she has an extraordinary facial control."

Fanchon seemed to feel his thought. His very attitude, aloof and challenging and critical, affected her. She shivered, covering her eyes with her hands.

"Don't look at me like that!" she cried passionately. "*Mon Dieu*, I can't bear it! You—you hate me!"

Daniel reddened; he found himself in an uncomfortable position. Had he shown his hostility so strongly? Had he let this wild young creature see that he felt she was an interloper?

"You're talking nonsense, Fanchon," he said gravely. "I hate no one—as far as I can remember. I'm a colorless fellow, you know, and a cripple. I don't count."

She lifted her face from her hands at that and looked at him again, her dark eyes soft, tender, almost caressing.

"Why do you think of that so much?" she asked him kindly. "It hurts you all through to your soul, I see it! Yet it doesn't matter—*ça ne fait rien!* You're only a little lame, it is so interesting, *si distingué.*"

"Thank you," he smiled bitterly. "If you keep on, Fanchon, I shall have cause to love you in good earnest. I hate being lame."

"I know it!" Her eyes still dwelt on his with a kind of wild softness—the sylvan, fawnlike look again. "And I care—see? Yet you can't like me! Oh, I know"—she shook her head—"I always know—because I've been unhappy, too."

"You?" he smiled, this time with amusement. "You seem to me a thing of thistle-down and sunshine, a sprite, a nymph—anything but unhappy."

She clasped her hands on her knee, looking at him dreamily.

"Ah, *mais non*, that's because you don't know! I'm an orphan; I had no one—until William came." Her face softened, glowed, grew infinitely tender. "*Guillaume de mon cœur!* Before that—I will tell you. *Maman* died when I was two years old. She was Irish—she was born in southern California, but all her people were Irish. She was poor; she worked in a little inn near a great fruit-grower's ranch. *Mon père*"—Fanchon made a sudden grimace—"I didn't like him. You think that's wicked? I didn't love him. He was French, and he made wine upon the ranch. He married the Irish girl, and I was born."

She stopped, her chin in her hand, thinking. Daniel, listening, smiled inwardly. Involuntarily his eyes lifted to the portrait of the ancestral Carter.

"Shade of my ancestors!" he thought amusedly. "An Irish waitress and a French wine-maker!"

But Fanchon's voice, light and sweet and tantalizing, went on.

"Papa took me to Paris after *maman* died. He put me in a convent and left me there. That's all. I never saw him again, though he sent money now and then. At last he died. *Voilà!*" She clenched her hands passionately. "No one loved me, no one cared whether I lived or died except the good sisters." She leaned over and laid one hand lightly on the table, looking at him. "Do you wonder now—that I'm so wild?"

"I didn't know you were wild," Daniel replied, smiling. "I'm sorry—poor child!"

"No one else was sorry!"

"Oh, yes, I think some one else must have been—besides William," said Daniel.

She drew her breath quickly, biting her lip. For a long moment she studied him; then, with a shrug, she reached for a match on the table and looked at it, turning it over in her hand.

"I—" She glanced over her shoulder at him, her eyes veiled by their long lashes. "Please give me a cigarette," she pleaded. "William didn't want me to frighten your mother. I'm—I'm dying to smoke!"

Daniel stared, not so much at the request as at the sudden change. It was as if she

had dropped a mantle and revealed her true self. The tragedy and pathos which, a moment before, had made her so appealing, so childlike, vanished. She sat on the arm of the chair, a daring little figure, one hand stretched out, the other holding the match ready to strike. Her face, too, sharpened, and seemed to have lost its soft beauty.

There was something keen and reckless about it, and the darkened lashes and reddened lips gave it a bizarre effect, almost like a mask.

"Please—a cigarette!" she pleaded.

Daniel thrust his hand into his pocket, produced his cigarette-case, and held it out.

"Better smoke when mother isn't on hand," he counseled her. "She's old-fashioned, you know."

Fanchon drew a long breath of content, lit the cigarette, and began to smoke. She smoked daintily, her eyes changing and the long-fringed lashes shading them. Gradually, visibly, she relaxed, the sharpness softened, the eyes grew languorous.

"What heaven!" she said after a moment. "It's dreadful, isn't it, when you've always smoked, and you can't get it? I—I think I should have stolen it soon!"

"I see!" Daniel laughed softly. "You should always smoke, Fanchon. Without it you're a prey to sadness, to memories, to imagination. With a cigarette you're happy!"

"*Mais non*, I'm not happy!" She lifted her lashes and gave him a fleeting glance. "But it soothes me. I'm not happy, because"—she rose and stood looking at him, the cigarette in her fingers—"because I know you all wanted William to marry *her!*"

With one of her sudden, birdlike dives, she touched the picture of Virginia Denbigh on the mantel. In spite of himself, Daniel started violently and colored. An impulse, as sudden and uncontrollable as her movement, made him spring to his feet. He wanted to snatch the picture from her hand; but he restrained himself, lifted his pipe from the table, and knocked the tobacco out of it into his father's ash-tray.

"Why do you think so?" he asked her quietly, beginning to refill the pipe.

She laughed, but he saw that the hand which held Virginia's picture was trembling. She did not answer him in words, but turned and looked at him over her shoulder, her dark eyes glowing in a face that seemed colorless except for the scarlet lips. Dan-

iel, aware of the look, avoided it, a sudden fear in his heart. Something, something subtle and inexplicable, moved him. With an effort of self-control—greater than he knew—he took the picture of Virginia out of her hands and replaced it on the shelf.

"Why do you think that about it?" he asked.

She laughed.

"I know it! I know the kind—*jeune fille à marier!* Whenever your mother looks at me in here, she looks at that picture and sighs. And your father stares at it and stares at me—comparing us!" She laughed again, a little wildly. "*Mon Dieu*, I know!"

Daniel frowned.

"You let your imagination run away with you," he said sharply, returning to his seat and lighting his pipe.

He wanted to make her feel that she had transgressed foolishly. He wanted to be a shield for Virginia Denbigh—wanted it passionately.

Fanchon watched him, her head lowered. She looked, he thought, like a slender bewitching sorceress about to work a spell upon him—or upon Virginia's picture.

"Ah!" she said slowly and softly. "I can't make you like me—you're my enemy!"

Daniel stared, aghast, groping for words. But she did not wait; she turned, ran out of the room, and slammed the door behind her. She left Daniel still staring, half-perplexed, half-amused. He was angry, too.

"The little whirlwind!" he said below his breath.

Then he thought of William with a qualm of pity. Not that he thought that William greatly deserved it, for Daniel's heart still flamed with anger for Virginia Denbigh; but William was plainly unequal to this—this handful! The observer of the family, Daniel had already suspected a rift in the lute. He knew that his brother was no longer radiantly happy. William had, in fact, the air of the uneasy keeper of a new leopardess, not yet broken in to the etiquette of the zoological park. Daniel had intercepted warning glances, signs, and murmurs between the two, and he had seen William's evident embarrassment when Fanchon came in contact with his mother.

"He's been expecting this," Daniel thought, and smiled, reaching for his pipe again.

It had gone out twice already, and he began to coax it. Before he could rekindle it, the door opened—softly this time—and Mrs. Carter came in with a pale face and staring eyes. She stopped tragically just at the threshold.

"Dan, was she *smoking?*" she gasped out in an awed undertone.

Daniel smiled.

"I'm afraid she was, mother. Why?"

Mrs. Carter clung to the back of the chair Fanchon had just vacated.

"I thought so! I—I saw it, Dan! She went out of the front door of my house—my son's wife—smoking a cigarette!" she cried in a climax of horror.

Daniel tried to stem the tide.

"She's been educated in Paris, mother. Lots of women smoke."

"Not in our set, Dan, and not in the street, anyway!" Mrs. Carter sank into the chair. "Daniel, I—I'm mortified to death!"

"Nonsense! She'll stop after a while—when she finds out you don't like it. Never mind, mother, make the best of it. Very likely no one saw her but you."

"Saw her!" Mrs. Carter sat up straight and stared at him. "Do you happen to know who are talking to William this very minute, at the end of this street, just where she's sure to meet them?"

Daniel laid down his pipe, turning a little pale.

"No," he said slowly. "Who?"

"Colonel Denbigh and Virginia!"

Her son said nothing, but he turned his eyes slowly away and looked out of the window at the white lilac.

"Virginia Denbigh!" wailed Mrs. Carter. "Think, just think of Virginia smoking!"

And she burst into angry, shamed, helpless tears.

IV

COLONEL DENBIGH and Virginia had arrived at the corner of the street after a lengthy discussion.

"I suppose I ought to call," the colonel had said thoughtfully, pulling his mustache.

"Of course!" said Virginia. "I've called already, but they were all out."

"Couldn't you manage it that way for me, Jinny?"

She laughed, blushing furiously.

"I really wanted to see her, grandpa. They say she's astonishingly pretty."

"Humph! I don't gossip," the colonel



THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME SHE HAD SEEN WILLIAM SINCE HIS RETURN, AND THE SHOCK OF IT SENT THE COLOR AWAY FROM HER FACE

grinned; "but Sallie Payson said to me, 'The bride paints her face!'"

Virginia looked at him absently, her eyes thoughtful.

"I wonder! I met Emily yesterday. You know what a blond child she is? She has short, almost white eyelashes naturally."

Her grandfather nodded.

"Yes, pig lashes—I remember. What about 'em?"

Virginia laughed weakly.

"She's painted them. It gives her the most singular look. I can't think her mother knows!"

"She's at the monkey age. She's copy-

ing Mrs. William, of course." He stood a moment, thinking, his thumbs in his waistcoat, and his fine white head bent. "It's too bad! I—I suppose I've got to call, Jinny?"

She hesitated, and he turned his head slowly, looking at her with a fine reluctance. If she was distressed, he did not want to see it. But he was reassured by her face. It was calm; there was only a little higher color in her cheeks, but her eyes sparkled.

After a moment she answered him.

"I don't see why you have to go. William's such a young man, and I've called and left your card. Perhaps you needn't—not at once, grandpa."

"I don't want them to think—" he stopped with his mouth open, he had come very near to speaking out—"I don't want to hang back," he concluded lamely; "but, confound it, Jinny, I don't want to go alone!"

She laughed a little nervously.

"You needn't. I've got to ask her to sing at the concert on Friday. Emily told me she had a lovely voice, and it's got around that she's a sensation—a beauty, you know. Mrs. Payson and Mrs. Barbour made me promise to ask her to sing. It's for the Carters' church, anyway, so of course it's all right."

"You mean that concert to pay the church debt off?" The colonel looked thoughtful a moment; then suddenly he guffawed. "Going to ask her to sing in a Sunday-school hall—before all those strait-laced people—a girl from Paris? I reckon I'll go, Jinny!"

"I hope you will, and pay five dollars for a front seat. It's really going to be very good, grandpa. Caraffi—the pianist, you know—is going to play. He's expected Friday morning. His manager, a man called Corwin, came over to arrange for it yesterday. I'm very glad that I don't have to deal with him again!" she added with a shudder.

The colonel gave her a quick look.

"Why?"

She laughed.

"Oh, for no reason—except that he's terrible! A—a person!"

"What sort of a person?"

"Showy. He wears a huge diamond ring and very sporty clothes. He's got a perfectly beautiful mustache and sparkling eyes, and—well, he's just terrible!"

"Humph! How about Caraffi, then?"

"That's different, of course. Caraffi plays exquisitely. I heard him last year, you know, in Baltimore. I was so glad when we could get him to come. It makes us sure of success, and we've all worked hard."

"You have," the colonel remarked dryly; then he rose reluctantly from the old garden-seat where they had been sitting. "I suppose we might as well go, Jinny, and get it over."

"You mean—to call upon Mrs. William Carter?"

She spoke in a low voice. For the first time there was a note in it that betrayed the pressure she was putting on herself. It did not tremble, but it hurt the colonel's ear.

He glanced at her quickly, and caught the soft flush on her downcast face. He thought she had never looked so pretty.

"Yes," he replied slowly. "When I've got to have a tooth pulled I like to get it over. Suppose we go now, Jinny?"

"All right," she smiled cheerfully. "I'll ask her for Friday, and get that over, too. You see, they put me on the musical committee."

"Going to play, child?"

She shook her head.

"After Caraffi? Heaven forbid!"

"I bet you a dollar you could beat him at it!" said the colonel with fine loyalty.

His granddaughter laughed, taking his arm affectionately.

They walked down the quiet street thus, his fine white head towering over hers. His son was dead, and this one girl was all the colonel had. He was a tall old man, and he walked with the erectness of a soldier. He had run away at sixteen to be a drummer-boy in Lee's army, and long afterward, as loyal to the Union as he had been active against it in his boyhood, he got his title in the Spanish war, fighting under General Wheeler. He had the military bearing still, and he sometimes saluted when he met one of the old neighbors trudging past him on the familiar street.

It was a pleasant street, where the quiet houses stood well back among the trees, and here and there white-clad figures rocked on the verandas. The elms arched beautifully overhead, the sunshine flickering through the close-leaved branches and falling in a shower of light in the center of the old, white road. It was peaceful, rural, and

profoundly quiet. Virginia and the colonel, who loved it, counted six different kinds of birds.

"There's a black-and-white warbler," said Virginia. "Look, grandpa! It's the first I've seen this year."

"I love the old cardinal best," the colonel replied. "There he is, right on Mrs. Payson's magnolia. Hello, Jinny, isn't that William Carter at the corner?"

Virginia, who had been looking at the warbler, started perceptibly. She even put her hand out quickly and caught at the nearest fence-paling, for she had long ago dropped the colonel's arm. This was the first time she had seen William since his return, and the shock of it sent the color away from her face and brought it back with a rush. She was rosy when she looked around.

"He seems to be alone," she said quietly.

The colonel nodded.

Meanwhile, the encounter was inevitable, since they were moving toward William, and William, after a moment of almost visible hesitation, was moving toward them.

"Why, how d'you do, Colonel Denbigh?" said young Carter nervously. "I—I haven't seen you since I came back."

"No," replied the colonel dryly, shaking hands. "I live at the same place, though."

William Carter blushed. He and Virginia greeted each other silently. She was quite natural and sweet, but William's blush deepened. Across the ocean, under the spell of other emotions and far different surroundings, it had seemed so easy to forget home ties—even ties of honor; but it was not easy here. The very palings in the old fences seemed to shriek at him.

He remembered painfully the sleepless nights he had spent in Paris after that wild moment when he forgot himself and asked Fanchon to marry him. It had been a night haunted with his own sense of the fine things in life, and he remembered that—after the tumult was passed—he had had the sense to burn Virginia's letters. He could see, even here, the pile of ashes in the little grate in his room at the hotel. The ashes of Virginia's faithful, cheerful, loving words! He shuddered.

"We were just going to call on your wife," said Virginia simply.

As she spoke she raised her clear, untroubled eyes to his. It seemed as if she wanted to reassure him by a look—since they could scarcely speak of it again—

that he was forgiven. She wanted by-gones to be by-gones.

"Do you think she's at home?" she added gently, partly because William seemed incapable of speech.

He pulled himself together.

"I don't know—I suppose she is."

He glanced vaguely in the direction of his father's house.

The colonel, who was standing, planted firmly with his feet well apart, and stroking his mustache, regarded him with no very friendly gaze. He saw a violent change come over the young man's flushed face. The flush deepened, and his glance toward his home became a fixed and stony stare. The colonel followed it, discovered the cause, and stopped pulling his mustache.

Fanchon, emerging from the house in a tempest of emotion, ran down the garden-path and started up the street, still smoking Daniel's cigarette. She smoked it gracefully, but with the confidence of long habit. The small figure, too, had an assurance, a swinging grace, that seemed to differentiate it from any other figure in the world. There was a Parisian elegance, too, about her dress, and she wore a most amazing hat—a coronet of feathers, flashing red and black, a hat that no one else could have worn with such astonishing charm and style. In fact, from the tip of the highest crimson feather to the end of her tiny shoe, she was an artistic creation. Two or three passers-by walked sidewise and one little piccaninny stood transfixed, in imminent danger of swallowing a lollypop.

Colonel Denbigh coughed.

"Your wife?" he asked William politely.

William, very red, nodded.

"I want you to meet her," he muttered hastily. "Just a moment—"

He hurried toward Fanchon. Colonel Denbigh caught Virginia's eye and shook silently.

"Gone to capture that cigarette!" he murmured. "I think I'll not call to-day."

"Hush!" whispered Virginia, and blushed again, painfully this time, for her eyes were on the other two.

William, having met his wife, turned and came back with her, the sun shining in their faces. They could be seen much more plainly than they could see. Fanchon had tossed away her cigarette and was looking at her husband, with something in the lift of her small face and the gestures of her quick, nervous hands, suggesting anger.

"She's wonderfully pretty," Virginia thought, "but a strange little exaggerated creature—and—and William's wife!"

She was aware that her own heart was beating heavily, but she held up her head. Meanwhile William came up.

"My wife, Colonel Denbigh. Fanchon, this is Miss Virginia Denbigh. We—we're old friends," he added lamely.

Fanchon looked at them with shining eyes. Her beauty—a delicate, captivating, elusive kind of beauty—seemed soft and childlike at the moment. In spite of the flagrant hat and the flagrantly loud stockings and the amazing style of dress, she was dainty,

graceful, altogether delightful. And she wanted to please. She smiled at them softly; she spoke very little—in a light, hurrying, childish voice—and she was very deferential, very gentle, to Colonel Denbigh.

"She's lovely," Virginia thought generously. "I can't blame him!" Aloud she gave Fanchon the invitation to sing at the concert. "Caraffi is to play, so you mustn't think it's just an ordinary concert," she explained. "We'd be delighted if you could give us a song—a French song, if you will."

Fanchon hesitated, she even blushed, and she raised her dark eyes to Virginia's with that peculiarly engaging wild-fawn look.

"*Moi?* I'm afraid I don't sing well enough," she said deprecatingly.

"She sings beautifully," William interposed eagerly. He was warmed to the heart by her evident success; he saw that the colonel and Virginia thought her lovely.



"FANCHON
LA FARE!" HE
EXCLAIMED, AND CAME
TOWARD HER, SPEAKING
RAPIDLY IN FRENCH

"Don't let her off,
Virginia!"

The name slipped out with the sound, so subtle and yet so unmistakable, that betrays long and tender intimacy. It slipped out, and William stopped short, reddening to his hair. It was not merely calling a beautiful girl by her Christian name. It was saying a thousand things at once; and he felt it, like a thrill of electricity, running through Fanchon. Besides, Virginia blushed, her eyes meeting his with a sudden appeal, a kind of silent prayer.

"Please don't—not in that way!" she seemed to say.

Fanchon laughed gaily and lightly, looking from one to the other. Then, with a



FANCHON'S EYES
WERE FIXED ON
CORWIN, AND THEY
WERE NO LONGER
SOFT. IT WAS NOT
THE LOOK OF A WILD
FAWN, BUT OF A TIGRESS
AT BAY

captivating gesture, she laid her small fingers on Virginia's arm.

"*Merci du compliment!*" she said sweetly. "I'll sing—just one song—for you!"

Virginia, who had recovered her composure in an instant, smiled back at her.

"That's all we could hope for, Mrs. Carter. I can put your name on the program, then—and the song?"

Fanchon nodded, an elfish look in her eyes now.

"*Oui, par exemple*—I can sing anything?" she asked.

"Oh, sing something nice—it's for the church, Fanchon!" said William hastily.

"She means something nice," said Virginia. "Of course—anything you'll give us," she added sweetly, drawing away a little.

Evidently she did not quite mean to go back to the house with them. William saw it—and flushed again.

"You two were com-

ing to call, weren't you?" he asked bluntly.

Virginia glanced at her grandfather, and the colonel shook his head.

"Some other day. It's"—he looked at his watch—"it's near dinner-time now, Jinny."

She assented, and they drew away graciously. In spite of that first happy moment when the impression seemed so good, there was something wrong. William felt it. He glanced nervously at his wife, but she was smiling. He had never seen her look more lovely or less dangerous. He drew a long breath of relief and urged the Denbighs to come soon.

"Some evening," he suggested. "Fa-

ther 'll be delighted to see you, colonel, and Fanchon will sing for you both."

"Then we'll surely come soon," said Virginia.

They managed to get away, and William had an uneasy feeling as he saw them retreating toward their home. He was positive that they had been coming to call. It all embarrassed him. It had been an ordeal, and he had felt it keenly. He had always held a good opinion of himself. The successful eldest son of the family, he had had the éclat of his success at home; but to-day, face to face with Virginia, he had felt—he grew hot all over at the thought of how he had felt.

His wife's voice startled him.

"Are you going back to the house?" she asked in an odd tone.

He started, looking at her reluctantly.

"Why, yes, I was. Shall we walk a little way, instead?"

She shrugged, turning without a word and going back with him. At another time he would have thought that there was something strange about her, but to-day he did not notice. They walked quite a distance without speaking. The silence was growing apparent when Fanchon broke it.

"So that's the girl who's in love with you!" she said abruptly.

William reddened.

"Don't say that!" he exclaimed hastily.

"I never said that!"

She laughed, and he grew angry.

"Listen, Fanchon, I've got something to say to you!"

She gave him a sidelong look.

"*Dis donc,*" she said.

"I wish you wouldn't smoke on the street. American girls never do it."

"Street?" Fanchon looked about her vacantly. "*Ciel*, do you call this a street?"

"Yes, I do! It's a street in my home town," replied William doggedly. "I'm sorry you don't like it. We've got to live here, you know."

"Here?" She looked at him now, her lip trembling. "*Toujours?*"

Suddenly she began to laugh, softly at first, and then wildly, hysterically, dashing tears from her eyes.

William, nonplused, simply stared. He no longer understood her.

V

THE difficulties of St. Luke's church had been very great. The interest on the debt

was heavily in arrears, and the Ladies' Association, selected from the active female members of the congregation, had labored early and late to find its share of the money. There had been fairs and tableaux and even Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, but none of these things had done more than collect a tax on the members of the church. Outsiders had been absolutely shy, and the members were beginning to find a hole in both sides of their pockets. They made dainty articles for sale—splashers and whisk-broom holders and aprons—they dressed dolls and baked cakes, and then went to the bazaar and solemnly bought them back again. It had become a little wearing on sensitive nerves and pocketbooks.

Finally, as a brilliant climax, old Mrs. Payson conceived the idea of a concert that would be fine enough to coax the reluctant dollars from the Presbyterians and the Baptists, the Methodists and the Universalists and the Catholics—in fact, an entertainment that would draw the town. The Sunday-school hall, a gift from Dr. Barbour's father, was large enough to seat almost a theater audience, and it had a fine platform, furnished with footlights, and wide enough not only for a grand piano but for a number of famous singers.

The question of paying the singers had, at first, staggered the ladies, but Mr. Payson had finally come to their relief. As the wealthiest member of the congregation, he usually had to make good the deficiencies, and he proposed to pay for some first-class performers if the ladies of the association would guarantee that they could fill the hall at good prices—five dollars for the best seats, two fifty for the second best, and one dollar and fifty cents for children. If they sold every seat at these rates, they could cover the deficit, and Mr. Payson would escape another and a heavier levy.

It was Virginia Denbigh who finally achieved it. She had taken hold with the ardor of youth and the executive ability which Colonel Denbigh proudly claimed was an attribute of his family. The thing was done. The pianist, Caraffi, was engaged, and one fine singer, besides a first-rate orchestra from out of town.

"No one," said Virginia, "will pay to hear our own people, even if they play better."

The wisdom of this diagnosis of the popular sentiment was demonstrated by the sale of tickets. As the night drew near, it

became apparent that not a seat would be vacant. The invitation to young Mrs. William Carter was a brilliant *coup*. The town was anxious to see her and to hear her; the announcement that she would sing—probably a French ballad—had rushed the last seats up to a premium. For William Carter's sudden marriage abroad had aroused no small amount of gossip.

The hall began to fill early. Virginia Denbigh, who had come down with her grandfather, glanced over it with a thrill of pleasure.

"We're going to make it," she said softly, "every cent! Look, grandpa, they're selling the last seats for five dollars—away back, too."

"Scandalous!" retorted the colonel. "Can't see a thing there but the top of Mrs. Payson's bonnet, and there'll be a draft from the door. You've got no conscience, Jinny. Make them sell those for a dollar."

She laughed, patting his arm.

"You go and take your seat; I've got to be back in the reception-room to meet the singers."

The old man nodded, making his way to a front seat and looking about him interestedly as he went.

The congregation was there in force, with the rector and his wife well down in front; but, for the first time in the history of their church entertainments, the rest of the townspeople appeared there, too. Colonel Denbigh counted three ministers and half a dozen deacons. The black coats and white neckties were well forward, and there were three old ladies, patrons of the church, already seated, with their ear-trumpets at their ears. On the rear benches the young people were congregated, and, as the hall filled, the young men of the town stood about in groups in the aisles and behind the last seats.

But it was a very solemn gathering, after all.

"Sunday-school meeting," thought the colonel. "Hard-shelled Baptists and Methodists on one side, and High-church Episcopalians and Roman Catholics on the other. Needs something a little sprightly to make 'em sit up and take notice. I wonder—"

He looked about him curiously, and then he saw Mr. Carter going slowly down the aisle, followed by his wife and Emily.

"Hello!" said the colonel. "Didn't ex-

pect such luck. You've got the seat next to me, Mrs. Carter. How are you, Emily?" He glanced rather sharply at the girl as he spoke, startled by her unusual appearance, for Emily's white eyelashes were now a dark brown, and her nose was whitened. "Bless my soul!" thought the colonel, and then, to Mr. Carter: "Where's William and his pretty wife?"

"William isn't coming," Mr. Carter replied shortly, seating himself heavily and feeling of his necktie. "He's at home, smoking a pipe with Dan. His wife"—Mr. Carter glanced at the lighted platform, filled with a grand piano and many palms—"I suppose she's coming. She started with Leigh half an hour ago. He's bringing her."

"Humph!"

The colonel tried to think of something more to say, but Mrs. Payson relieved him. She fluttered across the aisle.

"Dear Mrs. Carter, we're all crazy to hear your new daughter sing! Judge Jessup says she's got a lovely voice."

Mrs. Carter smiled tremulously and blushed.

"Yes," she said faintly, but with some pride in her voice. "The judge heard her the other night. She's—she's coming with Leigh."

As she spoke there was a flutter and stir in the audience, and Mrs. Payson retreated hastily to a front seat. Judge Jessup had just appeared on the platform with a tall, thin man who wore an immaculate dress-suit and displayed an amazing head of black hair.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the judge in his deep bass, "it's my duty and my pleasure to introduce the great pianist, Signor Caraffi."

Colonel Denbigh led the applause, and for a moment it was deafening. The pianist, thrusting one hand in the front of his white satin waistcoat, bowed low. Judge Jessup discreetly withdrew into the shadow of the palms, where—at intervals—the audience glimpsed white skirts and pink skirts and blue skirts, and two or three amazing pairs of feet skirmishing behind the foliage and between the substantial green tubs. But even these things became less diverting when the hirsute gentleman began to play.

"Oh, how wonderful!" breathed Mrs. Carter with relief.

Colonel Denbigh rodded.

would have them until the last number was successfully rendered, for Mrs. William Carter was next on the bill, and Mrs. Carter had not come. Not yet! Virginia was waiting for her, much against her will, for there were two or three operatic strangers waiting also, and that intolerable man Corwin, Caraffi's manager.

Virginia was aware of him, aware of his sleek good looks and his watchful eyes. Finding them fixed in her direction, she turned her



"Looks like a hair-restorer advertisement," he replied gently; "but he can play. I reckon it's genius that makes his hair grow!"

It certainly looked like genius, for he was really a great pianist. For a while he held the audience spellbound. Splendid music filled their ears and, in some cases at least, stirred their souls. Even the more frivolous listeners forgot to make fun of the huge, shaggy head as it bent and swayed and nodded while the pianist forgot himself and forgot the world in his conflict with the instrument—a conflict that always left him supremely master of heavenly harmonies.

Back in the little room behind the platform, Virginia listened and forgot that she was worn out with superintending it all; forgot that she still had her anxieties, and



STILL SINGING, SHE
DANCED WONDERFULLY,
STRANGELY, WILDLY

shoulder toward him, and was thus the first to see the arrival of Fanchon and Leigh. They came in softly, Fanchon on tiptoe, listening to Caraffi, and Leigh laden with her wraps and her music-roll, his young, flushed face turned adoringly toward his sister-in-law.

Virginia could not blame him. It seemed to her that the girl—she looked no more than seventeen or eighteen—was wonderfully pretty. For Fanchon had stopped just inside the door, where the light fell full upon her, and was listening, her head a little bent and her finger on her lips. She had given her wrap to Leigh, and stood there, a shining little figure in white and silver, much *décolleté*, her slender arms and her lovely young throat unornamented. Her gown—a Parisian thing, Virginia thought—clung to her in a wonderful way, like the shining calyx of a flower; and yet it floated, too, when she moved. Her dusky hair, her wonderful dark eyes, and the piquant little face, needed no better frame than the glimpse of starry night in the open door behind her and the glimmer of shaded lights overhead.

Virginia went forward.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said softly. "Your number is the next one, Mrs. Carter."

Fanchon turned to answer, putting out a small, bejeweled hand, confident and smiling, a sparkling little creature. Then suddenly there came a change. She stopped short and stood motionless; she scarcely seemed to breathe. It was as if some force stronger than her will had arrested her.

Watching her face, Virginia felt the shock of it without knowing what it was—fear or hate, or a mingling of both. But Fanchon's eyes were fixed on Corwin, and they were no longer soft. It was not the look of a wild fawn, but of a tigress at bay. Something within, some feeling as strong as it was extraordinary, transformed her. For an instant she seemed to flinch, then she stood facing him.

The man, turning as suddenly, saw her. He jumped to his feet.

"Fanchon la Fare!" he exclaimed, and came toward her, speaking rapidly in French.

Virginia turned away. She did not want to listen, but she heard an exclamation from Fanchon and saw her leave Corwin standing, an odd look on his face.

Leigh, who had been busy with the wraps, turned, saw the meeting and Fanchon's face. He dropped his burden and crossed over to her quickly.

"What did he say to you, Fanchon?" he panted. "If he was rude to you, I'll—I'll thrash him!"

Fanchon laughed a wild little laugh.

"Dear boy!" she said softly, and stroked his hand. "*Je t'adore!*"

Leigh flushed, his lowering gaze fastened angrily on Corwin, and Virginia drew a breath of relief when she heard the applause outside. Caraffi had given them a cheery encore; he was coming off the platform, and Fanchon must go on. Virginia called to her softly.

"Now, please, Mrs. Carter!" she said.

Fanchon turned and looked at her, saw by her face that Virginia had seen too much, and her eyes blazed with anger. She took a step forward and snatched up her music-roll, running her fingers over the leaves and biting her lip.

"Tell them to play this, please," she said, with her head up.

Without looking at it, Virginia took it to the director of the orchestra, glad to escape the little scene. It seemed to her that the air was charged, and she knew that the wait had been too long already. She could hear the impatient stir outside.

There was, indeed, a little stir of impatience in the hall. Two or three young ushers went up and down the aisles with pitchers of iced water, and the rear seats began to fill up with gentlemen who were eating cloves. The rest of the audience studied the program, expectant. "No. 2, Mrs. William Carter, solo," appeared on it in fine type.

"My daughter-in-law's going to sing next," said Mr. Carter, remembering the broken engagement and putting out a feeler. "Seen her yet, colonel?"

"Saw her the other day." The colonel clasped the top of his cane, leaning on it, and looking absently at an amazing pair of feet and ankles that he saw approaching from behind the palms. "She's mighty pretty."

"Think so?" Mr. Carter smiled. "Notice her eyes? Something fawnlike about them—and velvety. We've got to calling her—among ourselves, of course—the wild fawn."

At this moment one of the old ladies behind them interrupted. She tapped Mr. Carter's shoulder with her fan.

"I do like music," she said in a loud whisper. "It's so churchy. I can't hear much, but I feel it down my spine. Now, tableaux—well, sometimes they're not just the thing, but music for the church, it's—it's safe!"

Colonel Denbigh, overhearing, pulled his mustache. His ear had caught the first notes of a piece that was not "churchy"; it was far too light and too fantastic.

"The kind of tune that makes a fellow sit up and take notice," the colonel thought. "I wonder—"

He got no farther before he was drowned in applause. A small, graceful, shimmering figure had slipped out from behind the palms. Fanchon stood in the center of the stage, her slender arms raised and her hands clasped behind her head, her eyes bent downward, the shadowy hair framing a low, white brow, her red lips slightly parted. If she heard the applause, she did not heed it. She made no response; she only waited.

Then, as the soft, seductive strains began to fill the hall with music, she began to sing—softly at first, then rising note by note until her clear soprano floated upward like the song of a bird. Then, just as the tension seemed to relax and a deep sigh of pleasure came from the most anxious of the audience, she began to dance.

Still singing, she danced wonderfully, strangely, wildly. Her skirt, clinging and shimmering and floating at the edges, clung to her. It unfolded like a flower as she stepped, and folded again about her slender ankles, above the marvel of her dancing feet. She swayed lightly from side to side, her slender body the very embodiment of grace and motion, as her dancing seemed to be the interpretation of the music, subtle, seductive, wonderful. So might the daughter of Herodias have danced before Herod Antipas!

Breathless, the good people in the front rows stared. Movement was impossible, every sense seemed suspended, everything but the sensation of amazement. Mrs. Carter looked in a frightened way at her

husband and caught the twinkle in Colonel Denbigh's eye. Then she saw her rector mop his forehead with his handkerchief, and she raised her shamed eyes to the stage. Fanchon was pirouetting on one toe! Applause had started in the back rows, among the black sheep, and was running down the side aisles like a prairie-fire when Mr. Carter abruptly rose.

"Excuse me," he said roughly to Colonel Denbigh as he clambered over him. "I—I've forgotten something!"

Mrs. Carter half rose and then sank back, pulled down by Emily, but she seemed to hear, through the spluttering applause, her husband's crashing exit.

It might be said that Mr. Carter had the effect of a stone thrown from an ancient catapult, he went with such bounds and rushes. For a stout man his performance was little short of miraculous. He covered the distance to his own door in ten minutes, got out his latch-key, found the keyhole unerringly in the dark, went in, and banged the door to with a violence that made the ornaments on the hall mantel rattle.

The hall was vacant, but he saw a stream of light coming out of the library, and headed violently for it. William was alone, huddled in an easy chair, smoking and reading. Mr. Carter came in and shut the door. Then he advanced on his son with a face of thunder.

"William Henry Carter," said he, "you've married a dancer—a French dancer!"

William, overtaken by the unexpected, laid down his book and stared. But his father only roared the louder. He seemed to think that his son had grown suddenly deaf.

"Do you hear me, sir?" he bellowed fiercely. "You've married a—a dyed-in-the-wool ballet-dancer!"

(To be continued in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

THE PATH BETWEEN

THERE seems so short a path between
The moods of sorrow and of mirth,
The tragic and the comic scene;
And yet, like death and birth,
They are apart and never near,
Unless in some unwonted guise—
Mirth with her message of good cheer,
And sorrow with her clouded eyes.

William Hamilton Hayne

Europe's Remaining Kings

THOUGH THE GREAT WAR UPSET MORE THAN TWO-THIRDS OF THE EUROPEAN THRONES, INCLUDING THOSE OF THE GERMAN STATES, IT HAS ESTABLISHED SOME OF THOSE THAT REMAIN ON A MORE SECURE FOUNDATION THAN BEFORE

By Frederick Cunliffe-Owen

ALTHOUGH the world war brought about the disappearance of more than twenty European thrones, and only a dozen now remain, yet it cannot be said that the end of monarchy is in sight. Indeed, it is a question whether, as a system of government, it has not emerged from the great international conflagration of the past five years more strongly established than ever.

The war constituted a supreme test for everybody and everything concerned therein. It was, so to speak, the trial by fire, and if many reputations and many illusions perished in the flames, so, too, did many misconceptions and unfounded but long-established prejudices.

Americans, especially those who have been serving their country abroad since 1914, have seen that the monarchical form of rule is not without its advantages, especially in time of hostilities. A great war cannot safely be conducted by a town meeting, but requires the direction of a master-hand, supplemented and assisted by a very few experienced advisers and trusted professional counselors.

There has not been any national legislature in America or abroad that has not hampered the progress of the recent struggle to preserve civilization, obstructed its operations, and retarded its victorious conclusion. Parliaments, on the whole, have proved a sorry disappointment to the people who elected them, and a source of resentment and exasperation to the soldiers and sailors in active service. If victory has finally crowned the efforts of the Allies, it is because in each of the Entente countries there has been a dominant force which, emancipating itself from legislative restric-

tions, assumed the responsibility of giving instant decisions, without hesitation or delay incidental to discussion, and to which the commanders on sea and land knew they could always look for support, encouragement, and direction.

In the case of the United States, this force was concentrated in the hands of President Wilson, who engineered the American participation in the war with a degree of autocracy and disregard for Congress never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, but which undoubtedly made for success.

In Great Britain, Mr. Lloyd George, who was brought into the office of premier three years ago, independently of Parliament, and with a hostile majority against him in the House of Commons, knew that he could always depend upon the backing of the king, and upon the agency of his sovereign's all-powerful orders in council.

Victor Emmanuel of Italy, and Albert of Belgium, have in the same way been a tower of strength to their ministers and generals during the war; while in France, ever since Georges Clémenceau assumed the office of premier at the instance of President Poincaré, he has been able to rely upon the latter's wholly loyal support and cooperation, in spite of their former bitter political animosities.

At the same time, although the war has undoubtedly lowered the prestige of national legislatures, it has furthered the cause of democracy in other respects. It has served to obliterate the barriers of class distinction, by means of the brotherhood of arms, and by the demonstration of the fact that heroism and military prowess are not limited to any one particular caste. It has also had

the effect—at any rate in the case of Great Britain, Belgium, and Italy—of bringing the people into closer and more intimate touch with their rulers, and of establishing firmer bonds between them than ever before.

ROYALTY ON THE FIRING-LINE

In several instances the monarchs shared all the dangers and hardships of their troops. Throughout the four long years and more that intervened between the invasion of Belgium in August, 1914, and the signing of the armistice in November last, there was rarely a day or night that passed without King Albert being seen in the front-line trenches, endearing himself to his soldiers by his fearlessness, his cheeriness, his solicitude for their welfare, and his hearty and genuine camaraderie. For a full year his eldest boy, the eighteen-year-old Duke of Brabant, was serving with them, not as an officer, but as a private; while Queen Elizabeth, instead of seeking refuge in Paris or in England, insisted on remaining throughout by her husband's side, so constantly under the enemy's fire that it is a miracle that she escaped death. At all hours in the twenty-four she devoted herself to the wounded and dying, thus setting an example of unselfish and quiet heroism which has aroused the enthusiastic admiration of the entire world, and which will be enshrined in the pages of history as one of the glories of Belgium in the great war.

The Belgians are a very democratic nation. They have had to fight too strenuously in past centuries for their freedom and independence not to have a keen sense of their political and personal rights. The bulk of the population, in normal times, is engaged in mining and manufacturing industries, and there, as elsewhere on the continent of Europe, socialism had secured a very strong hold upon labor. Socialism is opposed in principle to monarchy, and it cannot be said that when Albert came to the throne, in 1909, he found the dynasty very firmly established.

The first two Belgian kings, though men of remarkable ability, who contributed greatly to the prosperity of the country over which they had been called to reign, were utterly devoid of magnetism, and incapable of arousing any sentiments of sympathy and affection in the hearts of their people. Indeed, the late Leopold II did so much to offend his subjects, and to render himself unpopular, that the great value of

his services to the nation was lost sight of, and the project of proclaiming a republic at Brussels was more than once under public discussion.

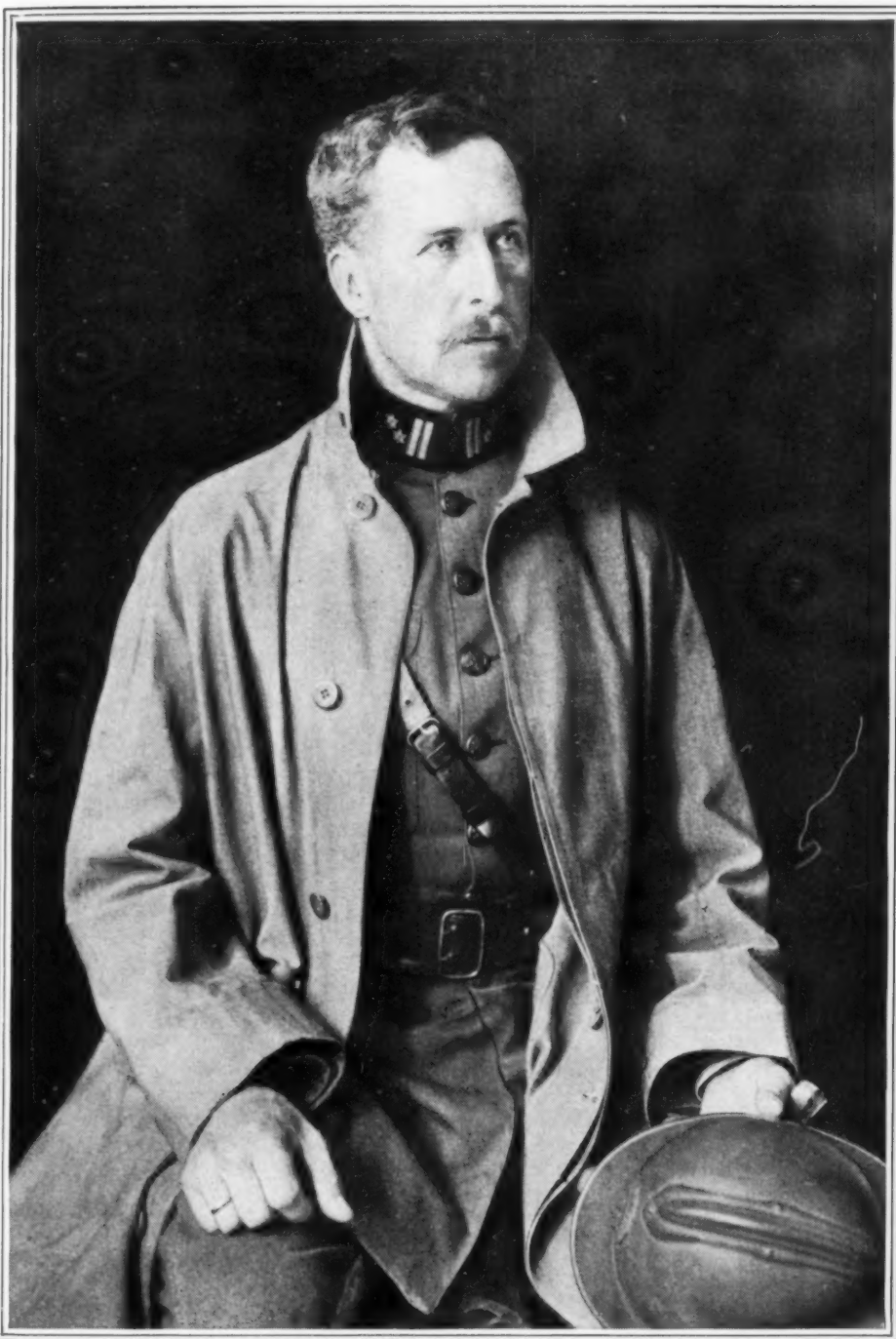
Leopold's nephew, Albert, is a man of very different type. Before he succeeded his uncle, he had endeavored to prepare himself for the duties of sovereignty by eight months of quiet, unobtrusive, but very observant travel in the United States, by a year's voyage of investigation and inspection of Belgium's vast colonial dependencies in central Africa, and by incognito visits, not to the royal and imperial courts, but to the great industrial centers of Europe.

Moreover, the total freedom of his career from any breath of scandal, the wholesome and singularly happy character of his home life, his transparent sincerity and manifest determination to devote all his efforts to the welfare of his people, earned the respect of all—even of the socialists. He took pains to meet their leaders, and to promote reforms, political and social, in which they were interested, and sought by every means in his power to get into touch with the toiling masses of the nation. Unlike ex-Emperor William, who was always anxious to teach and preach, Albert was ever eager to listen and to learn. And yet, with all that, he found it to be an up-hill task to gain that affection of the people which is the only solid basis of a dynasty.

BELGIUM'S ORDEAL OF FIRE

It was not until the great war broke out, in August, 1914, that Albert and his fascinating consort really reached the hearts of their people. When he spurned the demand of Germany to be allowed to march her armies across Belgium for the invasion of France, and appealed to his people to fulfil the obligations of neutrality imposed upon them by treaty, to resist the advance of the Kaiser's hordes through Belgian territory, and to preserve inviolate their national honor, they rose to him like one man.

They knew, and he knew, that their defense would be in the nature of a forlorn hope, since neither France nor Great Britain could come to their rescue in time; that before help could reach them the kingdom would be overrun with fire and sword. But they were so deeply stirred by the chivalry of their gallant ruler that they never hesitated, never wavered; and with a gallantry which has never yet received its full meed



ALBERT, KING OF THE BELGIANS, THE MOST HEROIC FIGURE OF THE GREAT WAR, AND THE MOST POPULAR KING THAT BELGIUM HAS EVER HAD

From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington



GUSTAVE V, KING OF SWEDEN, WHOSE COUNTRY MAINTAINED ITS NEUTRALITY IN THE WAR
IN SPITE OF THE FACT THAT THE KING IS MARRIED TO A GERMAN WIFE
AND IS A CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE FORMER KAISER

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York

of appreciation, they succeeded in staying the advance of the German hosts sufficiently long to frustrate the Kaiser's plans of overwhelming Paris and capturing Calais before either France or England was ready to stop him.

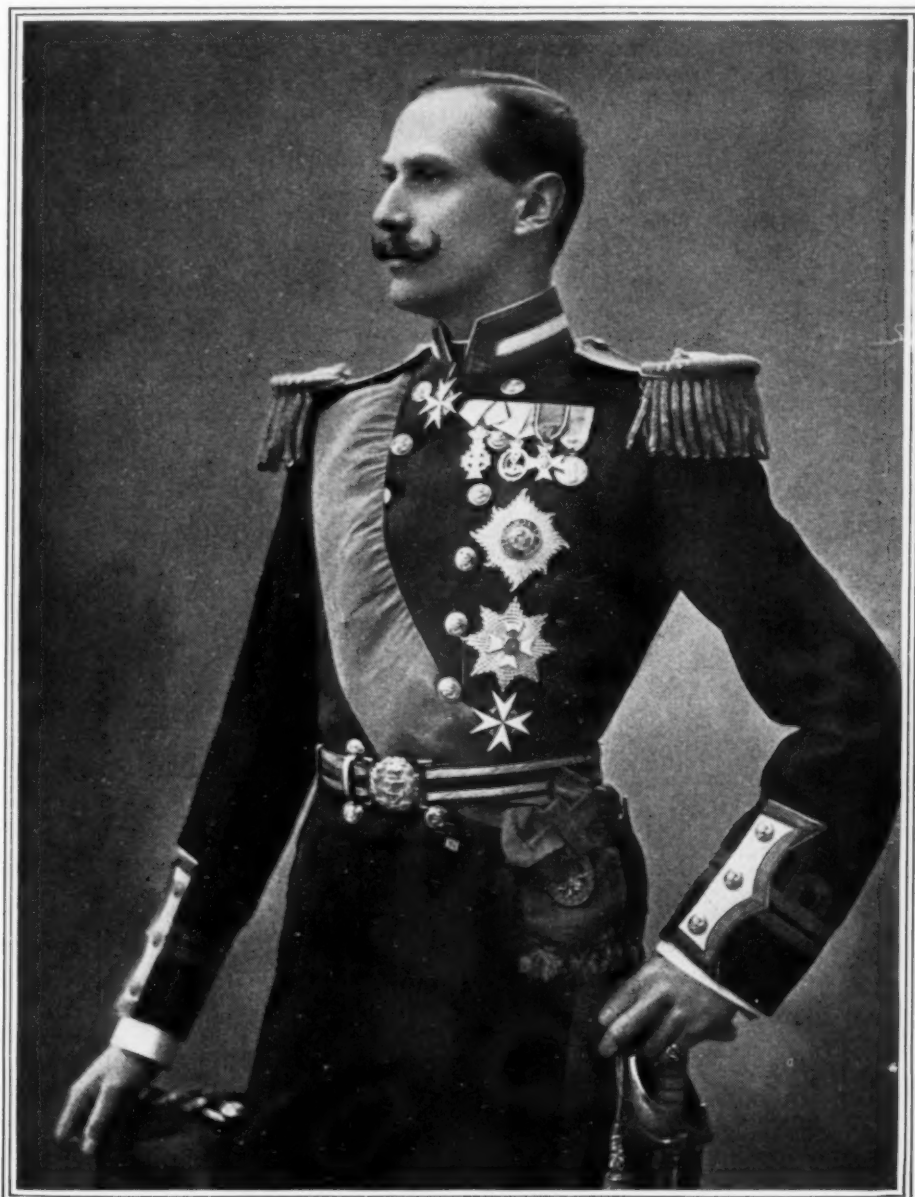
That Belgium saved the cause of the

Entente in the hour of its greatest peril by holding back the Germans until France and Great Britain could put their armies into the field, is indelibly inscribed in history. But there is something more. King Albert, by his appeal to his people, aroused them to such a lofty sense of national honor, and

to such magnificent deeds of heroism, that Belgium, formerly a state of mere secondary importance, has now a place among the powers of the world.

She is an ambassadorial power, not because of her size or population, but because of her glorious and inspiring record in the

late war. With that record the sovereign, his consort, and his people, will be forever associated. It is a record which has shown that the illustrious knighthood of ancient Flanders is not restricted to her dynasty, nor to the aristocracy, but to-day embraces all classes of the population, even if social-



HAAKON VII, KING OF NORWAY, A SOVEREIGN WHO IS POPULAR WITH HIS PEOPLE IN SPITE OF THEIR REPUBLICAN TENDENCIES

From a photograph by Downey, London



FERDINAND, KING OF ROUMANIA, A HOHENZOLLERN PRINCE WHO FOUGHT WITH THE ALLIES, AND WHOSE COUNTRY COMES OUT OF THE WAR IMPOVERISHED, BUT WITH A CONSIDERABLE ACCESSION OF TERRITORY

istic in its political creed. It is a record that has obliterated the barrier between the throne and the people, and has established a bond of democratic union between them that will in future be very difficult to break.

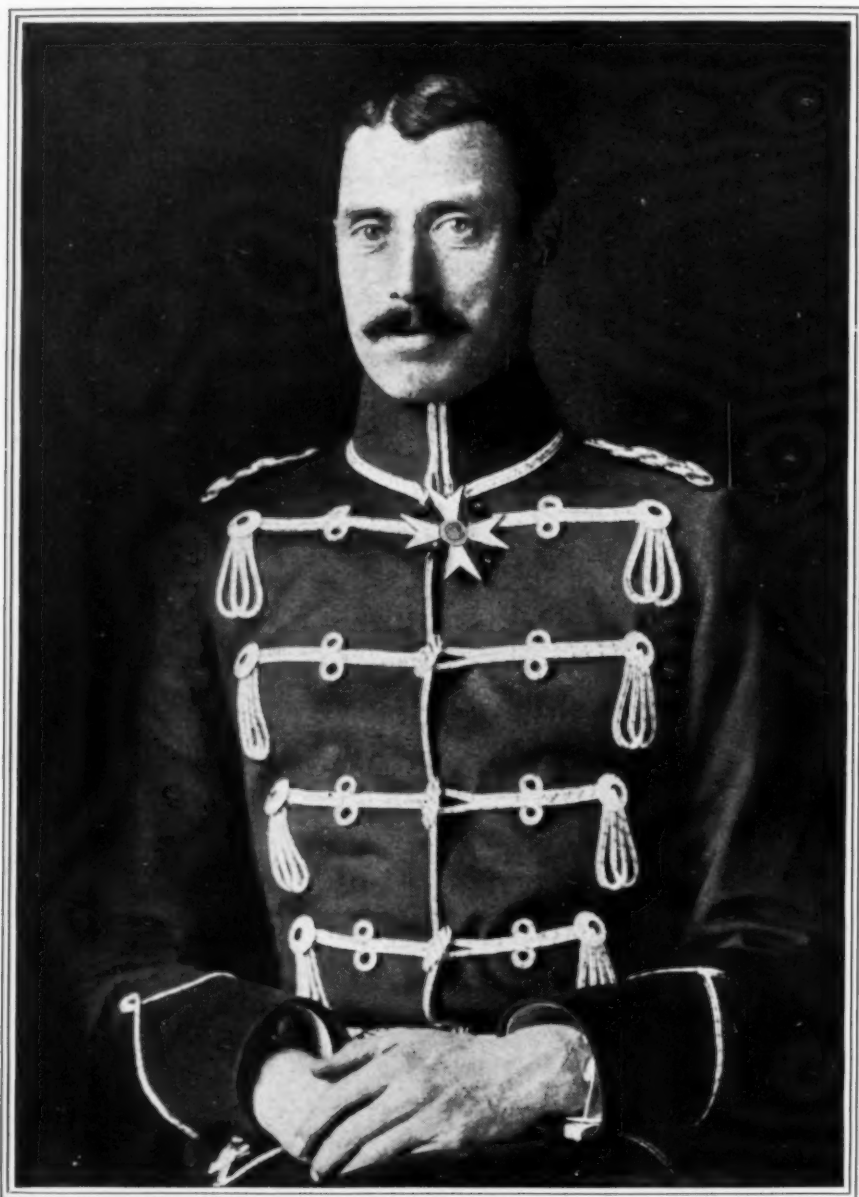
ITALY AND THE HOUSE OF SAVOY

In Italy, too, the war has had the result of strengthening the hold of the reigning family upon the hearts of the people, and of establishing the monarchy upon more solid foundations than in ante-bellum days.

The house of Savoy forfeited much of its popularity, during the reign of King Humbert, through his identification, in the eyes of his subjects, with the Triple Alliance, to which the nation had in an evil moment been committed by Premier Crispi. The alliance, which was the handiwork of Bismarck, entailed the subordination of Italy, not only to Germany, but also to her traditional arch-enemy, Austria. It brought about, at the dictation of Berlin, an economic war between Italy and France, the con-



VICTOR EMMANUEL III, KING OF ITALY, A MODEL CONSTITUTIONAL SOVEREIGN, WHO GREATLY ENDEARED HIMSELF TO HIS PEOPLE DURING THE WAR BY HIS WORK FOR THE SOLDIERS AT THE FRONT

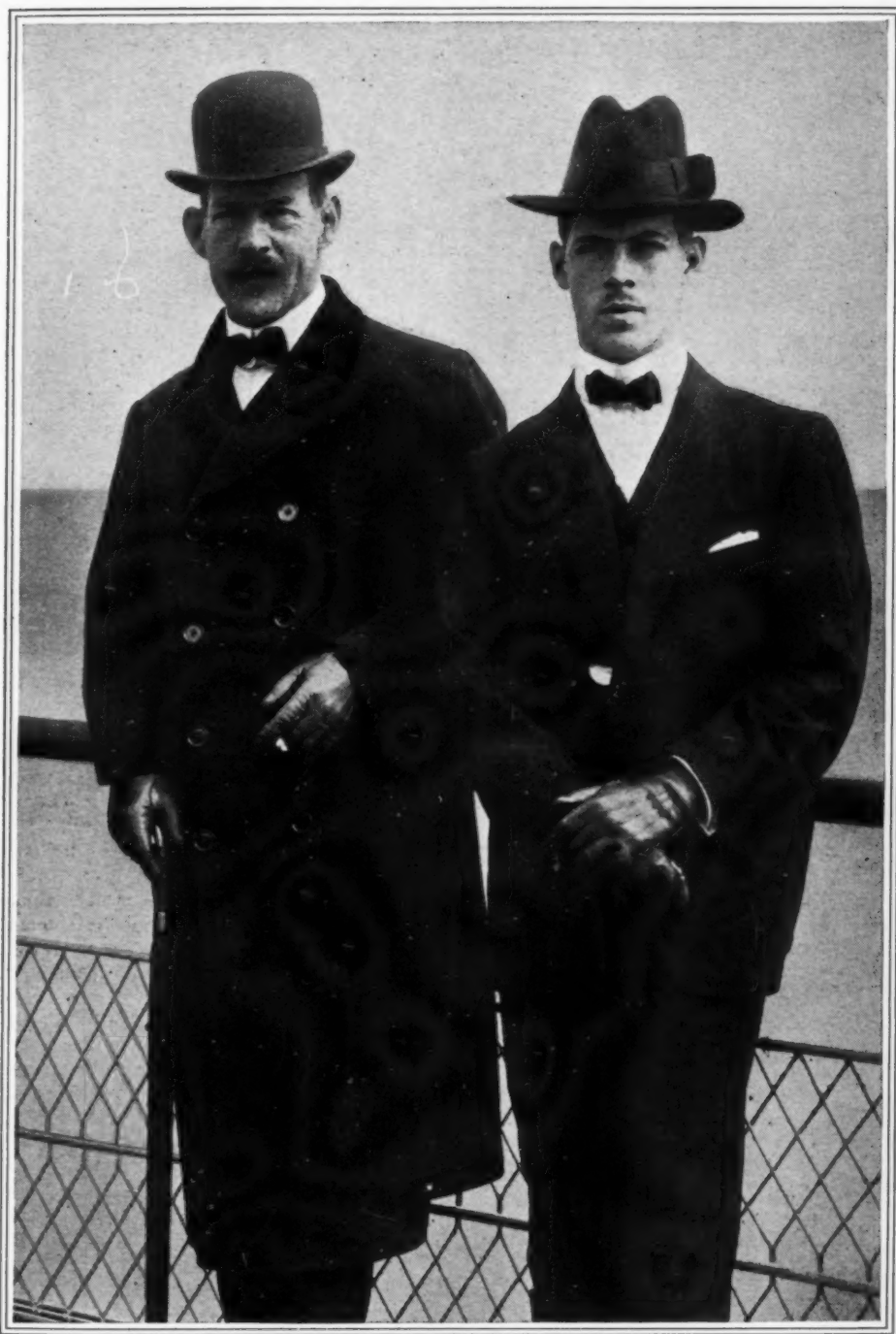


CHRISTIAN X, KING OF DENMARK, WHOSE COUNTRY IS TO RECOVER PART OF THE TERRITORY
TAKEN FROM HER BY PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA IN 1864

sequent closing of the French market against Italian goods, and the resulting ruin of many of the most thriving and prosperous industries of the peninsula.

But what the Italians resented more than anything else was the idea of their being forced into an association with the Vienna government, at whose hands their richest

provinces had long suffered the most cruel oppression. Humbert, in spite of his undoubted patriotism, of his gallantry on the battle-fields of 1866, and of the wounds which he received there in fighting the Austrians, knew what it was to be hooted in the streets of Rome, and of other cities of the kingdom, with such cries as—



ALEXANDER, KING OF GREECE (ON THE RIGHT), AND HIS FATHER, THE FORMER KING CONSTANTINE, WHO WAS DETHRONED BY THE ALLIES IN 1917, OWING TO HIS TREACHEROUS INTRIGUES WITH HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, THE FORMER KAISER



GEORGE V, TITULAR HEAD OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE—HIS FATHER, THE LATE EDWARD VII, IS SAID TO HAVE PREDICTED THAT THE BRITISH MONARCHY WOULD END WITH HIMSELF, BUT KING GEORGE HAS GREATLY STRENGTHENED THE POSITION OF THE THRONE BY HIS DEVOTION TO DUTY, HIS GOOD SENSE, AND HIS DEMOCRATIC KINDLINESS

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York

"Down with the Austrian! Down with the Austrian colonel!"

This was a reference to the fact that he held the honorary colonelcy of an Austrian infantry regiment. When he was murdered at Monza, in 1900, by an Italian anarchist from Paterson, New Jersey, there were many who felt that King Humbert's death had taken place just in time to save his country from the horrors of revolution.

Fortunately for his son and successor, Victor Emmanuel III, no such imputation of Austrian sympathies could be laid at his door. He had always refused to visit Vienna, or to hold any intercourse with members of the house of Hapsburg, and it was known that his aversion to the Triple Alliance was such that he had publicly quarreled with Crispi about the matter and had been placed under military arrest by his father, on a charge of having insulted the premier. He was as liberal in his political views as Humbert had been reactionary, and as thrifty as his father and grandfather had been extravagant. He had kept his name, both before and after his marriage, free from those feminine scandals which figured so largely in the careers of his two immediate predecessors; and he was singularly happy in his home life, which was an example to all his people.

In a word, the present Italian monarch has lived up to the verdict passed upon him by old Queen Victoria, in 1891, at the close of his first visit to England. The venerable ruler of the British Empire was no mean judge of character. Revered as the grandmother of European royalty, she had enjoyed unrivaled opportunities for forming an opinion concerning all the principal figures of the history of the nineteenth century. Her verdict upon Victor Emmanuel III was to the effect that he was "the most intelligent prince in Europe"—a verdict which, since he ascended the throne, has been confirmed by common consent.

But, with all that, during the first fifteen years of his reign, Victor Emmanuel was not popular. He was respected, even by the socialists, but not loved. In many parts of Italy the house of Savoy was regarded as an alien dynasty, and the people still hankered after their former reigning families and their independence from the remainder of the peninsula. Hopes were entertained that the overthrow of the existing régime, by means of a revolution or otherwise, would bring about the redistribution of

Italy into a number of separate states, each under its own ruler.

To-day conditions in Italy are entirely different. True, the political situation of the country is not precisely calculated to inspire confidence abroad. Its economic conditions are little short of appalling, and unless help, in the shape of money, long credits, raw materials for textile and metal industries, and especially coal, is furnished quickly, there may be cruel suffering, widespread discontent, and even desperation, in King Victor Emmanuel's dominions before the end of the year; but popular resentment is directed against the government, and not against the king.

The latter is well-nigh universally beloved. His people will never forget how he has borne himself throughout the recent struggle. He has shown himself the model of what the monarch of a constitutional country should be in the time of war.

THE KING OF ITALY AND HIS SOLDIERS

He was at the front from the very outset of the campaign until its close—not, however, to exercise his prerogative of supreme command. He lost no time in making it clear that he left the direction of military operations wholly and unrestrictedly in the hands of the chief of the general staff and the commanding generals. These men were veterans of previous wars, and had a personal experience of actual warfare which the king, when he threw down the gauntlet to Austria in 1915, did not possess. He gave his generals to understand that he was ready to back them up with the authority and prestige of the crown whenever necessary, but that he did not wish to interfere, or even to require that they should consult his views.

But while Victor Emmanuel thus remained aloof from their councils of war, he was wont to spend his whole time, morning, noon, and night, in visiting every portion of the front, bringing encouragement and cheer to the fighting men, and comfort and consolation to the wounded and the dying. His small gray motor seemed to be ubiquitous along the entire line. It was unescorted, and contained only the king and a single aide-de-camp. Every spare bit of space in the car would be crowded with packages of cigarettes, tobacco, chocolate, and other small comforts for the soldiers, along with post-cards and telegraph-forms, to help them to communicate with their families



BORIS, CZAR OF BULGARIA, SON AND SUCCESSOR OF THE
DETHRONED CZAR FERDINAND—THE STATUS OF
THE BULGARIAN MONARCHY IS AT PRESENT
MORE OR LESS UNCERTAIN

at home. Victor Emmanuel furnished the pen and the post-card, took charge of the transmission of the messages, and in thousands of cases sent telegrams in his own name for wounded men.

The king roughed it all the time. His

fare was of the simplest—a little cold meat or sausage, bread and cheese, and chocolate—and he was always ready to share them with the nearest soldier. He was wont to address them all with the familiar "thou," and rather welcomed familiarity from the men, who behaved to him much as they would behave to any other officer, but with more freedom and affection. None took advantage of his good nature, though many expressed their fears for his safety; as, for instance, when a gray-haired veteran cried out to him in a perfect panic, when he was lingering at a spot where the Austrian shells were falling:

"Majesty! What art thou doing here? This is no place for thee! Get thee gone at once!"

Constantly under fire, the king was, like the other princes of his house, absolutely without a trace of fear. Time and again he carried off wounded men under heavy fire, performing feats of heroism which, if accomplished by an inferior officer, or a private, would have won the Italian counterpart of the Congressional Medal of the United States, or of the English Victoria Cross.

While Victor Emmanuel was thus endearing himself to his soldiers at the front, and to the families they had left at home on joining the colors, his consort, Queen Helen, converted the royal palace of the Quirinal, at Rome, into a hospital for wounded soldiers. The throne-room, the ballroom, and all the state apartments were filled with cots, while her beautiful boudoir was transformed into an operating-room. Together with her children she took up her residence at a small villa in the palace grounds, previously occupied by one of the minor court officials, and all her days and most of her nights were spent in the hospital, tending the wounded, comforting the dying, receiving and executing their last wishes, and assuming charge of the welfare of their families. She was assisted by her widowed mother-in-law, Queen Marguerite, by the two Duchesses of Aosta,



ALPHONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN, WHO IN SPITE OF HIS COMPARATIVE YOUTH IS NOW THE SENIOR MONARCH OF EUROPE, HAVING REIGNED FOR MORE THAN THIRTY-THREE YEARS

From a copyrighted photograph by the International Film Service, New York



ALEXANDER, PRINCE REGENT OF SERBIA (LEFT), AND HIS FATHER, KING PETER (RIGHT), WHO IS UNDERSTOOD TO HAVE RETIRED FROM THE THRONE—THE POSITION OF THE SERBIAN MONARCHY DEPENDS UPON THE PENDING RESETTLEMENT OF THE STATUS OF THE SOUTHERN SLAVS

From a photograph by the Press Illustrating Service

Copyrighted by the International Film Service

and by the other princesses of the reigning house. To-day, the former respect of the Italian people for their royal family has given way to sentiments of deep and grateful affection, and an intimacy has been established which, no matter how unpopular the cabinet of the day may be, seems likely to assure the future of the monarchy in Italy for a long time to come.

THE GROWTH OF DEMOCRACY IN ENGLAND

Of Edward VII it used to be said that he predicted that he would be the last King of England. A keen observer of the march of events during the forty-seven years that intervened between his marriage and his death, he was so profoundly impressed by the phenomenal progress of democracy, that

he seemingly believed that its rising tide would end by overwhelming the monarchy in Great Britain. His reign was brought to a premature close by his death in 1910. Had he lived, he might possibly, through his tact, his diplomacy, his statecraft, and his profoundly intimate knowledge of the men of his day, have succeeded in averting the war.

He was succeeded by a son to whose political training he had devoted all the closing years of his life, and who had imbibed all his father's principles, views, and policies, even to the extent of personally favoring self-government for Ireland. But George, although possessed of an abundant fund of quiet humor, and of a felicitous sense of the lighter side of everything, did



WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS, THE ONLY REIGNING QUEEN OF EUROPE—IN SPITE OF SOME SOCIALISTIC DISSENSIONS IN HOLLAND, THE DUTCH ARE STILL FIRM IN THEIR LOYALTY TO THE ROYAL HOUSE OF ORANGE

not inherit his father's *bonhomie*, his unaffected geniality, his extraordinary magnetism, and his charm of manner. To the public he appeared too serious, too methodical, too diffident, to win from his subjects anything save their respect.

Here, too, it needed the great war to bring about a thorough understanding and intimacy between the ruler and his people. King George found himself during the struggle, and the people of the vast British Empire found their sovereign. Under his modest and almost shy demeanor, under his apparent coldness and lack of warmth of manner, they saw a devotion to duty, a kindness of heart, a fund of sympathy for all suffering, and, above all, an amount of sound sense and sagacity with which he had not until then been credited.

In Great Britain, and in the case of many of her dependencies, the sign-manual of the ruler is required for every sovereign act, and George was kept night and day at his duties of government, vastly increased by the conditions of war. Any moment that he could tear himself away from his work in the palace, he would visit hospitals, or encourage the workers in munitions factories by his presence and his words. Whenever it was possible to absent himself from England for a week or ten days, he would slip across the submarine-infested Channel, to visit his troops in France and Flanders. He would go into the front-line trenches, and spare himself neither fatigue nor danger.

Unable to remain permanently at the front himself, like King Albert of Belgium and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, he was represented there, from the very outset of the war until its close, by his eldest son, the

Prince of Wales. The prince is due to visit the United States in September or October. In France he managed to win the friendship of every American officer and soldier with whom he was brought into contact by his complete lack of "side," by his unaffected modesty and simplicity, by his absolute fearlessness, and by his readiness to undertake any duty, no matter how perilous or exhausting.

The Prince of Wales, known among his family as "David," returned to England a general favorite at home and abroad, and possessed of an amount of experience of life and of knowledge of the world which under other circumstances it would have taken him twenty years to acquire. At twenty-five, despite his youthful appearance, the prince is to-day far more mature, thanks to what he has learned and undergone since 1914, than most rulers who have been called to the throne before passing the half-century mark. He has managed to satisfy the people of all classes in the United Kingdom, and his fellow countrymen all over the world, that he possesses the qualifications needed to hold together the various dominions and commonwealths of the vast British Empire.

Rumors formerly current of a possibility of colonial secessions from the mother country are no longer heard. Stronger than ever are the ties that unite the empire—ties deriving much of their strength from loyalty and affection for the reigning house which has come into such intimate touch with its people during the war. Peace finds the British monarchy, resting upon the foundations of the good-will of the people, more firmly established than ever.

A SONG OF QUESTING

SPLENDORS bidding scale the mountain, wonders beckoning down the dale,
Marvels like the lift of morning sweeping through the vasts of sky,
And the midnight's mighty spaces, with the moon a silver sail,
Call us, questing, to the country of the dreams that never die.

Moth-wings hovering in the twilight, butterflies that dance at noon,
And the winds that haunt the beaches where the swooping curlews cry,
Gushing well-heads in dim places where the hidden wood-doves croon,
Call us, questing, to the country of the dreams that never die.

We may wander down far pathways to the verges of the earth,
Trek the desert trails of danger where the strange oases lie—
Still the love and lure of beauty that is old as Eden's birth
Call us, questing, to the country of the dreams that never die!

Sennett Stephens

The Black Cross

BY WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

PIERRE DUHAMEL put the last stone in place at the foot of the wooden cross, and stepped back with the air of having added something to the world. In silence he contemplated the work of his iron-hard hands and corded arms. It must be admitted that, despite the arrogance of his shoulders and the self-approval of his smile, he was a good sight to look upon—thick in the body where a man should be thick, and with intelligence written in his face.

The cross was eight feet high from its base of neatly piled stones to the rounded top. It was painted black, according to custom, with gray trimmings; and it stood there at the side of the highway to tell all who passed that the owner of that field had prospered and had made with his hands an offering of thanksgiving to the good God.

There are many such crosses blessing the highways of the Isle of Orléans, where every one goes to mass on Sunday, and where the people are not ashamed to do things after the manner of their fathers. A succession of good crops or a long-desired child is the reason, usually, for a cross. With Duhamel it was prosperity beyond his best expectations and the belief that he could have Mlle. Yvonne Simard for his wife whenever he was ready to ask her—which would be very soon.

Of *mademoiselle* there is more to be said later—and of the prosperity also. At the moment when the cross was completed Pierre had little in his mind except the excellence of his own attainments. He fairly felt himself swelling in the sparkling Canadian air. St. Catherine's Day had passed, and the first snow of winter might come overnight; with that event he would begin the final stage of his progress toward a competence. He was, undoubtedly, much more capable than the other *habitants* of the island.

The tough, oiled leather of *bottes sauvages* does not make much noise, even upon frozen earth; but Pierre heard a step, and turned to face a man quite as big-framed as himself and many pounds heavier. It was Georges Phaneuf, of St. Jean d'Orléans. Duhamel preferred Phaneuf to any other spectator for this moment, except perhaps Mlle. Yvonne; and yet it seemed to him that the other man was not quite as moodily envious as he should have been.

"*Bonjour*," said Phaneuf. He nodded toward the cross. "That is quite proper for a man who is growing rich."

"Who is already as good as rich," corrected Duhamel, with a laugh. He could afford to be tolerant with an old enemy who wanted Yvonne, and who was able to make his land yield no more than the average. "Next fall I'll put up another cross!"

"Perhaps we'll have a late frost, or an early one," suggested Phaneuf, with a grin.

"I'm not going to fear frosts"—Pierre shrugged—"nor depend on crops."

"You have a wood-chopping contract, I've heard?"

"That is true."

"But sometimes one has trouble with a contract—"

"Bah!" interrupted Duhamel. "Do you suppose I would talk about it if I were not sure? The money is paid over, the men and horses hired. The choppers are already at work, and I shall go over to the mainland to take the first loads out myself as soon as it snows."

Phaneuf hitched up his belt, while the expression on his face actually became a grin wide enough to show his teeth.

"*Eh bien!*" he exclaimed. "Then it's all settled so that nothing can happen!"

That incomprehensible grin, which certainly was not of congratulation, irritated Pierre tremendously.

"No doubt it would give you pleasure—but nothing can happen," he snapped. "I have signed contracts also for the delivery of the wood. I've got the whole thing as safe as a pig in a bag."

"A pig in a bag!" repeated Phaneuf, as if Pierre had said something very witty; and he went off chuckling.

Duhamel looked after him with a frown displacing his former beaming self-satisfaction.

"Some day I shall have to thrash that fellow," he muttered. "*Parbleu!* He seems as delighted as if he had got himself betrothed to Yvonne!"

With that thought growing almost to the proportions of a fear in his mind, Duhamel set out for home, carrying the pick and shovel with which he had worried the hard ground into receiving the cross. He reached his dormered stone house on the outskirts of the village of St. Jean, where waited the only companion he had known since the death of his parents.

That companion was as good and sober-minded a dog as ever kept watch in the parish. He was, like all proper French-Canadian dogs, of such diverse ancestry that the qualities of many breeds were gathered within him. He was of a color to blend well with the autumn woods, and of a size to give any man uneasiness at night.

At the entrance of Pierre, César rose from behind the stove, swishing his long tail in welcome; visibly bursting with affection, and also moved by that dog curiosity which finds out where you have been by sniffing at your feet. César sniffed and rasped his tongue against his master's hand.

"Get out!" growled Duhamel "Lie down!"

César lay down obediently, but his affectionate tail continued to thump the floor. With an average of a casual caress every six months, a kick much oftener, and irregular meals, César maintained his loyalty after the mysterious manner of dogs.

To the dog Pierre gave no thought now, for his mind was occupied with, to him, vastly more important things. Why had Phaneuf been able to grin at the visible sign of a successful rival's prosperity? Or was Duhamel successful? What else but the favor of Yvonne could account for Phaneuf's complacency? Certainly there were no relatives to die and leave the man a fortune—and he had never shown any disposition to get one for himself. And

he was a goodly figure of a man, a dashing kind of fellow, who was popular enough among the women. Curses on the whole affair!

Duhamel went out and smelled the air; he studied the slate-gray of the sky. Yes, it would snow within twenty-four hours, and he would be compelled to leave for the mainland to see that his men made a good start on the winter's work. Why not, then, set his mind at rest as to Yvonne before leaving?

His financial future was settled, and he might as well speak now. Without doubt he could go to work with a better heart if she were pledged to him; and at the resolution to go to her house that evening all his misgivings vanished. He even bestowed an absent-minded pat upon César.

II

THROUGH big, steadily falling flakes of snow Pierre went to the *maison* Simard that evening, and found Yvonne alone in the little *parloir*, much as if she had expected him.

Duhamel did not know exactly why a man of his growing wealth should desire Yvonne Simard, yet there was no doubt in his mind as to the quality of his love. There were many prettier girls in St. Jean d'Orléans, and her family had no property beyond the woolen stockings which every good *habitant* has hidden under the mattress for the reception of his savings. There was, however, a peace in her presence which one could not find elsewhere, unless it were on the top of a high mountain or on the moonlit surface of the majestic St. Lawrence. Her face was not beautiful, but it made one want to look at it; and as for her voice, the Christmas music in the basilica at Quebec could not make one feel more well-beloved and content.

Pierre Duhamel sat down with self-assurance and looked at her with the glow of prospective ownership. She, for her part, stopped mending a homespun jacket and smiled back at him.

"I hear that you have put up a cross, Pierre."

"It is true, Mlle. Yvonne. I have made money, and I am going to make as much this winter as I would in five years from the farm."

"*Mon Dieu!*" she cried. "You will be rich!"

"As rich as a Yankee," agreed Duhamel.

"BUT I THOUGHT
YOU LOVED ME! I
CAN GIVE YOU ALL
THE MONEY—"



"But who told you that I had put up a cross?"

"Georges Phaneuf. He said it was the tallest in the parish."

"Phaneuf!" exclaimed Duhamel, with a sudden bad taste in his mouth. "Bah!"

Yvonne looked up at him with a kindly

crinkle about her eyes—a crinkle that was prevented from being a smile by a hint of sadness. She regarded him intently, searchingly.

"Why do you hate Georges Phaneuf?" she asked. "Has he ever done you any harm?"



"No," he admitted grudgingly. "That is—" His emotion burst the restraint he had put upon it and poured forth a flood of words. "All the world knows that he wants to marry you—that big, grinning ape! Now do you understand why I hate him? You must know, Yvonne, that I want you to be my wife. It is proper that you should be my wife. See what I can give you! I shall be very nearly the richest man in the parish by spring. I have a better house than most. You shall go to the mainland whenever you please; and, contrary to most wives, you shall work only when you like. That is what I came to say, Yvonne, for I go into the woods tomorrow. You will marry me?"

Pierre Duhamel put that question with so much belief in an affirmative answer that it was almost a simple statement. He moved toward her, smiling now that he had got over the difficulty of a proposal—only to stop with his arms hanging limp at his sides and a feeling of numbness growing upon him. For Mlle. Simard did not respond either by movement or voice or glance.

"What—what—" he stammered.

"Pierre, I cannot marry you."

"Not marry me?" he cried. "You mean you won't—you are promised to that scoundrel, Phaneuf?"

"No."

"Who else—"

"There is no one else."

Then Duhamel, with much the sensation of a man who has had an ax-helve laid over his head, permitted himself to make a mistake—a mistake born of pique, surprise, and anger.

"But I thought you loved me!" he blurted. "I can give you all the money you—"

"Pierre!" She stood up, with the soft pink of her cheeks deepening to red. "Do you insult me with the thought that you can buy me for your wife?"

"But—"

"It is not possible to talk of such a thing! And who gave you the right to think that I loved you? When I say that I cannot marry you, it is because I cannot. Go home, Pierre, and give your whole heart to your money!"

He realized fully the strength of her anger, without being able to understand the

nature of it. He was abashed before it, so that he backed from the room and out of the house before he knew what he was doing. He carried with him a picture of her face—a picture which cut deep into his mind. It was a face molded by kindness, and although it was now touched by a flash of resentment, it sent forth to him pity and regret and a hint of friendliness.



DUHAMEL HURLED HIMSELF FROM THE LOAD
OF WOOD WITH SUCH SUDDENNESS THAT
PHANEUF HAD NO CHANCE TO RETREAT

Duhamel reached home in a rage. A kick sent the welcoming César whimpering behind the stove. Pierre stuffed wood in through the griddle-holes with such a savage hand that the door at the side flew open and coals tumbled over the floor. He left them to smolder as he slammed the door shut with so much violence that the stove-pipe tottered. A lamp-chimney broke in his grip and cut his hand. He ripped open a new sack of tobacco and spilled half of it. Then, with a pipe drawing fiercely, he paced the floor for half that long night, while he planned vengeance upon Yvonne Simard and Georges Phaneuf.

For he doubted her word as to her intention of marrying his rival. He could not understand why she should choose the lout, and yet there did not seem to be any other answer to the problem—thus he thought. They were the two most desirable of her suitors, and certainly no Canadienne wanted to be an old maid.

Perhaps she did not believe that he, Pierre, was going to be rich. He would show her! First he would put through the winter's work. Then he would come back to St. Jean d'Orléans and in every way humiliate those two. He would have better horses than any one else in the parish; and everything else in the same style. Finally, after they had envied him enough, he would set about ruining Phaneuf in some way yet to be discovered.

III

DUHAMEL was still holding such thoughts as these when his eyes opened and greeted the dawn—the late winter dawn of the north. He fed himself and César, and made ready for the trip to the mainland—a trip which, with the additional journey into the woods, would take all the hours of daylight. He put his horse to his low-runner *traineau*, and set out, with César trotting behind. The animal was a nuisance, but as matters now stood he might remain indefinitely in camp, and it would be a waste to let a good watch-dog starve.

Duhamel slept that night with his men on a broad bench built against the wall of a log cabin. A dozen of them slept there, on bits of sacking, rolled in dirty blankets, with nearly all their clothes on. This is the custom of the choppers' camps, and the man who objects to a little dirt, or to a pair of woollen-stockinged feet in his face during the night, might better stay at home.

Pierre slept well, in spite of his ill fortune with Yvonne Simard, for many long ranks of four-foot wood lay in the new snow, and the sleighs were all ready to begin drawing.

He was eager to start the beginning of his triumph, and almost before the men had finished their after-breakfast pipes the next morning he hustled them out to the stables. Very early six one-horse sleighs were loaded and on their way down out of the mountains. On the first sleigh rode Pierre, full of grim satisfaction and meditations of his future revenge.

They had passed the bounds of the section of forest Duhamel had contracted to cut over, and entered the domain of the camp below it, when from ahead came the tinkle of such a little bell as is used at the neck of a dog trained to harness. Then into view came a dog-sled with a man riding lightly upon his knees, since there was a level stretch of road at this place. The man was Georges Phaneuf.

Duhamel, delighted, straightened up on the load of wood and grinned. It was very pleasant to have Phaneuf witness the beginning of his success.

The driver stopped his horse, in order to give Phaneuf time to crowd his dog and sled into the snow at the side of the road; but Georges, although he did not have the right of way according to the law of the woods, made no move to make room for the loaded sleigh. Instead, he dismounted and stood looking insolently up into the face of Duhamel.

"I have bought an option on this land," he announced, with evident enjoyment in the speaking of each word.

For a moment his intention did not become clear to Duhamel, who stared at him, feeling that something was wrong, and yet not quite understanding what.

"An option?" he echoed rather stupidly. "Are you also going to cut wood this winter?"

"But no," replied Phaneuf. "I am speculating."

"Well, good luck," said Pierre doubtfully. "Just move your sled so that we can pass."

"You will have to buy a right of way," replied Phaneuf. "I have a strip which takes in the road for a quarter of a mile."

"What's that?" cried Pierre, hardly believing the import of the words he had just heard. "You mean to make me buy a

right of way—the privilege of drawing my wood out of the mountains?”

“Exactly so,” agreed Georges. “This is not a public highway.”

“True, but all the world has used it by common consent.”

“Not now—not this winter.”

“There is no other road from my camp! To make one would cost—”

“Even more than I am going to charge for the right of way!”

Pierre reflected a moment, while anger boiled higher and higher within him. Unfortunately there were no other camps directly above his own, so he would have no backing from other wood contractors.

Hearing of this strange proceeding, they would shrug and consider it a private feud. He must get out of it unaided, if he could. The possibility of not being able to do so made him sick with apprehension.

“How much do you want?” he asked, trying to speak calmly.

“Five thousand dollars.”

“*Dieu Seigneur!*” shouted Duhamel. “That is a fortune! If I were to pay that, I would be gnawed to the bone—ruined!”

“I hoped so. And yet you have boasted of being rich, M. Duhamel!”

“Rich, yes! But five thousand dollars is riches!”

“Yes, for most of the Isle of Orléans; but surely not for you!”

“You will never be able to collect it! Bah! I shall cross your land as I please!”

“I am doing everything on the advice of a lawyer of Quebec, my friend—a very good lawyer and very cunning. If you don’t pay, it will cost you more—either for trespass, or to build a new road, or through failure to keep your contract.”

So Georges Phaneuf had plotted deliberately to ruin him! For what? For what other object than to be able to claim Yvonne? Had she known it when she refused Pierre? The flood of suspicion and bitter-



THE HEAVY IMPLEMENT DID NOT CEASE TO RISE AND FALL UNTIL THE CROSS FELL DOWN INTO THE SNOW

ness made Duhamel blind mad, and he hurled himself from the load of wood with such suddenness that Phaneuf, even if he had wanted to retreat, would have had no chance.

They came together with a great shock, and Duhamel carried his enemy down into the snow. The sled-dog took part in the fight, and then César, who had been trotting behind the load, leaped into it. In a tangle of legs and arms and dogs and snow Phaneuf and Pierre fought until the latter, by sheer force of his rage, got his fingers dug well into the throat of his antagonist. He held on—and there would have been blood upon his head in less than a minute if the drivers had not flung themselves upon the twisting men and pulled them apart. None of those drivers wanted to come into contact with the solemn power of the law.

Four of them held Pierre back, while the others kicked César into submission and helped Phaneuf to get up. He rose with blood trickling from half a dozen cuts in his face, but with a look of venom that triumphed over the pain of his wounds. Although words came gaspingly from his tortured throat, there was no lack of power and sincerity in the curses which he heaped upon Pierre.

"This will cost you what is left after you have paid the forfeits on your contract!" he finished, shaking an uncertain fist. "I'll strip you so that you'll put up no more black crosses to gloat over your neighbors, you pig!"

At that unforgivable insult the drivers themselves hurled Phaneuf upon his sled and told him to go his way. They made no cause with him; but they would not drive over the land which he controlled at the most extravagant promises from Duhamel. And in the end Pierre had to go back to camp and dismiss his men, in order to try to save what he could from the ruin.

IV

WITH the wreck that followed it is necessary only to deal briefly. Pierre found that Phaneuf had indeed spoken the truth as to his power. Duhamel lost all that he had paid for men and horses, he was forced to sell out the chopping contract to a stranger at a ridiculous price, and, of course, he lost the forfeit he had posted for the delivery of the wood. In addition to this Georges violated the unwritten code of the

woods and had him arrested, which resulted in a fine of good proportions.

Pierre had mortgaged his land in order to get enough capital for the venture, agreeing to pay at the end of six months in order to save interest. Now it was certain that there would be nothing with which to pay when the mortgage came due; and when he returned home, a week after the fight in the woods, he found himself the possessor of nothing but his house and his hands. He was reduced from a prosperous landowner to a laborer by a single stroke.

So complete was the catastrophe that Duhamel did not fully realize all it meant until he and César were again in the white stone house, which had already taken on an air of cold emptiness from their desertion. Then, and then only, as he went mechanically about the task of making a fire, did a sense of utter disaster sink to the marrow of his bones. He ached with it, until the ache gradually gave place to a mighty wrath against all things.

That afternoon Pierre went out of doors and raised his face, drawn into a black scowl, to the blue winter sky. It smiled back at him, and to his distorted mind it seemed that the mighty firmament was sneering at his suffering. With a noise deep in his throat, an inarticulate noise that carried concentrated hatred and defiance, he raised both clenched fists and shook them toward the sky. If his emotion had let him speak, he would have cursed God and man, and in particular Yvonne Simard and Georges Phaneuf.

Into his mind came the thought of that cross which he had so lately raised because of his prosperity, and because of the hope that he was to marry Yvonne. She had mocked him, he believed; she had waited to see whether he or Georges would be the rich man. It seemed as if Heaven itself had played with his puny efforts, and finally snarled them in a knot which he was powerless to untangle.

Deliberately, filled with a purpose which gave him great satisfaction, he reentered the house. He kicked César out of the way and picked up his best and sharpest ax. Then he took the road toward the open fields and walked until he came to the big black cross towering nobly against the white background of snow. Pierre saw to it that his footing was solid, and raised the ax. The blade sank almost to the helve in the soft wood. The heavy implement

did not cease to rise and fall until the cross, with a crack of parting fibers, fell down into the snow and lay prostrate there. Duhamel shouldered his ax and went home without a backward look.

Hushed talk of his sacrilege leaped through the parish before nightfall, until there was neither child nor grandmother who did not know that Pierre Duhamel, besides being ruined, had cut himself off from the fellowship of men in this world and the mercy of Providence in the next. For days the talk grew, and finally the priest came to the house of Pierre to reason with him. Duhamel heard him through in scowling silence, and then, with an incredible rudeness, got up and went out of the room.

V

MANY days passed. All the while the cross lay where it had fallen, with new snows covering it over, and all the while Pierre kept more and more to himself. He went rarely into the village, and not once did he see Yvonne or Phaneuf. Most of the time he spent smoking moodily by the fire in the kitchen. He swore at the now always downcast César; and not infrequently he went into black rages, during which he paced and cursed for an hour at a time—at length to fall exhausted upon his bed and sleep.

He knew now that more to him than his money and prestige had been the hope of winning Yvonne. She had been the thing which he really held dearest. He wanted her, he wanted wealth, he wanted the prestige of being the richest man in St. Jean d'Orléans. Not once did he consider whether prestige and riches and Yvonne Simard wanted him; not once did he curse the greed which wanted nothing at all save his own satisfaction.

One day there was a little chance to talk with Yvonne—not little, however, to him who had hungered and thirsted for her; and it planted within him a seed destined to grow, if properly watered by that great watering-pot of suffering which *le bon Dieu* holds in His hand for our good.

It was on a Sunday, after the mass that Pierre no longer attended. He had walked out along the road that led past the broken cross, his head down and his arms dangling—physically as much a picture of dejection as César, who came behind him, limping from a recent kick. The feeling of another

presence made him jerk his head up; Yvonne stood not a dozen feet away, her gaze intent upon the slight mound of snow which marked the burial-place of the cross. It was the dog that wakened her from her reverie with an almost joyous bark.

Pierre looked into her eyes. There was something there which made him feel afar off—he was as one looking at the stars from the bottom of a black pit. More madly than ever he wanted her, wanted her love; and more than ever he realized what a vast distance separated them—a distance which he, in his thoughts, measured by dollars and by the successful machinations of Georges Phaneuf.

He had started to turn away when her voice stopped him.

"Pierre," she said, "why did you do this?"

"Why?" bitterly. "You ask that, knowing that I have lost everything but my house, and that I have been forced to sell my horse to buy food? You ask that, when you know that I have lost you forever? Why should I even let the thing lie on my land?"

"It is not what you have lost, Pierre, but what you have never gained, that has made you sick with a great sickness."

He did not understand, and yet he caught at a possible interpretation—that she might be referring to herself.

"I tried to win you!" he cried. "If Georges Phaneuf had had no hope, he might not have tricked me—"

"Not that, Pierre!" She shook her head and began to walk slowly back toward the village. "How can I tell you? It is impossible—you must learn for yourself."

With a gesture she stopped him from following, and a coldness that was not from the winter air penetrated him as water goes into a sponge. He was hopeless; and his hopelessness was as a wound with salt rubbed into it because of the mystery of her words. He saw a hint that something which he had never got might have won him Yvonne and her love. He wondered. The unanswered question remained in the back of his mind. Was it education? He knew that she had been kept at a convent longer than her parents could well afford, but after all this solution did not satisfy him, although he tried to make it do so.

The days went on while Pierre remained idle, eating up the last of his substance and hating Georges Phaneuf. The climax of

his misery was reached when one day he was caught and held by a snatch of gossip in the store at St. Jean d'Orléans. They were saying that Phaneuf and Yvonne Simard were already betrothed privately, and that the public announcement was to be made the following Sunday. Phaneuf had bragged a bit here and there, and the story had got around.

That night Pierre Duhamel walked the floor long and furiously, alternately beating the air with his fists and filling it with the worst blasphemies of the choppers' camps. At length he realized that he was staggering with exhaustion—driving close to the edge of insanity. With a final oath he jammed the stove full of wood and went into his bedroom. He rolled himself in a blanket without undressing, and in ten seconds was temporarily out of the agony which beset him.

It seemed to Pierre that he was being mauled and choked at the same time. Who else than Georges Phaneuf had a grudge against him? So he fought back, half awake, until he understood that teeth and not hands were pulling at his sleeve, and that the great thickness in his throat was not caused by murderous fingers.

He sat up. César, whimpering, clawed at him. He coughed. The room was full of wood-smoke—foggy with it. The dog barked frantically.

In an instant Pierre's head cleared. Evidently the house was on fire—that accursed stove had again dropped coals on the floor, no doubt. He leaped from the blanket and to the door leading into the kitchen. An impassable hedge of flames met him. From there he turned to the window, and opened the inner sash. Then he put his already shod foot against the sash of the storm-window, and broke it. He crawled through carefully, and turned at the barking of César. When he had smashed away the jagged pieces of glass he helped the big dog out, and together they ran around to the front of the building.

There was no longer any hope. The fire had eaten up through the ceiling of the kitchen, so that the second story and the attic were filled with flame and smoke. Smoke was pouring from crevices between the shingles, and the tiny dormers showed red. In fifteen minutes the house would be a huge bonfire, with all the village gathering there, and in half an hour there would be only blazing débris within the four stout

walls. Daylight was breaking over the island, but evidently the people of St. Jean d'Orléans had not as yet seen the upward-drifting smoke.

For the first time Pierre Duhamel was crushed. This was his last possession. It seemed to him that his soul lay flat upon the snow—as flat as the faint shadow of the burning house. He felt dead, although his body still held itself erect. All things had gone from him.

VI

SUDDENLY he shuddered. The rasping tongue of César had curled into his palm, warm against the coldness of the flesh. It sought that place again and again, encouraged by non-resistance, until Pierre felt that his hand had been washed clean. The dog trembled with cold, squatting on the packed snow, but he kept his post, and his tongue continued to give forth its unspoken comfort.

The light of day increased. It grew slowly until it dimmed the leaping red light from the house—dimmed it just as the new, clean light of understanding that was coming into the mind of Pierre Duhamel made pale the redness of his hatred. This final wrenching away, through his own carelessness with the stove, of his one remaining valuable possession, had cleared the black vapors of his mind—and the gentle, never-failing caress of César's tongue had helped to bring a light which grew in greatness second by second.

One thing he had left, which not even the meanness of his spirit and the blackness of his rages had been able to drive from him. The love of César was his irrevocably until the faithful dog stiffened in death. Suddenly he realized that this thing in itself was riches—riches of the kind that cannot be taken by trickery or burned by fire.

Was there nothing else? Did he not love Yvonne Simard more than anything else in the world? Even in the depths of his greed had he not unconsciously loved her better than money? This could not be taken from him, for surely there could be no sin in thinking of her in his heart with reverence and with worship.

Two beings he had to love, then, and one of them loved him. What did it matter that he must work as a laborer for years, perhaps, before he could again command a competence? Nothing! His wealth was in his heart. With a smile Pierre lifted his

face to the morning sky. He was trembling, but not with cold or misery.

Far along the road from the village he saw black figures grow—the neighbors of St. Jean d'Orléans were coming. Pierre stooped to stroke the head of the surprised and frantically grateful dog.

"Let us go," he said, and together they set out along the road which led away from the village and toward the open fields.

Where the wreck of the black cross lay buried, Duhamel stopped and began to dig with his bare hands. A frenzy of remorse seized him in a grip more powerful than that of his blackest rage. César, whining, seemed to suffer with him. Pierre's hands, cracked and bleeding and half frozen, found the wood. He worked his arms under it and with a mighty pull broke it free from the crusted snow. Reverently he set it upright, and knelt with his cheek pressed against the cold surface.

"For the love which I bear Yvonne, and for the love of my dog, I thank Thee, Father!"

That was the beginning and end of his devotion. After a long moment he rose with the feeling that he had been warmed. The tail of César swayed back and forth. Then a voice, choked with tears, spoke at

his side. It could not be true—and yet he saw Yvonne Simard standing there!

"Pierre!" she cried.

"I understand now what you meant," he said quietly. "The best is left to me. And I do not hate Georges Phaneuf any longer, even though he has won my money—and you."

"You must pity him," she said sadly.

"Do you remember the stranger who helped him rob you? *Eh bien*, of course he could not have got any other than a rascal to help—and the rascal has in turn cheated him so that he will be lucky to save his farm."

"I am sorry." Pierre spoke sincerely. "But with you he can still call himself blessed."

Yvonne came nearer to him; so near that he could not mistake her willingness to yield herself to him. There were tears upon her cheeks, but an unclouded smile shone in her beautiful eyes.

"Oh, my Pierre!" she murmured. "The story of my betrothal to Georges is nothing but gossip that came from his bragging. I refused him a week ago, when he seemed certain to be rich. I have been waiting and praying for one thing—that you might learn what you have learned to-day!"

WHERE THE HEART IS QUIET

THE bobolink swings madly high
With bursts of merry song,
And in his mating-time array
Would whirl the world along.
Yet down among the sheltering grass,
Within a hidden nest,
Is where his heart is quiet—
The spot he loves the best.

The autumn trees are jesters, born
To lighten dryad courts;
In red and yellow costume each
On nature's stage disports.
And yet deep down within the wood,
With wind and frost at rest,
Is where their hearts are quiet—
The spot they love the best.

And I am like the bobolink
And like the autumn tree;
I want to spend my gayest hours
Where all the world may see;
But safe inside the walls of home,
When years and suns dip west,
Is where my heart is quiet—
The spot I love the best!

Marion Hicks Dexter

The Fallen Capitals of the Near East

A LONG LIST OF CITIES THAT WERE ONCE RICH AND POWERFUL SEATS OF EMPIRE, WITH SPLENDID PALACES AND GREAT FORTIFICATIONS—SOME ARE STILL POPULOUS TOWNS, OTHERS HAVE BECOME NAMELESS HEAPS OF RUINS

By Richard Le Gallienne

NO phase of the world war, probably, was less generally foreseen when the conflict began than the great and eventful campaigns that have been waged in southwestern Asia, and nothing in its results has been more dramatic than the way in which it has opened a wholly new era in the history of the Near East. Bagdad, Aleppo, Damascus, Jerusalem, Mecca—these ancient cities have figured in the news of the mighty struggle almost as largely as the capitals of Europe. What a "perfume in the mention," as Charles Lamb would say, these old names waft to us, and what literally talismanic power they wield over our imaginations! The names of all historic places have something of this power, but no European towns, save Rome and perhaps Constantinople, possess it to anything like the same degree as the famous cities of the Orient.

Apropos of the ancient capital of the Grand Turk, I noticed a despatch from Paris, the other day, under the fearsome heading, "Constantinople under American Control." It was a very naive despatch, dealing with the possibility of America's receiving a "mandate" for the control of Constantinople.

"We could put somebody like Hoover or General Wood on the job," it read, "and make the place a model of administration, instead of one of the most backward of cities. We could clean it up, build adequate docks, and construct an up-to-date port. The thing would be self-supporting and an example to the world of American efficiency."

No doubt, but, again to recall Lamb,

how one would like to "examine the gentleman's bumps"! Did he ever read the "Arabian Nights," I wonder? The idea of "cleaning up" Constantinople! And is the juggernaut of "American efficiency" to pass like a steam roller over the whole romantic earth? I suppose that the person who wrote this—evidently a direct descendant of Mark Twain's tourist who blew out the temple light that had been burning for a thousand years—would have the muezzin cry out at sunrise and sunset from the top of an American sky-scraper, to which he would ascend by express elevator. Happily, Babylon, "that great city," and Nineveh are safe from the Anglo-Saxon busybody, though it is to be feared that Bagdad, of the adventure-loving calif, cannot escape his clutches when the Kaiser's dream of the railroad of which it was to be the "grand terminal," is fulfilled by others.

As to efficiency, one would think, from the childish fashion in which so many mouth the word, that it was an entirely Anglo-Saxon invention; that there had never been any such thing in the world before; that the great civilizations, empires, and cities of the past had been created by fools. And the manner in which we patronize "the East"—out of which "all we have and are" has come, from the alphabet to the Zodiac, including art, science, religion, every stick and stone of our boasted civilization—is as laughable as it is insulting.

One wonders where the rest of the world would have been but for the active minds and strong characters that some four thousand years ago strangely shifted into that

momentous strip of land lying between the Euphrates and the Tigris, and began to build cities on their banks. We know where England and America were just then; and, in fact, with the exception of Egypt and Crete, the rest of the world—or Europe, at least—was fast asleep. That is, of course, so far as we know. Archeology, which during the last half-century has wrested so many secrets from time, and reversed so many historic judgments, is probably but on the threshold of her discoveries.

The excavators of Nineveh tell us that the country that once was Assyria is covered with the ruins of great cities whose very names are long since forgotten. Mankind has a shudderingly long record, and the earth we tread and dream on is literally, like that mythical Japanese mountain, a mass of piled-up skulls and dead men's dust. London, Paris, New York, and Chicago!

Sidon and Tyre were such as ye;
How proud they shone upon the tree!
But Time hath gathered, both are gone,
And no man sails to Babylon.

Yet, leaving out a few modern conveniences, such as open plumbing and the telephone, it would seem, from all accounts, that Babylon is still entitled to the distinction of having been the most magnificent city that has ever yet been upon the earth. This Babylon, which Isaiah described as "the glory of kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency," was the comparatively modern Babylon which, after the destruction of the older city by the Assyrian Sennacherib (690 B.C.), had been magnificently rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar (606 B.C.)

"Is not this great Babylon, which I have built?" its proud ruler vaunted.

THE LONG HISTORY OF BABYLON

The first Babylon was of a much older foundation. The history of the Babylonian people, who were Semites from Arabia, begins about 4000 B.C. Overflowing into the Tigris-Euphrates valley, they encountered still earlier comers, the mysterious Sumerians, from whom they seem to have appropriated the beginnings of their civilization. A fierce rivalry between Sumerian and Semite resulted in the building of many cities, the chief of which were the Sumerian Ur, the ruins of which are near

Mugheir, in the south, and the Semitic Accad and Babylon in the north. Sargon, King of Accad (about 2500 B.C.), was a great conqueror, carrying Babylonian civilization, with the customary aid of fire and sword, into Syria and as far west as Cyprus. His empire is the first known to history, and the glory of his deeds is eloquently set forth on a clay tablet in the British Museum.

It was, however, to another great king, Hammurabi (1958-1916 B.C.), that the city of Babylon owes its first preeminence. Idolators of efficiency should read the laws of "Hammurabi, the exalted king, the King of Babylon, the king renowned throughout the world," from which it is evident that he had good reason to describe himself as "the shepherd, the savior, whose scepter is a right one, the good protecting shadow over my city." His was the first code that has come down to us, and its wisdom and thoroughness, its modernity, are amazing. From it one realizes what a well-organized community was that first city of Babylon nearly four thousand years ago.

The early Babylonian supremacy lasted from 1917 to 1250 B.C.; but meanwhile another Semite people, of peculiarly warlike temper—the Assyrians, with their capital of Nineveh—had been waxing strong in the mountainous region north of Babylonia. In 1250 B.C., an Assyrian king conquered Babylon, and for six centuries the city on the Euphrates was overshadowed by Nineveh and its monarchs. One of these, Sennacherib, as we have seen, razed it in 690 B.C.; but in 606 B.C., with the aid of the Medes, another growing people to the east of Assyria, the Babylonians turned the tables and destroyed Nineveh. They had been assisted also by a new influx of Semites, known as Chaldeans, from whom the Kings of Babylon were now chosen, the greatest of them being Nebuchadnezzar.

THE GREATEST OF BABYLON'S KINGS

It is rather curious to think of the grotesque misrepresentation which has overtaken the fame of one of the greatest kings that ever sat upon a throne. "Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Jews," has long been the laughing-stock of a nursery rime, and all that most of us seem to remember of him was that he went mad, ran on all fours, and ate grass—a very interesting example, by the way, of the mysterious disease of

lycanthropy—from which, after seven years, he completely recovered, to the great joy of his people and his councilors. He once more took up the reins of government, and died at eighty, in "honor and brightness." Rawlinson, the great antiquary of the East, pays him this tribute:

Nebuchadnezzar is the great monarch of the Babylonian Empire, which, lasting only eighty-eight years—from 625 B.C. to 538 B.C.—was for nearly half that time under his sway. Its military glory is chiefly due to him, while the constructive energy which constitutes its especial characteristic belongs to it still more markedly through his character and genius. It is scarcely too much to say that, but for Nebuchadnezzar, the Babylonians would have no place in history. At any rate, their actual place is owing almost entirely to this prince, who to the military talents of an able general added a grandeur of artistic conception and skill in construction which place him on a par with the greatest builders of antiquity.

Adequately to describe Babylon and its wonders is obviously beyond the scope of this paper; and doubtless myth and antique exaggeration have somewhat magnified its greatness. Still, by comparison of ancient authorities, side by side with the computations of modern archeologists, a sufficiently stupendous reality remains.

To begin with, its walls, which made four sides of a square, were forty miles in circumference, and they were pierced with a hundred gates, twenty-five for each side of the square. Like all Babylonian structures, they were built of brick laid in a cement of bitumen, with occasional layers of reeds between the courses. They were of great height, "seventy or eighty feet at least in the time of Alexander, after the wear and tear of centuries, and the violence of at least three conquerors"; and they were so broad that four chariots could drive abreast on their summit. Two hundred and fifty low towers rose above them, probably used as guard-rooms, and outside of them ran a deep, wide moat.

The city within was intersected by roads ending at the gates. The houses, which were built in squares, or blocks, as in modern American cities, did not begin for a considerable distance within the walls, the intervening space being used for gardens and fields, in which corn and other vegetables could be grown to support the inhabitants during a siege. The Euphrates ran through the town, dividing it in half, the banks of the river being protected by walls, in which were twenty-five water-

gates at the street-endings and landings by which the inhabitants crossed from one part of the city to the other. There was a bridge constructed of drawbridges, connected by piers set in the river, for foot-passengers, and there was also a tunnel beneath the river. The houses were three or four stories high, and were mostly built with beams and framework of palm-wood, filled in with plastered rushes, decoratively colored.

THE PALACES OF BABYLON

The chief architectural glories of the city were two palaces, one on either side of the river, and the temple of the god Bel, or Belus, the "dream god." Herodotus has described this temple with its immense tower of seven stages, standing on a square basement platform, measuring two hundred yards on each side. In his day the temple had already been plundered by the Persians, and its lofty shrine was empty of its golden gods; but Diodorus, an earlier visitor, had seen them:

Three colossal images of gold—one of Bel, one of Beltis, and a third of Rhea, or Ishtar. Before the image of Beltis were two golden lions, and near them two enormous serpents of silver, each thirty talents in weight. The golden table—forty feet long and fifteen broad—was in front of these statues; and upon it stood two huge drinking-cups of the same weight as the serpents. The shrine also contained two enormous censers and three golden bowls, one for each of the three deities.

Of the building of one of the palaces of Babylon we have this statement made by King Nebuchadnezzar himself, as a part of one of his inscriptions:

A palace of my royalty for the land of Babylon, in the midst of the city of Babylon. . . . Opposite the waters I laid its foundations, and with brick and cement I skilfully surrounded it; tall cedars for its porticoes I fitted—ikki and cedar-woods, with layers of copper; its domes and arches were covered with bronze-work. I strongly overlaid its gates with silver, gold, precious stones, whatsoever they call them, in heaps; I valiantly collected spoils; as an adornment of the house were they arrayed, and were collected within it; trophies, abundance, royal treasures I accumulated and gathered together.

This was probably "the great palace," the third and outermost wall of which had a circuit of seven miles. Sun-dried bricks bearing the name of Nebuchadnezzar have been unearthed in the Kasr mound which now marks its site, and pavement slabs with this inscription:

Grand palace of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, son of Nabopolassar, King of Babylon, who walked in the worship of the gods Nebo and Merodach, his lords.

Within the palace grounds was erected that "hanging garden," which made one of the old seven wonders of the world—a monument of the king's affection for his Assyrian queen, Amyitis, who, amid the alluvial flats of Babylon, pined for the rugged scenery of her northern home. So the king did his best to imitate her native mountains by raising a huge pile of terraced rock and earth, supported on arches, tier after tier, planted with every variety of tree and flower, and luxurious with stately rooms, cool and fragrant, for the queen's pleasure. Complicated machinery drew up water from the Euphrates to keep it ever fresh. Such "hanging gardens" were familiar to the queen in her native land, but none had ever vied in splendor with this of Babylon.

Generally Babylon, and not Egypt, according to Rawlinson, "was the source to which the entire stream of Eastern civilization may be traced. It is scarcely too much to say that, but for Babylon, real civilization might not even yet have dawned upon the earth." Yet such are the vagaries of popular judgment that its name is recalled to-day merely as a synonym for wickedness, and its great king has become little more than a figure of fun for children.

THE HUNS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

Nineveh, despite the vaunts of its savage kings, seems to have borne no comparison with Babylon, the city of which it was the jealous rival, and which it for a time overpowered. Compared with the Babylonians, the Assyrians were barbarian parvenus, who borrowed all their culture and fashions from Babylon, and gave nothing of their own to civilization. They were the Huns of the ancient world, merciless conquerors and destroyers, passing across history like a devouring flame and dying out in their own ashes—the self-styled "scourge of God." To quote again from Rawlinson:

The walls of Nineveh have been completely traced, and indicate a city three miles in length by less than a mile and a half in breadth, containing an area of about eighteen hundred English acres. Of this area less than one-tenth is occupied by ruins of any pretension.

Nineveh is now represented by two mounds opposite Mosul, that the words of the prophet Zephaniah should be fulfilled:

Both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows; desolation shall be in the thresholds; for he shall uncover the cedar-work. This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart: "I am, and there is none beside me." How is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in! Every one that passeth by her shall hiss and wag his head.

Nineveh's chief wonder was the palace of Sennacherib, though the palaces of Esarhaddon and Asshur-banipal were almost equally pretentious. The most striking feature of these palaces after their great size and extent, was their mural sculpture, which in its stern and spirited realism made the chief contribution of Assyria to ancient art. Its sphinxes and winged bulls were Assyrianized borrowings from Egypt; but the ferocity of the people who executed them has left a stamp of terror on these sculptures which gives them a character all their own.

A mound at a place called Nebbi-Yunus, about half a mile from the mound of Koyunjik, where are the ruins of Sennacherib's palace, is supposed to cover the tomb of the prophet Jonah, our Biblical authority on Nineveh. In the days of the luxurious decline of the Assyrian capital, that prophet, "a strange wild man, clothed in a rough garment of skin," had gone about the streets crying:

"Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!"

Besides Nineveh, there were three other great Assyrian cities of which extensive ruins remain—Assur, the original capital, now known as Kalesheriyat, sixty miles south of Nineveh; Dur-Surgina, now Khorsabad, built by King Sargon, ten miles to the north; and Calah, now Nimrud, thirty miles south.

Calah was the capital of Assyria when Nineveh was still regarded as a provincial town. It owed its greatness to one of the most powerful and terrible of Assyrian kings, Asshur-izir-pal, whose reign lasted from 883 to 858 B.C., and who—a not unusual combination in antiquity—combined ruthless cruelty as a conqueror with an intense love of beauty and the fine arts. While this king did not forget to adorn the old capital of Assur and the rising city of Nineveh, his chief regard seems to have

been for Calah, and there he erected a gorgeous palace for himself, of which extensive ruins remain at Nimrud.

THE PALACE OF ASSHUR-IZIR-PAL

In the decoration of this palace that most characteristic Assyrian art of the bas-relief sprang suddenly into astonishing perfection. Its subjects, particularly hunting scenes—for the king was a mighty hunter—were treated sometimes with mimetic vividness, and sometimes with a startling and mature conventionalism. Here is a good description of the use of the bas-relief in Asshur-izir-pal's palace, from Baikie's "Lands and Peoples of the Bible":

Round each room ran a range of sculptured alabaster slabs, showing the king at war, at the hunt, fording the river, or marching through the mountains; while all the cruel details of his merciless warfare were represented to the life. Inscriptions ran along the slabs, giving practically a history of the king's reign from year to year. The narrow galleries were roofed with cedar beams, decorated with gold, silver, and bronze, and gay with color. At the doorways stood monstrous figures of winged, man-headed bulls or lions, head and shoulders carefully wrought out as though the creatures were leaping out of the walls, the rest left only suggested in outline. These were the divine spirits which guarded the entrance to the king's house.

Here is the king's own description of his work as an artist:

A palace for my royal dwelling-place, for the glorious seat of my royalty, I founded forever, and splendidly planned it. I surrounded it with a cornice of copper. Sculptures of the creatures of land and sea, carved in alabaster, I made, and placed them at the doors. Lofty door-posts of cedar-wood I made, and sheathed them with copper, and set them upon the gates. Thrones of costly woods, dishes of ivory containing silver, gold, lead, copper, and iron, the spoil of my hand, taken from conquered lands, I deposited therein.

So speaks Asshur-izir-pal, the artist. It is interesting to contrast with this Asshur-izir-pal, the conqueror, yet still the artist—the terrible exponent of "murder as a fine art"—as he describes his vengeance upon a conquered city. The extract may be taken as more or less typical of the Olympian style affected by all such barbaric monarchs:

To the city of Tela I approached. The city was very strong; three fortress walls surrounded it. The inhabitants trusted to their strong walls and their numerous army; they did not come down or embrace my feet. With battle and slaughter I attacked the city and captured it. Three thousand of their fighting men I slew with the sword; their spoil, their goods, their oxen, and their sheep

I carried away; many captives I burned with fire. I captured many of their soldiers alive; I cut off the hands and feet of some; of others I cut off the noses, the ears, and the fingers; I put out the eyes of many soldiers. I built up a pyramid of the living and a pyramid of heads. On high I hung up their heads on trees in the neighborhood of their city. Their young men and their maidens I burned with fire. The city I overthrew, dug it up, and burned it with fire; I annihilated it.

There is a grim statue of this cruel king in the British Museum which still inspires one with a sense of terror, and yet curiously suggests the royal lover of art. But today his capital, and all these dead Assyrian cities, are little more than "naked nominations," as Sir Thomas Browne would say, and the valleys of the Tigris and Euphrates are littered with the ruins of many others whose very names are forgotten.

THE RISE OF THE MEDES AND PERSIANS

As we have seen, Babylon threw off the Assyrian yoke with the aid of the strong and growing nation of the Medes. After the fall of Nineveh and the Assyrian Empire, the two conquering nations, represented by Cyaxares, King of Media, and Nabopolassar, King of Babylon, made a friendly division of the spoils, amicably dividing the hegemony of western Asia between them. The Medes had for neighbors and vassals the Persians, but with the accession of Cyrus (550-529 B.C.), to the Persian throne, the Medes were conquered (550 B.C.), and were henceforth submerged in the Persian Empire.

Alarmed at the growth of Persia, Cræsus, King of Lydia, whose power extended over Asia Minor, made an alliance with Egypt and Babylon for mutual protection; but Cyrus was too quick for him, swiftly taking his capital of Sardis, and making Cræsus himself prisoner. Then he turned to besiege Babylon, which he captured after one of the most dramatic sieges in history, in 539 B.C. It was the night of Belshazzar's feast, and the "writing on the wall." The city was given up to wild revelry, and the watch on the walls, and particularly at the water-gates, was forgotten. Cyrus's plan was to divert the water of the Euphrates and dry up the river-bed, so that his soldiers could enter the city by it. By digging a new channel he accomplished his purpose, and burst upon the revelers with fire and sword. "In that night was Belshazzar, the King of the

Chaldeans, slain," as in our childhood we read with bated breath in the wonderful narrative of the book of Daniel.

Let us glance at some of the capitals of the conquerors of Babylon.

The Medes boasted but one city of great importance, Ecbatana, their capital, which is supposed to have been the modern Hamatan. There was the palace of the Median kings, and afterward, owing to its northern and mountainous situation, it became the summer capital of the Persians. The earliest known capital of the Persians was Pasargadae, of which the ruins exist near the modern Murghab. Here the great Cyrus came home for burial. His tomb still survives, together with tombs of other Persian kings; but the golden coffin in which his body was laid, it is scarcely necessary to say, has long ago vanished.

Susa, now Shuster, was another great capital in its day. Here the first Darius built himself a palace, and here was one of the royal treasuries later to be rifled by Alexander, when, in its turn, Persia's hour of doom had struck.

THE RICHES OF PERSEPOLIS

But the most magnificent of Persian capitals was Persepolis, the ruined palaces of which—built by Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes—are among the most beautiful architectural remains in the world. The noblest of them, the palace of Xerxes—"Xerxes, the great king, the king of kings, the son of King Darius, the Achaemenian," as an engraved tablet still records—was burned by Alexander and his companions as the wind-up to a drunken revel. Thais, the Greek courtesan, had seized a torch and called upon her fellow revelers to burn the palace of him who had burned the temples of Greece; and, taken with the wild idea, the whole party streamed forth, torches in hand. Alexander threw the first torch; but characteristically, as the beautiful cedar-wood of the palace rooms burst into flames, he was the first to regret it, and to order the fire to be quenched, not too late to rescue some of its glories from destruction.

A picturesque passage from the original description of this famous orgy, by Diodorus, is worth quoting:

At one time, when the companions of the king were feasting and carousing, madness seized upon the souls of the men flushed with wine. One of the women present—Thais of Athens—said: "Alexander will perform the most glorious act of

his life if, while he is feasting with us, he will burn the palace"; and so the glory and renown of Persia might be said to have come to naught in a moment by the hands of women.

Stirred by these words, the king embraced the notion; whereupon as many as were present left their cups and leaped upon the table, and said: "We will now celebrate a victorious festival of Bacchus." Then multitudes of firebrands were presently got together, and all the women who played on musical instruments at the feast were called for; and then the king, with songs, pipes, and flutes, led the procession of revelry conducted by Thais, who next after the king threw a firebrand into the palace.

In Persepolis, called "the richest of all the cities under the sun," Alexander found in the treasury one hundred and twenty thousand talents, or about \$120,000,000.

Ispahan, Teheran, and Shiraz, while ancient in origin, hardly come under the head of fallen capitals, as they are the principal cities of Persia to this day. Still the chief business of Ispahan is in sword-blades, and still, as in the days of Hafiz, the business of Shiraz is in roses and wine.

The fall of Persia was, later on, to give one of its dependencies, Parthia, its comparatively brief but splendid hour of empire—lasting some five hundred years, 250 B.C. to A.D. 229. Its chief capital was Ctesiphon, on the Tigris, a little south of Bagdad, which, when Persia was reestablished under Artaxerxes, became in turn his capital, finally to be conquered by the Arabs in 634.

Almost opposite to Ctesiphon, on the other side of the Tigris, is another ancient capital—Seleucia, one of the eight cities of the same name called after Seleucus. Seleucus, one of the captains of Alexander the Great, founded the empire of Syria, with Antioch for his capital, conquering Babylon, and beginning the royal house of the Seleucidae, which ruled Syria from 312 B.C. till its conquest by Pompey in 65 B.C. Seleucia, in its heyday, had six hundred thousand inhabitants, and was for a time the rival of Babylon.

THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF SYRIA

The earlier history of Syria centered about its beautiful capital of Damascus, which proved such a thorn in the side of Israel, after the death of King David. It will be recalled that David, as recorded (in II Samuel, viii) had defeated the Syrians with a slaughter of two and twenty thousand men; and "then David put garrisons in Syria of Damascus, and the Syri-

ans became servants to David, and brought gifts." With David's death, however, the tables were turned, and "henceforward," to quote a modern authority, "the normal relationship was that Damascus was sometimes an overlord, sometimes a costly friend, sometimes an open enemy, to the Hebrew states."

To the men of Damascus, however, belongs the honor of keeping at bay the Assyrian peril during many years. In 854 B.C., with the help of Israel, they defeated Shalmaneser II with great slaughter, bringing into the field an army of no less than "four thousand chariots, two thousand cavalry, a camel corps of one thousand, and sixty-three thousand infantry." A second time, in 849 B.C., they once more drove back the Assyrian monarch, though he brought one hundred and twenty thousand men against them. Later, however, Shalmaneser III and Ashur-dan III—this time, probably, with Israel on the Assyrian side—succeeded in capturing Damascus and holding it for a time. Still later, in 732 B.C., Israel and Damascus joined once more against Tiglath-Pileser IV of Assyria; but after withstanding a siege of no less than two years, Damascus was finally taken, and its inhabitants deported. (Isaiah vii, 3 *et seq.*).

After further vicissitudes too many and picturesque to detail here, Damascus still remains the capital of Syria, with a quarter of a million inhabitants, and still retains its old fame for its "damascened" sword-blades and its "damask" cloth. It has often been called the "Eye of the East," and its significance in Gospel story, as the place of St. Paul's conversion, is proverbial.

THE ROMANCE OF PALMYRA

To the east of Damascus, on the border of the Syrian desert, was the district of Palmyrene, which, on account of its oases,

was a favorite passageway to the Euphrates. Here stood, and still stand, the splendid and beautiful ruins of Palmyra, the capital of Queen Zenobia, who in the days of the Emperor Aurelian (A.D. 270-275), ruled over Syria, Egypt, and a large part of Asia Minor. Queen Zenobia's revolt against Rome, and her defeat and capture by Aurelian are, of course, one of the picturesque commonplaces of history.

Such, in a very cursory survey, are some of the great cities of that East which was literally the cradle of the spiritual and intellectual life of man. There, so far as our knowledge goes, all that man has done since was done first. Subsequent history has been largely a repetition, with modifications, of the history of these cities and the kingdoms to which they belong. Our gods, and our one God, were first worshiped there. There the soul and the intellect of man first began to interpret the mystery of our being, there all the sciences hazarded their first sublime guesses and laid the foundations of their systematic inquiry into the laws of the universe. There man's mysterious love of beauty first began to express itself in the creations of art, and there all those crafts which civilize our existence had their beginning.

Religion, philosophy, astronomy, mathematics, law, architecture, sculpture, the alphabet and the written word, poetry and fairy tales and dreams—all these useful and enchanted things began in these cities whose very names are now poetry, bathed in the moonlight of time. And though we may smile at the pomp of their barbaric kings, the very state they assumed was a sublimely dramatic assertion of the divinity that dwells in the soul of man, with head proudly erect beneath the mysterious stars—"in action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals!"

ANCIENT AND MODERN SHIPS

OVER the waves when the world was young,
And the voice of man was a primal tongue,
How crude were the boats that plowed the sea
When the tide rose high and the wind was free!

Over the waves of the world so old,
When the language of man is manifold,
How strong are the ships in their Titan pride,
As they sweep through the wind and the vassal tide!

Hamilton Williams

Strange Performances of Shakespeare's Plays

IF THE MASTER DRAMATIST COULD REVISIT THE THEATER IN OUR DAY, HE WOULD SEE MANY THINGS THAT WOULD SURPRISE HIM, SOME THAT WOULD PLEASE HIM, AND A FEW THAT WOULD OFFEND HIM

By Brander Matthews

IF Shakespeare could return to earth, he would find many things to astonish him, not the least of which would be his own world-wide reputation. As far as we can judge from his works, and from the sparse records that remain, he seems to have been a modest man, with no sense of his own importance, and with no pretension to superiority over his fellow poets. In his lifetime there was scant appreciation for his plays, since the drama was then held to be little better than journalism, and scarcely worthy to be criticised as literature.

That he was popular, or, in other words, that his plays pleased the people, and that he was liked personally by his associates—this seems to be clearly established. But there was no recognition of his supremacy as a poet, as a creator of character, or even as a playwright. As Shakespeare was a singularly healthy person, we can confidently assume that he did not look upon himself as an unappreciated genius.

Therefore, if he came back to us, we cannot doubt that he would stand aghast before the constantly increasing library of books that has been written about him in the past two centuries. Nor can we doubt that it would appeal to his sense of humor. He would probably be interested to look into a few of the commentaries which seek to elucidate him; but he would not pursue this perusal to the bitter end; and he would shut the books with a laugh, or at least with a smile, at the obstinate perversity of the critics who have wearied themselves—and not infrequently their readers also—in the vain attempt to explain what originally

needed no explanation, since it had been plain enough to the unlettered crowds who flocked into the Globe Theater and stood entranced while his stories unrolled themselves on the stage.

If he were permitted to wander from the library, where the immense mass of Shakespeariana fills shelf after shelf, and to enter any of our comfortable playhouses to witness a performance of one of his own plays, as set on the stage by an enterprising and artistic producer, such as Sir Henry Irving, he would again be greatly astonished.

The theater itself would be strange to him, for it would be roofed and lighted, whereas the playhouse he knew was open to the sky, and dependent on the sun for its illumination. The stage would be equally novel, for it would have sumptuous scenery, whereas the stage of his day had no scenery and only a few properties—a throne or a pulpit, a bed or a well-head. The actors would be unlike his fellow players at the Globe, since they would be attired with a strenuous effort for historical accuracy, whereas Burbage, Kemp, Con-dell, and Heming were accustomed to costume themselves in the elaborate and sumptuous garb of the Elizabethan gallants, glad when they could don the discarded attire of a wealthy courtier. And perhaps what would surprise him as much as anything would be to behold his very feminine heroines impersonated by women, instead of being undertaken by shaven lads, as was the habit in his day.

As he was an artist in construction, an expert in stagecraft as this had been con-

ditioned by the circumstances of the Tudor playhouse, he could not very well fail to be annoyed by the curtailing of his plays to adjust themselves to the circumstances of our superbly equipped theaters. He would also resent the chopping and the changing, the modification and the mangling, to which his plays have been subjected so that their swift succession of situations can each of them be localized by appropriate and complicated scenery.

But because he was a modest man, and because he composed his tragedies and his comedies to please his audiences, he would probably soon be reconciled to all these transmogrifications when he saw that his work has none the less retained its power to attract spectators and to delight their ears and their eyes. If the house was crowded night after night, then he would feel that he had no call to protest, since other times bring other manners.

A SCORE OF FEMALE HAMLETS

If Shakespeare would be surprised to see *Ophelia* performed by a girl, he would be still more surprised, not to say shocked, to see *Hamlet* performed by a woman. And yet this is a spectacle that he might have beheld again and again in the nineteenth century, if he had been permitted to visit the theaters of New York at irregular intervals.

In that hundred years he could have seen not one female *Hamlet*, or two, or three, but at least a score of them. The complete list is given in Laurence Hutton's "Curiosities of the American Stage." It begins with Mrs. Bartley; it includes Clara Fisher, Charlotte Cushman, and Anne Dickinson; and it was drawn up too early to include Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, whose unfortunate experiment belongs to the very last year of the last century.

George Henry Lewes asserted that "Hamlet" itself is so broad in its appeal, so interesting in its story, so moving in its episodes, that no actor has ever made a total failure in the title-rôle. It might be asserted with equal truth that no actress has ever succeeded in it, because *Hamlet* is essentially masculine, and therefore impossible to a woman, however lofty her ambition or however abundant her histrionic faculty. It is not a disparagement of the versatility and dexterity of Mme. Bernhardt to record that the details of her impersonation of the melancholy prince have

wholly faded from the memory of one spectator, who yet retains an unforgettable impression of Coquelin's beautifully humorous embodiment of the *First Gravedigger*.

It was, perhaps, because Charlotte Cushman was more or less lacking in womanly charm, and because she was possessed of more or less masculine characteristics, that her *Hamlet* seems to have been more successful—or, at least, less unsuccessful—than that of any other woman. Nor was *Hamlet* the only one of Shakespeare's male characters that she undertook in the course of her long and honorable career in the United States and in Great Britain. Although she was an incomparable *Katherine* in "Henry VIII," dowering the discarded queen with poignant pathos, she undertook more than once the part of *Cardinal Wolsey*, which does not present itself as the kind of a character likely to be attractive to a woman. From all the accounts that have come down to us, she appears to have impersonated *Romeo* more satisfactorily than either *Wolsey* or *Hamlet*. In fact, one competent critic, who had seen her in all her greatest parts, including *Lady Macbeth* and *Meg Merrilies*, selected as her highest peak of achievement the moment when *Romeo*, inflamed by the death of his kinsman, *Mercutio*, provokes *Tybalt* in a fiery outburst:

Now, Tybalt, take the villain back,
That late thou gav'st me!

Shakespeare would not in all probability be displeased to see *Ophelia* and *Queen Katherine* and *Juliet* impersonated by women, however much he might be annoyed by the vain efforts of any woman to assume the masculinity of *Hamlet* and *Wolsey* and *Romeo*. His tragedies are of imagination all compact, and he might very well wish to have them treated with all possible respect. But perhaps he would not insist on taking his comedies quite so seriously; and therefore he might have been amused rather than aggrieved if he could have seen the performance of "As You Like It" given by the Professional Woman's League at Palmer's Theater in November, 1893, when every part in the piece was entrusted to a woman.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" ACTED BY WOMEN

Here was a complete turning of the tables, a triumphant assertion of woman's right to do all that becomes a man. When

the comedy was originally produced at the Globe Theater in London—probably in 1600, but possibly a year or two earlier—no actresses had ever been seen on the English stage; and therefore *Rosalind* and *Celia* and *Audrey* had to be assigned to three lads whom the older actors had taken as apprentices. When the comedy was performed at Palmer's Theater in New York in 1893, almost three centuries later, *Orlando*, *Adam*, *Touchstone*, and *Jaques* were undertaken by actresses of a maturer age and of a richer experience than the Elizabethan boys could ever have acquired.

As one of those who had the pleasure of beholding this unprecedented performance, I am glad to bear testimony that I really enjoyed my afternoon, and that "As You Like It" lost little of its charm when men were banished from its cast. *Jaques*—the part that I make bold to believe was "written in" so that Burbage, best of elocutionists and most popular of tragedians, might not be left out of the cast—was undertaken by Mme. Janauschek, aging and enfeebled, yet still vigorous of mind and still in command of all her artistic resources. The *Orlando* was Miss Maude Banks, a brave figure in her attempt at masculine attire. The *Touchstone* was Miss Kate Davis; and *Charles*, the duke's wrestler, was Miss Marion Abbott.

There is a delightful unreality about "As You Like It," an element of "make-believe," an aroma of "once upon a time," a flavor of "old, familiar, far-off things"; and it was this quality which was plainly prominent in the performance by the Professional Woman's League.

Consider for a moment the fascinating complexity of *Rosalind's* conduct when she was impersonated by a shaven lad. The Elizabethan spectators beheld a boy playing the part of a girl, who disguises herself as a boy, and who then asks her lover to pretend that she is a girl. Set down in black and white this intricacy may appear a little puzzling; but seen on the stage it causes no confusion nowadays, and it is transparently amusing. Yet there was more verisimilitude in the performance in the Tudor playhouse than there can be in our modern theaters. It was easy enough for the youth who was playing *Rosalind* to look like a lad after he had once donned doublet and hose, because he was a lad and not a lass; whereas the woman who now

impersonates *Rosalind* finds it difficult, if not impossible, to make her male disguise impenetrable.

The fact is, however, that our latter-day leading lady is not inclined to take seriously *Rosalind's* attempt to pass herself off as a man. She is likely to be a little too well satisfied with her feminine charms to be really anxious to conceal them; she does not want the audience ever to forget that she is a woman to be wooed, even if she is willing to pretend that she is a youth. "As You Like It" is my favorite among all Shakespeare's plays, and in the course of more than half a century of playgoing I must have seen almost a score of *Rosalinds*; but I cannot now recall a single one who made an honest effort to deceive *Orlando*, as Shakespeare meant him to be deceived, and as he must appear to be deceived if the story is to be accepted.

As a result of this persistent femininity of *Rosalind* when she is masquerading as *Ganymede*, most of the *Orlandos* whom I can call up one after another let themselves flirt with *Ganymede*, as if they had penetrated *Rosalind's* disguise. It was a striking merit of Mr. John Drew's *Orlando* that he always treated *Ganymede* as the lad *Rosalind* was pretending to be, consistently making it clear to the audience that no doubt as to *Ganymede's* sex had ever crossed his mind.

A "STUNT" OF SEVEN JULIETS

I am inclined to guess that if the author of "As You Like It" had accepted an invitation from the Professional Woman's League, he would have sat out the performance at Palmer's Theater, gazing at it with tolerant eye and courteously complimenting the lady president or the lady vice-president who had been deputed to escort him to his box. But I make no doubt that his glance would have been less favorable had he been a spectator of a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" given in May, 1877, at Booth's Theater, for the benefit of George Rignold, who appeared as *Romeo* supported by seven different *Juliets*, the part changing impersonators with every reappearance of the character. Miss Grace d'Urffy danced in the masquerade, Miss Adelaide Neilson leaned down from the balcony, Miss Ada Dyas was married in the cell of *Friar Lawrence*, Miss Maude Granger shrank from bloodshed, Miss Marie Wainwright

parted from *Romeo*, Miss Fanny Davenport drank the potion, and Miss Minnie Cummings awakened in the tomb.

It cannot be denied that *Romeo* was the greatest lover in all literature; but he was not a *Don Juan* deserting one mistress after another, and still less was he a Brigham Young, married to half a dozen wives. The diversity of actresses, one replacing another as the sad tale rolled forward to its inevitable end, may have served to attract a larger audience than Rignold could allure by his unaided ability; but it was destructive of the integrity of the tragedy.

The inevitable result of this freakish experiment was to turn the mind of the audience away from the play itself, and to focus it on a succession of histrionic "stunts"—the single scenes in which each of the *Juliets*, one after another, exhibited herself in rivalry with all the rest. The continuity of the beautiful tragedy of young love in the spring-time of life was basely broken, its poetry was sadly defiled, and its dignity was indisputably desecrated. The actresses who lent themselves to this catch-penny show were ill-advised; they were false to their art; and they took no profit from the sacrifice of their standing in the profession.

While the performance was discreditable to all who were concerned in it, the major part of the disgrace must be assumed by the actor who lowered himself to make money by it. I am glad to recall that the majority of those who had been enticed into beholding this sorry spectacle seem to have been more or less dissatisfied.

MARY ANDERSON IN "A WINTER'S TALE"

The obvious objections which must be urged against the splitting up of a single part among half a dozen performers do not lie against the appearance of a single actor in two or more characters. In fact, the "doubling" of parts, as it is called, is one of the oldest of theatrical expedients. It was the custom in the ceremonial performances of the Greek drama at Athens, when there were only three actors, who might have to impersonate in turn seven or eight characters. It sprang up again in Tudor times, when a strolling company like that to which *Hamlet* addressed his advice numbered only a scant half-dozen members, and there might be in it only one boy to bear the burden of two or three, or even four female characters.

When several actresses come forward in swift succession to speak the lovely lines of *Juliet*, our interest is interrupted by every change; and the attention we are forced to pay to the appearance and the personality of each of the successive performers is necessarily subtracted from that which we ought to be giving to the character these actresses are pretending to impersonate. But when an actress appears in the beginning of the play as a mother to reappear at the end of the piece as a daughter, there is only a single adjustment of our attention to be made; and this is easily achieved. In some cases, or, at least, with some spectators, there might be no need of any adjustment, since these spectators might not become aware that the same performer had been entrusted with the part of the daughter as well as that of the mother.

When she revived "A Winter's Tale," Miss Mary Anderson so arranged the play that she could appear as *Hermione* in the earlier acts and as *Perdita* in the later acts, resuming the character of the mother only at the very end, when the supposed statue of *Hermione* starts to life and descends from the pedestal. Of course, there had to be a few excisions from the text of the fifth act, so that the actress could be seen first as the lovely maiden and second as the stately matron, beautiful mother of a more beautiful daughter. The lines thus cut out were only a slight loss to the beauty of the play, whereas the doubling up which these omissions made possible was a great gain for the spectators.

I feel certain that if Shakespeare could have been one of these spectators he would have been as delighted and as fascinated as the rest of us. He would have pardoned, without a word of protest, the violence done to the construction of his story.

BILINGUAL PERFORMANCES

Nor am I any the less convinced that if Shakespeare had been present at one of the memorable representations of his greatest tragedy when Salvini was *Othello*, and Edwin Booth *Iago*, he would have smiled reproachfully at those who were harsh in denouncing the performance as a profanation of his play, on the pretext that Salvini spoke Italian, while Booth and the rest of the cast spoke English. It would so greatly gratify a playwright to have two of his superb parts sustained by the two foremost tragedians of the time that he

would be willing enough to overlook the apparent incongruity of their using two different tongues. Perhaps the author might have been inspired to point out to the cavilers that Salvini's retention of his mother tongue resulted in restoring to *Othello* the language which the Moor of Venice would have spoken actually.

It is, of course, a flagrant falsification of the fact for *Othello* and *Iago*, *Hamlet* and *Ophelia*, *Brutus* and *Cassius* to speak English instead of their native Italian, or Danish, or Latin. But this is necessary if an English-speaking audience is to enjoy "Othello," and "Hamlet," and "Julius Caesar"; and, as it is necessary, the spectators are rarely conscious that it is, strictly speaking, unnatural. It is one of the many conventions by which alone the art of the drama is made possible; and although it is contrary to the fact, it is not more conspicuously out of nature than a host of other departures from the actual.

The bilingual performance of "Othello," in which Salvini and Booth nobly supported each other, was not the first of those in which Booth had been engaged. When Emil Devrient came on a professional visit to the United States in the early sixties of the last century, Booth was producing a succession of Shakespearian tragedies at the Winter Garden; and he courteously invited the German actor to play *Othello* to his *Iago*.

At these performances Devrient spoke German, Booth spoke English, and so did

the rest of the supporting company—excepting only the *Emilia*. This character was cast to Mme. Methua-Schiller, a German actress who had migrated to America and learned to speak English with only a slight trace of foreign accent. As she had not lost the use of her mother tongue, she was allowed to alternate English and German, always employing the former except in conversing with Devrient, when she dropped into the latter. Perhaps her chopping and changing from English to German, and back again to English, may have been somewhat disconcerting and distracting to the audience, who would more readily adjust themselves to Devrient's constant use of his own tongue.

And the moral of all this is? Well, you can find it very pleasantly expressed in a quotation from a letter which was written by the foremost of American Shakespearian scholars to Miss Edith Wynne Matthison, and which is preserved in the introduction to Miss Theodora Ursula Irvine's excellent "How to Pronounce the Names in Shakespeare." Apparently Mrs. Kennedy had consulted Dr. Furness as to the pronunciation of a heroine's name:

Continue to call her *Rosalind*, although I am much afraid that Shakespeare pronounced it *Rōsalind*. Of all men I would take liberties with Shakespeare sooner than any one else. Was he so small-minded that he would care about trifles? Take my word for it, he would smile with exquisite benignity and say:

"Pronounce the name, my child, exactly as you think it sounds the sweetest."

AT DAWN

UNDER that roof in the valley yonder
Lies the head all made of wonder,
Sleeping yet,
Dreaming yet;
For why should she wake when the dawn scarce stirs,
With her star-crowned head still asleep as hers,
And only the birds and I are awake
To sing for her sake?

Oh, teach me a song, you morning bird,
For me to take back to her, word for word,
To sing as she lifts each mighty lid,
Heavy with sleep as a pyramid;
Put into the song all the love of my heart—
A man's love, with a wild bird's art.

Richard Le Gallienne

Detroit, the Motor-Car Metropolis

ITS HISTORIC BEGINNING AS A FRENCH FORT AT THE CROSSWAYS OF THE CONTINENT, ITS DEVELOPMENT INTO A GREAT INDUSTRIAL CENTER, AND THE PHENOMENAL RECENT GROWTH THAT GIVES IT A CLAIM TO RANK FOURTH AMONG AMERICAN CITIES

By Judson C. Welliver

AGES ago, when the forces of nature molded the region of the Great Lakes, they marked the banks of the Detroit River as one of the strategic points of North America. Here is a site that commands main routes of travel and traffic, both by land and by water, between East and West, almost as Constantinople commands the gateway of Europe and Asia. Its importance was recognized when the early explorers penetrated the heart of the continent—first by the French, as is testified to-day by the name of Detroit.

In those militant days of the pioneers, the British had an instinct for the salt-water coasts; the French, for the great interior waterways, the lakes and mighty rivers. Salt water finally won the struggle, as it has done for Britain so many times since; but the French are entitled to chief credit for the exploration and early development of the interior. Justice requires, too, their recognition, among all nations colonizing this continent, as most humane and successful in their contact with the Indians. Detroit has preserved in its names, family and geographic, testimony to its historic debt to all three races. French and Indian names are everywhere, and no "F. F. V." is prouder of his descent from Pocahontas than are these old Detroit families of their relationship to the first Americans.

The French era of the Middle West is too little known by Americans to-day. Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac was a soldier of fortune and a favorite of Louis XIV. During his service in America, between 1691 and 1697, he conceived the idea of a

strategic post at the strait—the *détroit*—that connects Huron and Erie, to hold the lakes and the region beyond them for France; and in 1699 he laid his plan before the *grand monarque*, who approved it. Thus Detroit may claim the great Louis as its godfather.

Cadillac reached his chosen spot in July, 1701, with a company of fifty settlers and fifty soldiers, and planted a post there which he named Fort Pontchartrain, after a French minister who had helped him. He seems to have been a restless soul, and after a series of controversies with the French authorities in Canada—and with the missionaries, who charged him with being too lax in regard to selling liquor to the Indians—he got himself transferred to Louisiana. He journeyed overland to his new post down the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, and on nearing the mouth of the latter he christened Lake Pontchartrain after the same benefactor.

Deprived of its founder, the settlement on the strait remained French for nearly sixty years, until the Seven Years' War saw Britain wrest away most of France's possessions in America. It was occupied by a British force under Major Robert Rogers in November, 1760. The change was not to its immediate advantage, for the English and Scottish traders who came out with the garrison were distrusted by the Indians, and the few British settlers were regarded askance by the French. The place was a hotbed of continual intrigue, for at first the French and Indians plotted against the British, and later all combined against the

colonies along the Atlantic coast, struggling for independence. Detroit's name appears in the annals of every struggle for control of the Ohio valley, from long before Braddock's campaign down to Tippecanoe.

After the Revolutionary War, Britain refused to relinquish Detroit, Fort Niagara, Oswego, and Mackinac; and only after the

Jay treaty were they turned over to the United States, Detroit coming first under the flag in 1796. Even at that, it was not to remain peacefully American, for early in the War of 1812 the British and Canadians seized it, and they held on till Perry's naval victory at Put-in Bay and Harrison's successes on land forced them to withdraw.



IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF DETROIT, AT THE CORNER OF CONGRESS AND SHELBY STREETS—THE LOW MARBLE BUILDING IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE PEOPLE'S STATE BANK; IN THE BACKGROUND, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE THE DIME BANK BUILDING, THE OLD PENOBSCOT BUILDING, THE NEW PENOBSCOT BUILDING, AND THE E. L. FORD BUILDING

In the French colonial days the governors had endless trouble in suppressing the militant spirit of the Indians, who insisted on a regular spring field-meet on the war-path. When they ran out of anything handy to fight, the governors tactfully directed their enthusiasm against the Pawnee and Flat-head tribes, farther west. As result of these forays the young bucks brought home many Indian prisoners, who were sold into slavery. During the same period New York abolished slavery, but its thrifty citizens saw a wide difference between abolition and emancipation. Slavery might be a sin, but they preferred not to lose money in absolving themselves from it, and so they sold many of their slaves to Detroit. As result, for years half the population were slaves, and Detroit was one of the last slaveholding strongholds in the North.

The French element dominated even after Michigan had been created into a Territory, and the quarrel provided a memorable campaign for the election of the first delegate to Congress. Father Gabriel Richard, the beloved pastor of old Ste. Anne's church, was urged to run by his flock. He was shocked, but agreed that if his people wanted him, he would serve.

Meanwhile one Wing, a regular politician, aspired to the job. Wing had been excommunicated from the church by Father Richard; and now he had the good father arrested and locked up on a charge of defamation of character! The priest remained in jail while Wing campaigned; but it was Father Richard who was elected and went to Washington.

When he got there, arrayed in the vestments of a frontier priest and speaking indifferent English, he became a favorite at once. What did he want for his Territory? The answer showed him prophet as well as priest.

"Good roads," he declared.

And, because he had a good case, and was popular, he got his appropriation. With it was first built the highway of which one, the eastern end, is Michigan Avenue in Detroit, and which runs westward until it reappears as Michigan Avenue in Chicago.

Father Richard brought the first printing-press into the Territory, printed the first newspaper, started the public-school system, and founded a high school which at length became Michigan University. A long call from Father Richard to the Detroit and the Michigan of to-day, yet it is not without

reason to suggest that the backwoods priest may have contributed as much as the men of great affairs who followed him.

THE LAST WORD IN INDUSTRY

Late in 1917, when the world war was at its height, I visited the Vickers-Maxim works in the English steel town of Sheffield. They told me that in production and number of employees it was the greatest war-gear establishment in the world, having passed Krupp's. At lunch a director of the concern, from whom I was anxious to learn all about Vickers-Maxim, spent most of his time asking me about "the Detroit system"—the organization of quantity-production, standardized parts, and the like. He knew far more about the subject than I did, and it seemed to fascinate him.

The British had been learning and adapting the lessons of Detroit; they frankly admitted it, and believed that when they and ourselves should have industry keyed up to full efficiency under this system, the enemy would presently be smothered. To them, Detroit seemed to be the last word. It had created a huge industry, unhampered by tradition and restricted by no dwarfing notions that it might be possible to overdo the thing; an industry which, as it happened, was especially adaptable to the aims of war-production.

The very immensity and overshadowing insistence of the automobile industry in Detroit does the town a certain injustice. The motor-car has run over everything else, as it were. Yet Detroit has a varied line of interests, and would be a leading industrial center if not a motor-car were made there.

Time was when Michigan was mentioned in the school geographies for producing nearly all the stoves, and Detroit was stove headquarters. Likewise it was the greatest builder of railroad cars, and before automobiles were invented it turned out a large share of the carriages and wagons. In its time it was the lumber capital; and from the beginning it has been a leading factor in developing lake shipping. Its drug and medical-supply business embraces an astonishing proportion of the country's production and distribution in that line; and the big sugar industry of Michigan has been to a considerable extent financed from Detroit.

In brass and bronze work it was the second center of the country long before motor-cars demanded the style of artizanship



THE PARK STREET CURVE AT GRAND CIRCUS PARK—IN THE FOREGROUND, AT THE LEFT, IS A CORNER OF THE HOTEL TULLER; THE TWO LARGE BUILDINGS IN THE BACKGROUND ARE THE DAVID WHITNEY BUILDING (LEFT) AND THE HOTEL STATLER (RIGHT)

represented by this trade, and it had traditionally been a center of malleable iron and pressed steel industries. Gasoline engines, marine and stationary, were built here by the thousand before Henry Ford, R. E. Olds, and Charles B. King conceived the

crazy idea of making such an engine drive a vehicle. Detroit claimed more expert engine-workers than any other city. Automobile-building has been added; it has not displaced other industries. The Board of Commerce calculates that for three people

in the motor-car line, Detroit has four in other manufactures.

DETROIT A CITY BEAUTIFUL

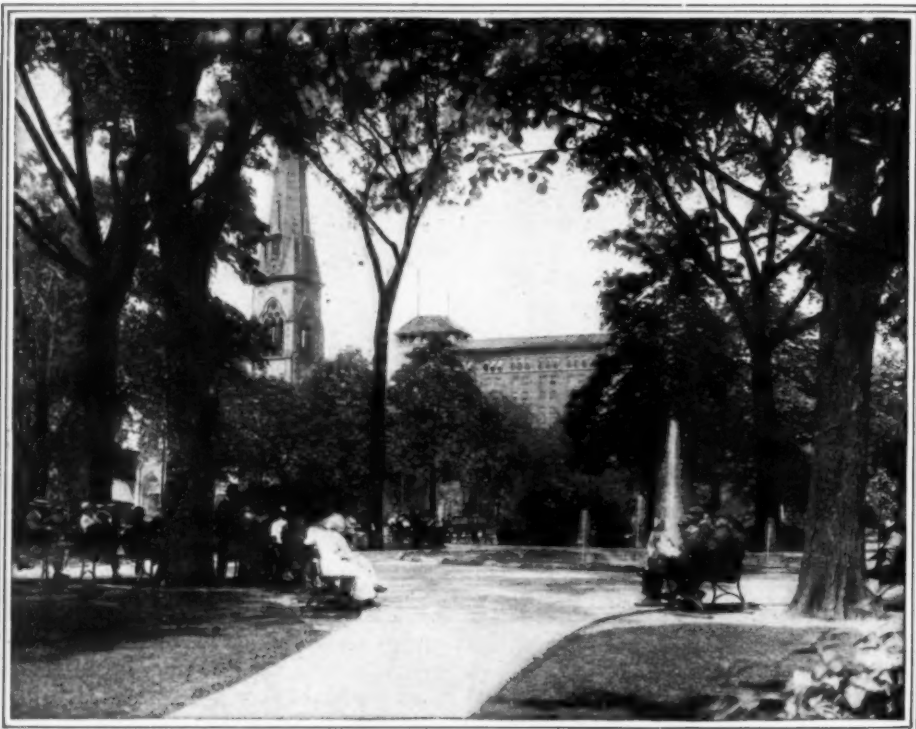
Vickers-Maxim wanted to know how Detroit "got the production"; and that is one lesson of Detroit for all the world. But it seems to me that Detroit has a still greater lesson. The town itself is the great object-lesson in the new art of making a distinctively industrial center beautiful, livable, attractive; of making a factory town good to look at; of making show-places of vast, clanging, whirring machine-shops.

Detroit claims that a larger proportion of its people is engaged in industry than is the case with any other American city. The industries are of the kind that commonly imply a smoky, grimy, unkempt, drab, sunless town—industries that one surveys with the thought that they have produced palaces at one end of the town and slums at the other. One thinks of the horrors of the Black Country in England, and of too many of the old-style manufacturing districts of this country; and, remembering the Vickers-

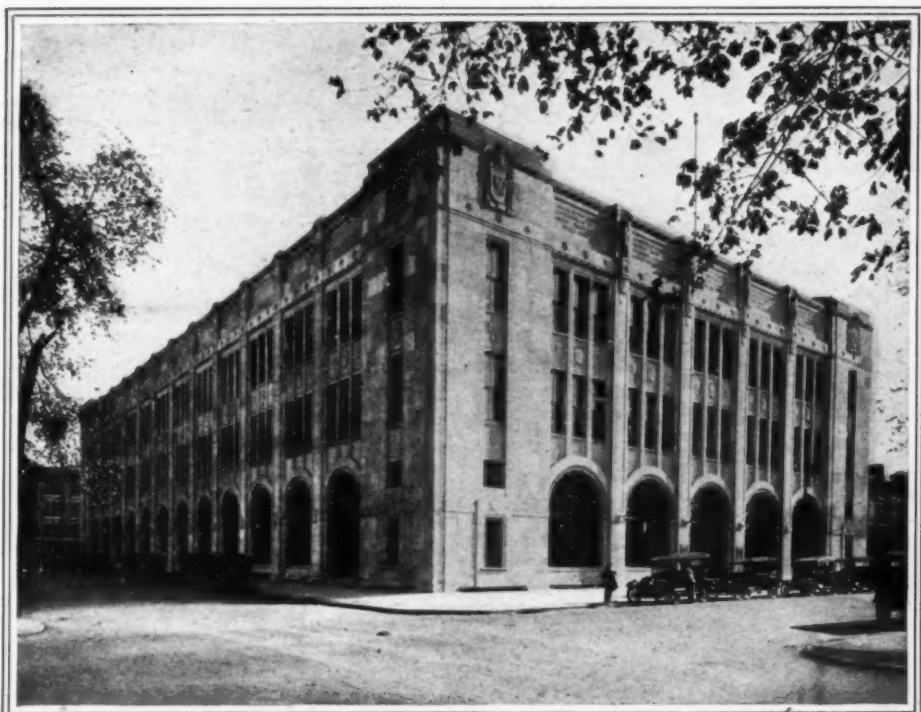
Maxim verdict that Detroit is the world's example in efficient production, one gets a new conception of the Detroit marvel.

From its beginning, Detroit has been a city beautiful. Perhaps it owes something to its French progenitors for the tradition of trying always to make the most of its fine site on the Detroit River and Lake St. Clair. It has taken courage and confidence to stick by that tradition while industry grew and furnaces and chimneys reared up with threats to smoke it out; but the thing has been accomplished. The great Detroit plants are rather ornaments than eyesores; built out where there is room for them to expand; set among grass-plots, gardens, and fountains rather than cinders and slag-heaps. Here originated the so-called Kahn type of modern factory-building, in steel, glass, and concrete; open, light, ventilated, easily kept clean; with every sanitary appliance; in itself an inspiration to workers and executives alike to keep correspondingly neat, fit, and efficient.

So Detroit has managed to be one of the most beautiful cities while also being one



THE EAST SIDE OF GRAND CIRCUS PARK, WITH THE CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH AND THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND



THE DETROIT NEWS BUILDING, AT THE CORNER OF LAFAYETTE BOULEVARD AND SECOND STREET

of the most intensively industrial. But that is not all. It has endeavored to avoid getting all the efficiency in the industries and all the beauty on the outside. It has sought to get what a salesmanship expert would call "one hundred per cent distribution" of both. It has aimed to make good citizens of the miscellaneous population which has flocked to its factories from all over the world—one is told, for instance, that thirty languages are represented among the forty thousand employees of the Ford works.

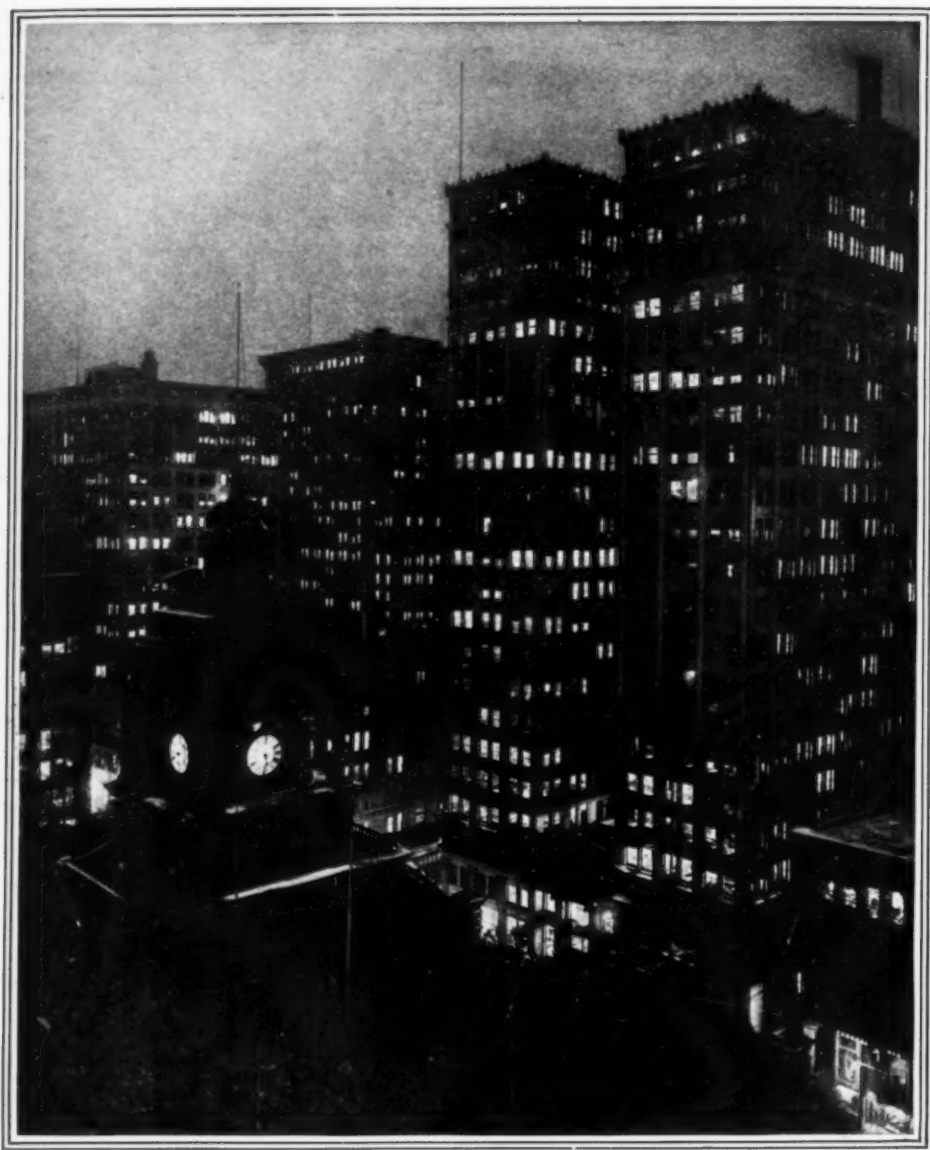
Not much is heard of "welfare work" in Detroit; still less of "uplift"; but probably in no industrial community of equal size is there equal accomplishment toward the betterment of social conditions. High wages—the highest in the world in like industries, Detroit believes—steady employment, profit-sharing plans, encouragement and assistance in home-owning, and a constant effort to inculcate the ideals of Americanism and clean, decent living—these are the methods. Employers find they make better workers; the city finds they make better citizens.

A city growing so fast as Detroit was bound to be affected by the war-time suspension of building, and the authorities cal-

culate that there is pressing need for thirty thousand new houses. Some employers are helping their people to buy or build; Mr. Ford is putting out a scheme of standardized house-construction to reduce costs, and is helping his employees to purchase. Mayor Couzens, convinced after a careful survey that the municipality must step into the breach, has taken the lead in organizing a plan that is already interesting other towns in similar difficulties.

The mayor called in a group of industrial leaders, told them the results of the official surveys, and declared that something must be done. He would submit to the people a proposal to vote bonds for a municipal housing program; or he would keep the city out of it, if the business interests would organize to do the work.

It was determined to create the Detroit Housing Association, a corporation with a capital of five million dollars, which will be a sort of revolving fund. It will buy lands and build houses, to be sold on long time and easy payments. The details have not been worked out, but the mayor is confident of large accomplishment, and the business men are backing him eagerly.



A NIGHT VIEW IN THE BUSINESS DISTRICT OF DETROIT—IN THE FOREGROUND, AT THE LEFT, IS THE CITY HALL CLOCK-TOWER; THE TALL BUILDING ON THE RIGHT IS THE DIME BANK BUILDING, WITH THE PENOBSCOT AND FORD BUILDINGS TO THE LEFT OF IT

Detroit's contribution to winning the war was stupendous—probably bigger than that of any other community of equal numbers in the country. It is said that ninety per cent of its industrial equipment was engaged on war work to the average extent of seventy-five per cent of capacity. Detroit had a great number of precisely the kind of plants adapted to turn out munitions of

war—motor-cars and trucks, of course; aircraft bodies and motors; everything in ordnance and ammunition; a great ship-building industry. Its reserves of skilled labor were ready to turn their energies into the new channel; its executives and technical experts were of the school that had become skilled in all the processes of invention, adaptation, and development incident to the

'Aladdinlike creation of a mighty new industry. In short, Detroit was the obvious winner of the war; and it more than met all expectations.

Nevertheless, it may be questioned whether Detroit's industrial efficiency, working during the war, was able to make a larger contribution than Detroit's social and human capabilities, directed toward another set of problems, may make after the war. Where better than in this illuminated, liberal, humanized industrial city of the new era will be found suggestions for meeting the problems of that era?

Here the man at the lathe, the bench, or the furnace finds himself recognized for his real partnership in the business of production; encouraged to increase his participation; inspired to believe in a future yet brighter and better. Detroit is an antidote to Bolshevism; it is worthy of careful study in that relation. It is full of men who have made fortunes so fast that they haven't had a chance to forget their beginnings, or to lose touch and sympathy with the class from which they rose.

DETROIT'S MILITANT MAYOR

Of this very type is James Couzens, mayor of the city. Not many years ago he was an accountant for a coal firm. He became associated with Henry Ford, and contributed a large part to building the phenomenal success of the Ford concern. When he retired from active participation in the business he took office as police commissioner; and from that post, last winter, he was elected mayor. He believes in getting the people close to their government, and to that end would have municipal ownership of utilities.

"There 'll be no good municipal administration," he told me, "until the activities of the administration and the people get close together. Three hundred and fifty million street-car rides in a year mean three hundred and fifty million contacts, and I want the town to own the street railroads in order to get the people closer to their government and more intimately interested in it."

During his mayoralty campaign Mr. Couzens promised a referendum on municipalization of the street-cars; and it took place on April 7 of this year. The law required that the proposition must receive sixty per cent of the votes to carry. It was beaten after a hot fight, receiving sixty-

three thousand votes, while seventy thousand were cast against it.

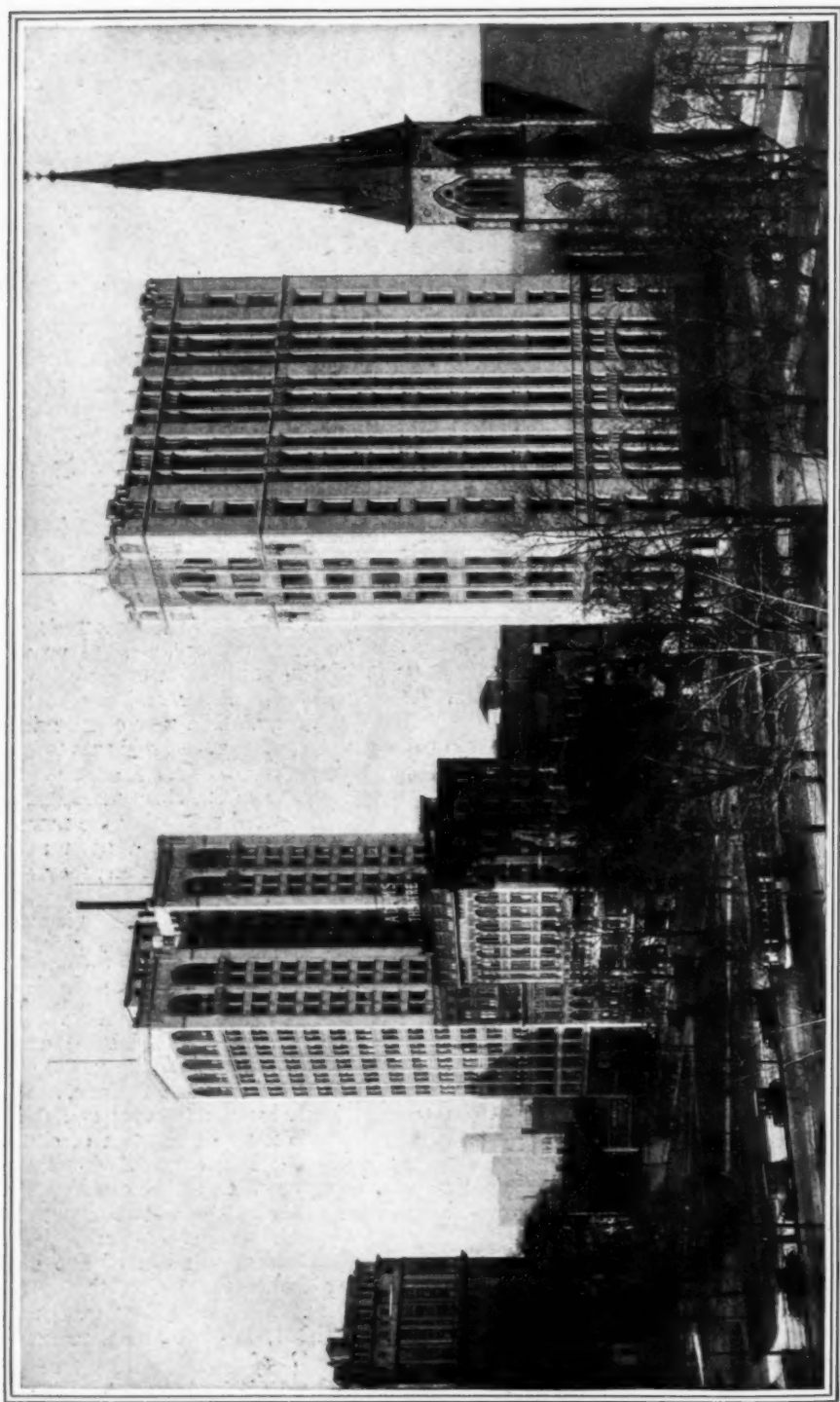
Defeated at this point, the mayor is going right ahead for his program of housing, moral betterment, sound business management, park expansion, and all the rest. Already ten million dollars has been budgeted for park and playground extensions, and several times that amount will be required by the schemes now developing.

"When I was selling cars, in the early Ford days," said Mr. Couzens, "I spent one hundred and fifty-six nights in one year on railroad-trains. I traveled the whole country. Everywhere I asked people about municipal affairs. Who was mayor? What sort of government did they have? Almost invariably the reply was: 'I don't pay any attention to politics!' Most of them couldn't name the mayor, didn't know the sort of government they got. Think of that—the general manager of the biggest corporation, with everybody a stockholder, and nobody interested enough to know him, or what he was doing!"

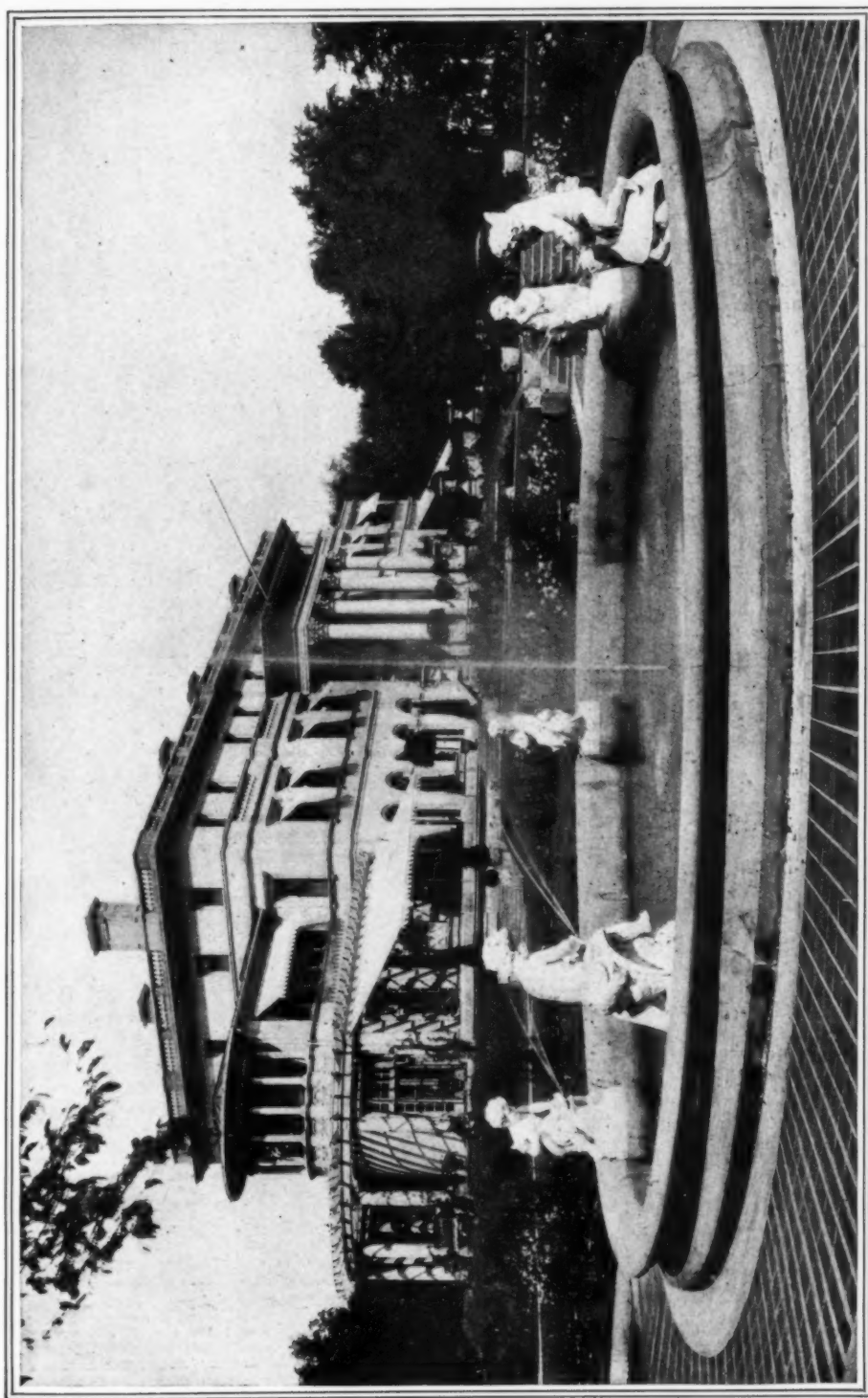
This man, wealthy, able, democratic, with an unlimited confidence in his town's future and a keen ambition to serve it, is at the moment the center of Detroit's stage of public affairs. The new charter makes him perhaps nearer a Czar than any other city's mayor; and because the office is thus so important, and is held by such an unusual man, a word explaining the new Detroit system, widely looked upon as the latest and best in city charters, may be to the point.

A city council of nine members is chosen at large; no ward lines, no party designations on the ballot, either for primary or election. The candidate receiving the highest vote at the polls is president of the council. In practice, this Detroit council meets as a committee of the whole every day, and the chairmanship of the committee rotates, each member serving one day in turn. There is no distribution of city departments under the special direction of particular councilmen. The councilmen are paid for all their time, and are expected to give it to public service.

Mayor Couzens was one of five candidates for the nomination in the primary last winter. He was widely expected to tail the ticket; instead, he led with a big plurality. The two highest in the primary ran at the election; and here Couzens won by about ten thousand. The mayor has a



THE NORTH SIDE OF GRAND CIRCUS PARK, WITH THE KRESGE BUILDING, THE FYFE BUILDING, AND THE SPIRE OF THE CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH



THE RESIDENCE OF DR. H. N. TORREY, AT GROSSE POINTE, ON LAKE ST. CLAIR, THE FINEST RESIDENTIAL SUBURB OF DETROIT

veto that can be overridden by two-thirds of the council—six votes, save in budget matters; as to which, seven are required to overrule him.

Altogether, the plan is an ingenious modification of the commission system, and is attracting the attention of municipal authorities everywhere. Compared to the complicated, bicameral, job-jobbing, and graft-begetting systems of cities smaller than Detroit, it is certainly simple and transparent enough.

Such a municipal experiment cannot lack interest; for it must be remembered that

Detroit, with something like a million population, is nearly as large as the greatest city in America was four decades ago. Apropos of which, the rivalry between Detroit and Cleveland in anticipation of next year's census is a real spectacle. Each *knows* it's going to win, and that's the end of it; the outsider only knows he can't tell, and doesn't dare guess. In 1910 Cleveland counted 560,663, Detroit 465,766. Both have grown phenomenally, and either one may possibly pass the million point.

Detroit's debt to its French founders has been mentioned. In addition, it owes another



TERMINAL BUILDING OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD, THE ENTRANCE OF WHICH WAS NOT QUITE COMPLETED WHEN THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN



A VIEW IN BELLE ISLE PARK, THE SPLENDID ISLAND PLAYGROUND OF DETROIT, ON WHICH THE CITY HAS SPENT MORE THAN THIRTY MILLION DOLLARS

obligation to Major L'Enfant, the French engineer and friend of George Washington, who laid out the national capital. While Michigan was yet a Territory, Governor Augustus Woodward was much in Washington, knew L'Enfant well, was captivated by his plan of Washington, and superimposed it, so far as possible, on Detroit.

DETROIT'S FINE STREETS AND PARKS

As L'Enfant planned the circles and radiating avenues of Washington with the idea of providing vantage-points whence artillery might easily sweep the streets in case of revolutionary disorders, so Woodward, planning for a town that had always existed in the midst of wars and alarms, placed the Campus Martius at the center of his design, with radiating avenues. Wide streets, fine avenues, and splendid boulevards have been developed, with small parks down-town and large ones farther out—Palmer Park, of about one hundred and fifty acres, given to the city by Senator Thomas W. Palmer; Clark Park, fifty acres, given by James P. Clark, a shipping magnate; Cass Park, the gift of Lewis Cass;

Perrien Park, given by Joseph Perrien; Waterworks Park, on the banks of the Detroit River; Owen Park, given by John Owen; the La Salle Gardens, given by Frank J. Hecker; Scripps Park, given by James E. Scripps; and numerous smaller ones.

But Belle Isle is the gem of the system—an island of seven hundred acres, nearly three miles long, in the Detroit River; largely occupied by primeval forest, but containing also a great area highly improved, with a zoological garden, bathing-beaches, artificial lakes and canals, and everything to make a park truly popular.

What but a French genesis could possibly account for one delicate touch that the stranger always notes, and suspects to be characteristic—the single word “Please,” as an emollient of the blatant offensiveness of “Keep off the Grass!” It appears in the small down-town parks and boulevards; and the politeness of its appeal is effective. People “please” in Detroit much more willingly than in other places they “keep off.”

Give the Detroiter his due—he is one home-town booster who can see a weakness.

I couldn't cajole anybody into saying anything good about the street-car service, and after trying it I didn't blame them. Nor was anybody willing to wax eloquent over the public-school system.

"Which is a sign," I was cheerfully informed, "that those two things are in for

tion of American art; it is credited with the finest Whistler collection in the world. More recent and striking has been the development of community interest in music. This brought about the organization of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, whose backers are determined that it shall have no su-



THE DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB, ON MADISON AVENUE, ONE OF THE MANY FINE MODERN BUILDINGS OF DETROIT

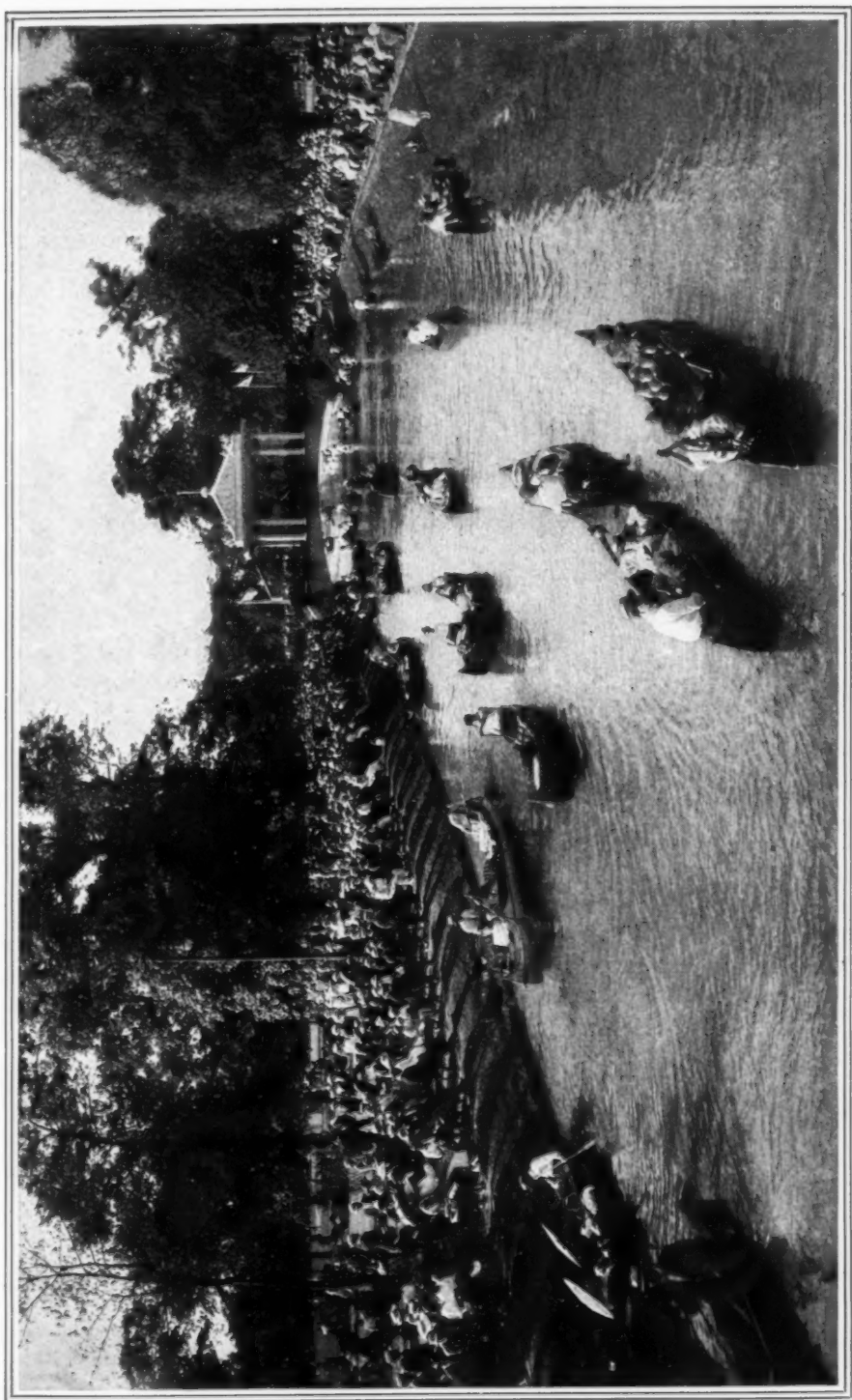
some reforming; that's the Detroit way. They might do for another town, but they aren't quite up to the Detroit standard."

The Art Center development, out at Farnsworth and Woodward Avenues, is an ambitious project that tells a deal about the sort of town Detroit is. Here the new Public Library, a Grecian jewel in white marble, is just approaching completion; opposite it will be appropriate classic structures, one the Art Museum and the other the Orchestral Hall. The three are placed in a setting of splendid trees, ample grounds, and artistic gardens.

Detroit has long been a seat of artistic culture and interest. The Charles L. Freer collection is second to few in its representa-

perior; and the Orchestral Hall is to be worthy of the splendid musical organization now in process of creation.

The art quality has been developed in the home-building of this lakeside city in a fashion that has given it, in one quarter, a section entitled to rank with the most pretentious show avenues even of Newport. The lakeside drive at Grosse Pointe, on the shore of beautiful Lake St. Clair, is quite a modern development. Palatial "cottages" in wonderful grounds look out over the blue waters of the lake, miles of them lining the shore. But no one segment of the town monopolizes its residential splendors; it is a city of beautiful homes, and they are everywhere.

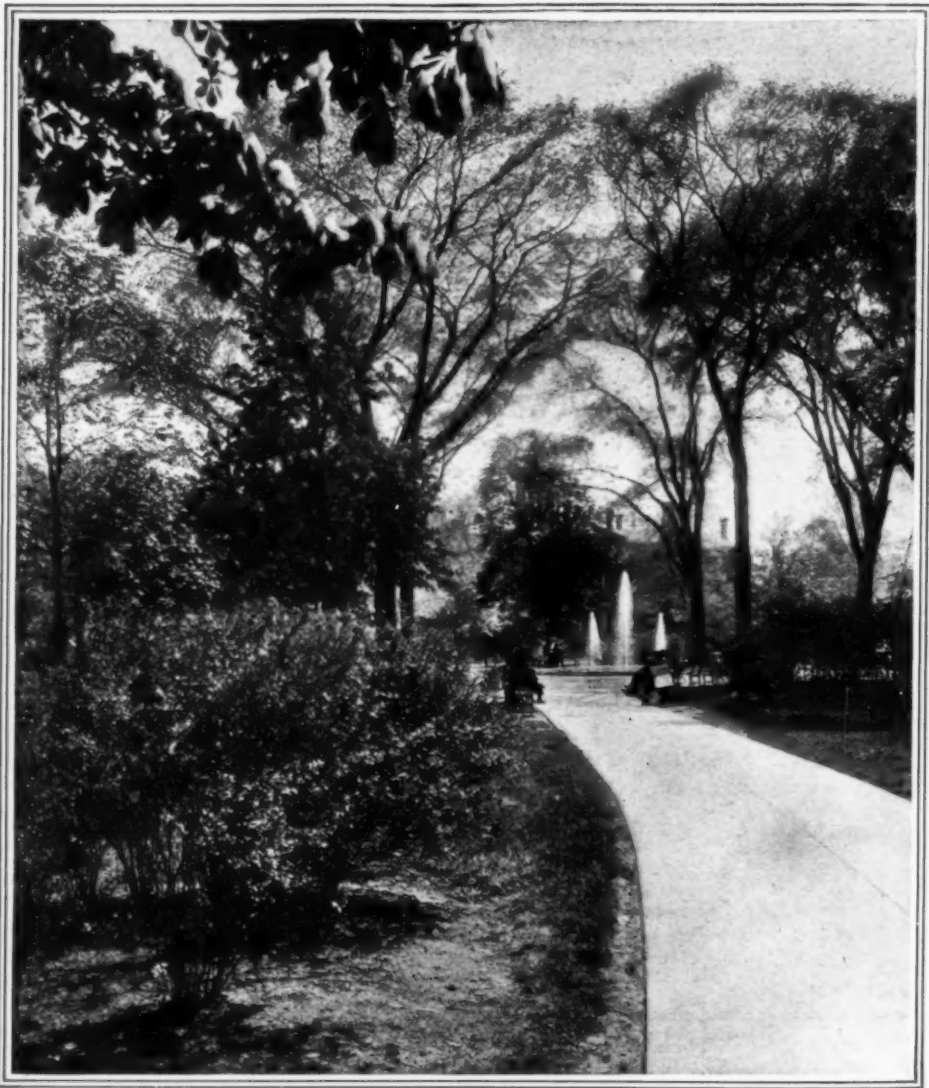


BOATING AND MUSIC ON THE CANAL IN BELLE ISLE PARK—AN ORCHESTRA IS PLAYING IN THE BAND-STAND OVER THE CANAL

Whatever the new business era of after-the-war may mean to other places, Detroit seems certain of continued prosperity. When its energies were released for peace work, the peace work was waiting to be done; orders were on hand; never were the town's basic industries under greater pressure to produce to their utmost; never were the evidences of prosperity more nearly universal throughout the community. Detroit claims to have been producing, when war interrupted, sixty per cent of the country's auto-

mobiles; a recent census in Oklahoma found that eighty per cent of the State's cars were made in Detroit. The city hopes to maintain its present dominance, and there is every indication of continuing expansion.

To-day's problem is to increase the community "plant" fast enough to care for its business—to provide buildings, factories, office blocks, homes, apartments, public facilities, and then to get people to do the work. For, despite the vast building expansion of recent years, the town is hope-



IN GRAND CIRCUS PARK—THIS IS A PICTURESQUE WOODED PARK IN THE HEART OF DETROIT, UPON WHICH FRONTS A ROW OF TOWERING HOTELS AND OFFICE-BUILDINGS



CLUBHOUSE OF THE DETROIT GOLF CLUB, WHOSE GROUNDS ADJOIN PALMER PARK, IN THE NORTHERN OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY

lessly behind its requirements. Its business district has the air of a metropolis; skyscrapers are everywhere, magnificent shops occupy palatial quarters, and the ideal is that whatever is good enough for Detroit must be a little better than anything else in its class.

Nothing is too good, nothing is impossible, for this town. Its spirit may be suggested by a story of John Dodge, who had gone at the war's beginning to Washington to place the Dodge Brothers' factory at Uncle Sam's disposal. He found himself at length in conference with a colonel of ordnance.

"Can you make the recoil for a fourteen-inch gun?" asked the officer.

"We certainly can; what is it?" was the reply.

Detroit certainly could, at all points during the war. The cylinders for aircraft motors had always been bored, here and abroad. It couldn't be done any other way, and everybody knew it; so Detroit found, at the Ford plant, a way to cast them, increasing production and reducing cost.

It is said that ninety per cent of all the Liberty motors made during the war were turned out from Detroit. All the ingenuity and originality that had made the town the motor-car headquarters of the world were turned to the problems of speeding and cheapening war production; and when the struggle was over, and the Victory Loan was offered, Detroit subscribed more than its entire allotment on the first day, being the only large city with such a record.

Confidently expecting that the 1920 census will count it into fourth place among American cities, Detroit is now planning to celebrate its advent among the group of the world's great cities by giving an international exposition in 1922 or 1923. Mayor Couzens has made an announcement of preliminary work, committees have been named, financial plans outlined. It is proposed to bring together, in the first international exposition after the great war, the representations of sixty nations. The energetic promoters contemplate an affair second to none of the great expositions in this country or abroad.

Brokers in Adventure*

A ROMANCE OF LIGHTEST FIFTH AVENUE AND DARKEST AFRICA

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Author of "Home," "Taxi," "White Man," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEE CONREY

CHARLES HARLOW, an ex-athlete who has grown fat and flabby in the pursuit of mammon, is visited in his office by an old college chum, Flange Rordon, who, thanks to an outdoor life in pursuit of excitement rather than wealth, is still athletic and vigorous. Rordon reproaches his old friend for becoming a mere money-grubber, and, by way of emphasizing his assertion that Harlow is no longer a real man, but only a soft ball of putty, proceeds to "wipe up the floor" with him. Having demonstrated to Harlow that he needs physical exercise more than he needs money, Rordon rounds up a coterie of old friends, and that night they have a reunion at the Aspic roof-garden.

In the midst of their somewhat unconventional frolic, an aristocratic and beautiful cousin of Harlow's, Helen Pelter Hume, is attracted by Rordon's exuberance and cave-mannish appearance, and insists on joining the party. The fun grows fast and furious, and ends in a free fight with the waiters. Rordon, after decimating the ranks of the flunky cohorts, escapes with Harlow and Miss Hume in a taxi. The girl has overheard the two men planning a big-game-hunting expedition to Africa, and, vowing to go with them, refuses to alight at her residence. Rordon and Harlow acquiesce for the time being, and engage a suite for her at their hotel, but succeed next morning in slipping away from America without her.

They get to London, take a German steamer for the east coast of Africa, and are congratulating themselves upon their clever escape when Miss Hume, who has trailed them, astonishes them by appearing on deck. The men land at Beira, pass their equipment through the custom-house, bribe the officials to delay the clearing of Miss Hume's outfit, and lie low to see what happens to her. In despair at her helplessness, she throws herself on the beach and weeps, her indomitable spirit broken at last. Rordon, relenting, takes her in his arms, and agrees to let her accompany the expedition provided she will "cut out the love stuff." He ruthlessly scales down her outfit, orders her to dress in a suitably mannish way, and, with a retinue of native attendants, the expedition begins its march into the interior.

Miss Hume finds that big-game-hunting is indeed no pink tea-party, but she sticks, despite her numerous woes, and the party progresses some distance with varying luck. Harlow gets into physical condition, and, by way of securing revenge for the manhandling he received in his New York office, challenges Rordon to combat, and comes off victorious.

After many adventures, they reach a kraal of unfriendly natives, where they find an English girl, Miss Helen Brunt—whom they decide to call Mary, already having a Helen in the party. Her half-brother, Francis Merton, a famous scientist, has been kidnaped, presumably by the Germans, who have begun their mad onslaught upon the world since the expedition started. The chief of the kraal having been duly subdued by Rordon, they consider plans for Merton's rescue.

XIV

DURING and after dinner Rordon and Harlow held a white man's palaver, and Rordon, as was fitting, stated his plan first. He suggested that Harlow and all but eight men of the safari should convoy the two girls back to the old camp on the Rovuma and there await his coming. He purposed to "persuade" Kwa Kwa to furnish him with a guide and accurate information as to the present whereabouts of Dr. Merton, in order that he

might catch up with the doctor by forced marches and rekidnap him. Harlow grudgingly admitted that the plan was a wise and sensible one.

"Then it's settled, and the girls can go to bed," said Harlow.

"Thank you," said Miss Hume and Miss Brunt in equal chorus. "It's a very good plan, except for the fact that I'm going with you!"

They looked at each other and laughed over having said the very same thing at the very same time. Rordon did not laugh,

* Copyright, 1919, by George Agnew Chamberlain—This story began in the May number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

he frowned; and as for Harlow, his face took on an ecstatic, unthinking look as if he were completely absorbed by the tonal

could pick up the spoor faster than the safari could



"WE ENGLISH HAVE GOVERNED BLACKS
SINCE BEFORE YOUR COUNTRY WAS
BORN; WE HAVE NEVER
TORTURED"

qualities of the duet. The two voices had not collided; they had made music like a Kreisler playing first and second violin simultaneously.

The controversy was finally settled by compromise; the whole party was to start together on Merton's trail in the early morning; but should Rordon find that he

follow, he was to be allowed a free foot. He consented to this arrangement only after an observation by Harlow to the effect that one side and the other of the Rovuma were, as a matter of fact, as like as two eggs for possibilities.

The girls were sent to bed, and Harlow also rolled himself in a blanket to sleep

through the first watch, which Rordon undertook. As soon as the camp was quiet, Ibrahim was summoned by his master.

"Ibrahim," said Rordon, "a great medicine-man, M'sungu, has been stolen by this low king and sent by a way we do not know. That way we must follow before the first light. We do not know it; this chief does. You will take him to the other side of the kraal, and when you bring him back you also will know where the M'sungu Merton has gone."

A gleam, which for unadulterated wickedness Rordon had never seen equaled in his life, lightened Ibrahim's almond-shaped eyes.

"The master has spoken," he said, and turned.

"Stop!" said Rordon. "Make no noise, and remember this—the king marches with us. If you hurt him so that he cannot walk as fast as you, I will do to you what you do to him."

"*N'dio*, master," said Ibrahim, with a look that expressed nothing but gratitude for added complications.

He saluted and withdrew.

At early dawn the skeleton caravan was off. In the lead walked a guide, and immediately behind him followed the now completely unkingly king. Robbed of the greasy nightgown which had been his official regalia, he stood out, a spare figure naked to the waist, clothed only in a loin-cloth and a mysterious blur which hung at the level of the calves of his legs. As the morning mists cleared, this blur became distinct. It was made up of a bunch of thorny cactus hung by a cord from the chief's waist.

As soon as she saw what it was, Miss Brunt rushed up the line to Rordon's side.

"What is the idea of that?" she said with flashing eyes, pointing to the bundle of cactus.

"The idea," said Rordon evenly, "is to make the king take long steps and automatically hurry the guide."

"We English," said the angry girl with trembling lips, "have governed blacks since before your country was born; we have never tortured. Take the thing off!"

Rordon stopped and faced her.

"Take the thing off?" he repeated calmly. Then his eyes suddenly blazed, and he clutched Miss Brunt by one arm and shook her. "Shut up and get back where you belong, or I'll truss you and leave you

in the first ditch. Torture! There's only one human being that I positively know is being tortured at this moment, and his name is Francis Merton. What are you? Get out of my way!"

White-faced, they glared at each other for a tense moment; then Miss Brunt smiled and sobbed at the same time.

"You're Rordon," she gulped. "You're the real Rordon!"

She gave him a push forward that was like a caress.

Miss Hume had thought that during the last two days she had seen Rordon travel; now she revised all her opinions on that point. Rest hours and food, day and night—all these were wiped from his slate of life. He became a sweating automaton with but a single function—progression. The safari held desperately to his heels until two o'clock, and then Harlow took command and called a halt.

"It's no use," he said. "If we do another two miles at this rate, we'll be laid up for a week."

The girls had to admit the bitter truth. They flopped down in the shade of a tree, and Miss Hume turned a face upon which her emotion was written large toward Rordon's disappearing form. In front of him were the trotting guide, face salt-crusted, naked back streaming with sweat, and the chief, whose legs were covered with dust-clotted blood that apparently gave him no inconvenience. He was taking enormous strides.

Rordon's shirt was plastered against his shoulder-blades, soaking wet with perspiration; his long legs fell easily in rhythm with the king's steps; he carried his lightest rifle in the crook of his left arm. Behind him came a single follower, Ibrahim. He, alone, was not perspiring; his thin, sinewy limbs did not have enough flesh on them to sweat. Over one shoulder he bore Rordon's double-barreled shotgun, loaded with S. S. G.—the most effective weapon at close quarters ever invented by man.

Miss Hume gazed at the pitifully small cortège and tried three times to swallow a lump in her throat. She was beaten—never had she felt so utterly beaten since the day when Rordon had found her crying on the sands at Beira, taken her in his arms, comforted her—kissed her! She felt a morbid premonition that never again would she see him alive. Moved in reality by that thought, but stating, as is the way

of woman, that it was because she was most awfully tired, she laid her head on Miss Brunt's shoulder and wept.

Rordon, with his diminutive following, covered fifty miles without a stop, and then halted only for five hours. By afternoon of the second day he came within sight of the kraal which the half-dead chief assured him, on the bones of all his fathers and mothers, and of his weary legs, contained whatever was left of Merton. Rordon, as a man of iron, had wiped out once for all any scornful sentiments that either the king or the guide might once have entertained toward him. Spontaneously they called him by a long native phrase, which can best be translated "go-devil—and then some." They were his, body and soul—especially the latter.

Making camp under a rock in a deep ravine, down which coursed a small stream on whose margins the objective village was established, Rordon waited patiently for nightfall. When it came, he bound and gagged the two natives, with the help of Ibrahim, rolling them as far as possible under the ledge, so that they could sleep in approximate comfort. He then cached the two guns, stripped to the buff, and smeared himself all over with mud. When he started for the kraal, followed by Ibrahim, he had on the following articles of wear—one pair of socks, one pair of pig-skin boots laced to the calves of his legs, one belt and holster, one Colt's forty-five—not automatic—one thin smile. Ibrahim was similarly garbed, except that he carried the camp's best and largest carving-knife instead of a revolver.

Half an hour's walking and then a full hour's crawling found the two lying like logs against the wattled back of a hut from which issued peculiar sounds—such sounds as the world had not heard during the interim between the passing of the Inquisition and the coming of the super-Hun—gasps, gurglings, the creaking strain of human sinews to the snapping-point, and then a cool, incisive voice speaking German and school English.

"*Da, da, herr leutnant*, do not hurt him beyond the utilitarian limit. Patience! Let system and patience walk hand in hand to the goal of efficiency. Water wears away a stone and the most stonelike heart. Let us resort again to water!"

Crumb by crumb. Rordon picked away the mud between two withes until he had

opened a peep-hole on a level with his eye, tiny, a mere pin-head of light, but in its disclosure as vast as a window on a buried and shameful age. Merton lay staked out on the beaten floor of the hut, his legs and arms excruciatingly extended. His nose was held by a clip like a clothes-pin, made of a split stick. Over his head was suspended a keg of water, from which a rubber tube, evidently taken from a camp suction-filter, led into his mouth, being firmly held there by a pale, fat hand, showing on its freckled back a fuzz of yellow down.

The system was perfect. The fat hand smothered his mouth until he was on the point of suffocation, and then, when he gasped for breath, relaxed its hold on the rubber tube, thereby releasing a swift flow of water into the helpless man's throat. From his chest down, Merton's torso was already horribly distended, and it seemed to Rordon that his eyeballs also protruded almost to contact with the lenses of his thick glasses.

"Enough for the moment, *herr leutnant*," said the incisive voice. "Let us afford him a further chance to speak. Now, *herr doktor*, I beseech you. I assure you your resistance will not avail. Now come. The number of the native forces at Fort Johnstone?"

Merton expelled water from the corner of his released mouth, coughed, gasped, and spoke in a ghastly, torn voice.

"The number of the native forces at the fort," he said, "is as the number of worms in your putrid belly."

"Ah," continued the Teuton voice placidly. "So, so! And now Zomba. What colonial troops? Please, their number?"

"Their number is legion," answered the rasping voice. "They are as many as the dogs and she dogs among your ancestors."

"So, so! *Herr leutnant*, I feel that the *herr doktor* still exaggerates. Arrange the drip. We must now eat."

The drip is a persuasive measure so old that its origin lies hidden in the penumbra of prehistoric days. It consists in letting water fall slowly, in accurately spaced drops, from a height, on the forehead of the recalcitrant guardian of required information. Although generations of men of aborted genius have endeavored to invent a more potent and spectacular torture, this ancient measure has still to meet its rival. The reason is almost as simple as the



"NOW, HERR DOKTOR, I BESPEECH YOU. I ASSURE YOU YOUR RESISTANCE WILL NOT AVAIL.
NOW COME, THE NUMBER OF THE NATIVE FORCES AT FORT JOHNSTONE?"

method—the drops of water combine mental with physical anguish.

Preparation to apply the drip to Merton was carried out in a calm and methodical manner. The tube was removed from the cask and replaced with a reed, through which had been drilled a small hole. The reed was so adjusted that the regularly

falling drops of water struck exactly in the center of Merton's forehead.

"Shall we take off his glasses?" asked the fat-handed lieutenant, speaking for the first time since Rordon's arrival.

"Na!" exclaimed the incisive voice of his superior. "Think, *herr leutnant*. I tell you ever to think. The splash from

the water the lenses befores. "You do not wear glasses; you do not know how annoying to have them befogged when to clean them you are incapacitated. *Ach*, water! It is slow, but wonderful. A full hour for eating we may have before he calls us, and then perhaps we will come, perhaps delay."

The two German officers prepared to leave the hut, and Rordon saw them fully for the first time. The superior carried the insignia of a captain on his khaki uniform, which was buttoned so tightly about his obese figure that it was drawn into creases and appeared to be on the point of bursting. He was an enormous man without a neck, wore glasses, and had a fat, round, kindly face which bore perpetually a guileless expression. A full view of the *herr leutnant* induced surprise; in spite of his plump, disgustingly white hand, the rest of him proved to be a lank and sinewy individual.

Rordon waited until the heavy footfalls of the two officers had quite died away, and even then hesitated to speak. After several moments' pause, during which he watched Merton turn ghastly white and writhe ineffectually against the lashings on his wrists and ankles, he ventured a cautious whisper.

"Keep your nerve, Merton. Keep your mouth shut."

Merton's racked body ceased twisting and grew evenly tense; to his thin lips came slowly a twisted smile.

"Who is it?" he whispered.

"Rordon. Go easy. Caution."

"Rordon!" breathed Merton. "And there are fools who don't believe in prayer! Caution!" he exclaimed more loudly. "To hell with caution! There are only two of the unspeakable swine. Come in here, cut me loose, and give me the knife you do it with. Oh, God!"

He broke down and began to blubber with rage and excitement.

Like a stumbling, stormy shadow, the *herr leutnant* appeared in the door of the hut. Rordon's heart sank within him. He was furious at Merton, disappointed in his collapse, and powerless before the new situation.

Not so Ibrahim. At the first sound of the doctor's voice he had opened a peephole for himself with one jab of his carving-knife, and had taken a single look at the little man with whom he had made

many a safari in bygone days. One glance was enough. He glided, unnoticed, from Rordon's side.

"Ha!" said the *herr leutnant*, advancing leisurely into the room, and standing so that his tall form loomed directly over Merton's prostrate body. "You weep, eh? You talk? Your tongue comes out between your teeth?"

Merton stopped blubbering, but continued to babble.

"Oh, God," he prayed, "send a knife from heaven or from hell into this walking carrion!"

The next instant Rordon was astounded to see a tremor pass through the erect figure of the *herr leutnant*. The German drew a single deep, gasping sigh, crumpled up, and fell face down on the floor of the hut. Out of his back, Ibrahim's scrawny hand jerked eight inches of dripping knife. Rordon was conscious of a sickening surge of horror, but the actions of the two live men in the hut caught his interest and by their example restored his nerve.

Merton continued to babble in a louder and louder voice, as if nothing had happened. Ibrahim did not immediately cut the white man's bonds, as might have been expected, but instead, drew back into the deep shadow of the hut, barely illuminated by two crude native lamps—cotton wicks in dishes of castor-bean oil. Presently there came to Rordon's straining ears the dull sound of heavy steps and the placid voice of the German captain, at first distant, and then reverberating as he thrust his large head through the door.

"*Ach!*" he exclaimed. "The *herr doktor* talks at last! Eh—"

The voice ceased, but the footsteps continued, though haltingly. Rordon could see that the huge man was puzzled, but was too near-sighted to make out exactly what it was about the *herr leutnant's* posture that was so bewildering. As he stooped to get a nearer view, Ibrahim's great knife descended for the second time; the captain collapsed with a noise in his throat that sounded like the last exhausted squeal of a dying pig.

At once Merton's babbling changed to a low, chuckling laugh.

"You've certainly caught the spirit of the times, Rordon," he said.

Then his voice, too, stopped suddenly. His blurred glasses permitted him to see that his savior was not a white man, but

he could not recognize through them a safari head man of whom he had lost track during two years. He waited patiently until he had been freed, and then snatched out a large bandanna handkerchief, with which he cleaned his lenses and mopped his wet face.

Having replaced his spectacles, he studied the figure of the Swahili in the dim light and said quietly:

"Ibrahim! Good boy. Where is M'sungu Rordon?"

"He stands by the door," murmured Ibrahim, who was busy stripping the uniforms from the two corpses.

He spoke truly. Rordon had crept around to the front of the hut as soon as he saw the second German fall. He stood on guard against any fortuitous interruption until Ibrahim put out a beckoning hand; then he entered and quickly slipped on the uniform of the larger German. Ibrahim was a little longer in dressing. To make up for their lack of obesity, they stuffed the underwear of the dead, as well as two large water canteens, beneath their belts.

"Come on, Merton," murmured Rordon. "I suppose you can hardly crawl, but you can lean on us while you pretend to hold back."

Merton said not a word; he clenched his teeth, and, supported between the arms of his deliverers, did his best to walk. The three went boldly out through the main court of the kraal. Before they had proceeded a dozen yards, Merton became violently sick. Rordon squeezed his elbow encouragingly and bent him forward; it seemed as if there would be no end to the gushing flow of ejected water.

Two or three askaris of a group that was dozing under a big tree near by stirred, and one of them laughed and added to his laughter a coarse bit of jargon. Rordon kept his eye on the blacks and his right hand on his gun until he was persuaded that the dark background of the circle of huts made effective the ruse of the German uniforms and hats; then he urged Merton onward.

They passed the unguarded portal of the boma that opened on the stream, and painfully followed the creek's course until they came to the ledge under which the chief and guide were snoring, and, though trussed, were sleeping as soundly as only the innocent and good are supposed to

slumber. Ibrahim released them and led them out into the bush on some urgent errand.

"Here we can safely talk, Merton," said Rordon.

"Talk!" exclaimed Merton raucously. "Rordon, old chap, give me your hand. The world to-night is emptied of words!"

XV

In half an hour Ibrahim and the two natives came back laden with surra-leaves and a pole; by midnight a hammock was ready in spite of the delay due to its having been woven in darkness. Merton, groaning for the first time during all his sufferings, was bundled into it, and, with the guide and the king ahead, Rordon and Ibrahim at the rear end, the party started on the back trail. Needless to say the king had long since been relieved of his bundle of cactus.

"Tell them," said Rordon to Ibrahim, "they may march slowly, but that if they miss the trail by one step, on that spot we shall sacrifice them."

Rordon would have liked to allow Merton time to rest his macerated body, but he was driven by the necessity of getting as far from the kraal as possible before day brought inevitable discovery. He knew that should his small party be found in the environs of the native village by its inhabitants *en masse*, its massacre would be quick and sure. He also knew that if the distance they covered before dawn called for a fighting expedition from the village, he would be safe, for he was confident there was no commander left to head such an enterprise.

All night they traveled by stages of thirty minutes' march and ten minutes' rest. Whatever the sufferings of the king under the cactus spur of the day before, he now had his full revenge on both Rordon and Ibrahim, who underwent torments during their initiation in the art of machilla-bearing—the most punishing of all the heavy toil of Africa. As day broke, Rordon looked at Ibrahim and at his own blood-soaked shoulders, and recognized that they were beaten.

He directed the party to a big tree standing on a slight elevation in open country, a spot which could not be approached under cover, and which consequently offered exceptional opportunity for rifle defense at long range. Merton was made as

comfortable as possible with a German khaki tunic for a pillow; Ibrahim and Rordon took opposite sides of the trunk of the tree. They had a triple responsibility—to watch the two natives, the approach from the kraal, and the trail by which Harlow and the rest of the safari must come.

They had plenty of drinking-water, but no food. As the day grew warm, Rordon stripped to the waist and bade Ibrahim do the same; with a bit of khaki soaked in water, they bathed each other's shoulders. Merton roused himself from his comatose state.

"Something to eat," he murmured.

"Sorry, old man," said Rordon. "There's nothing to eat. We've got—" He stopped himself.

"I know what you were going to say," said Merton. "You've got water—plenty of water!" He broke into a mirthless and raucous laugh.

"Here," cried Rordon, "none of that! Merton, you've proved yourself a man; don't turn into a woman on the homestretch. We're waiting here for my safari. Just grit your teeth for a few hours longer. Faint, if you like; sleep, if you can; but for God's sake don't think!"

"Right-o, Rordon," said Merton in a changed voice.

Thereafter there was unbroken silence for five mortal hours. The question of going on never even arose; Rordon had known that once he and Ibrahim stopped, and gave the wounds on their shoulders time to set, their chance of continuing the march was done for. The same consideration applied to Merton. Had it been possible to make him walk, were it ever so slowly, from the start, his strength and flexibility would have augmented steadily; as it was, he was nothing but a twisted cripple.

The watchers found it increasingly difficult to keep their aching eyes open; involuntarily they turned them more and more constantly toward the trail by which the safari must come. The two natives, free of immediate anxiety, and pressed by fatigue beyond the limits of any malevolence they might have felt, slept soundly.

Long before dawn of the same day Harlow and the two girls, none of the three having undressed, were on their feet and urging the stubborn and weary carriers into wakefulness and action. Miss Hume was the most violent. Armed with a kibo-

ko of hippo hide whose mere whisper, unbeknown to her, drew blood, she passed to and fro among the recumbent porters, applying the whip to their bare legs. Later on, as they marched, she was puzzled to note great blue welts, incrustated with blood at the ridge, on the calves of many of the boys. Her curiosity drove her to ask Shew what were those mysterious markings.

He stared at her for a moment and then broke into uncontrolled laughter. So complete, subtle, and pointed a jest he had never before heard. He shouted it out to the safari at large, and with grins and cries all those boys who had been stung by the quirt promptly increased their pace, casting sly, backward glances at the kiboko dangling from Miss Hume's wrist.

At last, in the white light of the full dawn, she looked down at it herself. It was caked with blood. Tears sprang to her eyes, and her face paled; she did not know that the innocent appearance of the snakelike weapon, in combination with her ignorance, had saved the day for Rordon.

Toward noon the safari's most expert tracker, intent upon picking up the spoor of Rordon and his party as rapidly as possible, had drawn slightly ahead, when he was abruptly checked, as so often happens with trackers, by a low, admonishing whistle from some boy in the long line. Instantly he stopped, and, without moving a muscle, swept the country within his vision in a single all-embracing glance. Out of the corner of his left eye he caught a glimpse of the unusual, and turned his head toward the spot very slowly. Then he gave a grunt and pointed with his thin-shafted assagai.

Following its direction with their eyes, Harlow, Miss Hume, and Miss Brunt felt their hearts leap lumpily into their throats. About the trunk of a great tree, and fallen in awkward, terrifying postures, were Rordon, Ibrahim, another white man, the chief, and the guide of the ill-fated expedition of rescue.

"I knew it! Oh, I knew it!" sobbed Miss Hume, as she rushed up the slight grade to fall on her knees beside Rordon's body.

She clutched him by the shoulders and lifted his head from the ground toward her lips. His glazed eyes fell open; so did his jaw.

"Sacred swordfish and imperial whales!" he yelled. "Let go of my shoulders!"

Miss Hume fell back precipitously; Merton, Ibrahim, and the two natives stirred and awoke. As dead men they had appeared absolutely natural; as live ones they seemed completely incongruous. Their torn, filthy, bedraggled, and bloody condition made their coming to life a ghostly affair.

"Frank!" sobbed Miss Brunt as she threw herself beside Merton. "Oh, you poor boy! What have they done to you?"

"Hello, kiddy!" said Merton, with a twisted smile. "Food, please—quickly."

Miss Hume drew from her shirt pocket a mess of half-melted chocolate mingled with broken biscuits. She looked at it disgustedly, and threw it away, but Rordon's hand shot out and caught the lump on the fly.

"The very thing," he said, as he began to break off small bits and feed them to Merton.

In the mean time Harlow was proving his mettle as a safari commander. With all the confidence of a veteran, he ordered a general halt, selected camp location and exposure, and superintended the disposal of the loads. He realized that the tents were least needed, and divided the safari's energies between procuring fire-wood, seeking water, and sorting out kitchen utensils and supplies. At the rattle of the first

pan, Ibrahim rose swiftly to his feet, and went sheepishly about the business of preparing

tea and a more solid meal as if he had been guilty of gross oversleeping.

"Tea!" murmured Merton a few minutes later, sniffing and trying to sit up. "Tea! It seems so far away, that smell—like a memory of childhood. Years ago I had a cup of tea."

Miss Brunt sat down and gathered him gently in her arms.

"Oh, Frank," she said in her throaty voice, grown deeper still through sympathy. "What have they done to you, poor, dear boy? You look different. You *are* different!"

"Very different, kiddy," said Merton quietly. "Different inside and out; but don't let's talk about it now."

Rordon did not interrupt Harlow's direction of affairs except to dig out on his own account a cot and half a dozen pillows. With them he propped up Merton so that he might be approximately comfortable and at the same time see all that was going on in camp. The lunch-table was set close to his bed; he was one of the party, and still within reach of Miss Brunt's aid. He ate sparingly but somewhat hastily, so that Rordon was constrained to warn him.

"Easy! Go easy, old man."

"Why do you suppose I'm hurrying?" asked Merton with a smile in his eyes. "Because I'm greedy for food?"

"I'm a blockhead," said Rordon promptly, and fetched from his kit a fresh tin box of a hundred cigarettes. "Keep those for yours."

In Merton's eyes the smile deepened as



THE GERMAN DREW A SINGLE DEEP, GASPING SIGH, CRUMPLED UP, AND FELL FACE DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF THE HUT

he took the first puff, and it continued through many thereafter. Miss Brunt stared at it, fascinated. It was a new smile—one she had never before seen. It seemed to express withdrawal from the herd of men, individuality, consciousness of the single nature of the soul. So stripped was it of all participated emotions—mirth, joy, content, irony, companionship—that it frightened her. Owing to that in woman which clamors for helpless and clinging things, she was repelled by its independence. Silent, she stared at her brother with wondering eyes.

Rordon had foolishly put on his shirt again after bathing his shoulders; it had now stuck to them and caked into his flesh in two pads, black with blood. It



AS HE
STOOPED
TO GET A
NEARER VIEW,
IBRAHIM'S GREAT
KNIFE DESCENDED
FOR THE SECOND TIME

Following the direction of his gaze, Miss Hume was conscious of surprise that Rordon should have allowed himself to get so filthy, and should also have omitted a change before sitting down at table. She leaned toward him curiously, and the unmistakable odor of dried blood assailed her.

For a moment she felt sickened, but the pity which is the ennobling and stiffening starch of all warm natures came to her aid and braced her to action.

"Flange," she whispered, deeply moved. "Oh, Flange!"

Without being told to do so, she picked out Merton's surgical scissors and began

was this item that aroused Merton from his detachment, and to Miss Brunt he seemed to turn human once more as he asked her to fetch his medicine-case.

cutting away the shirt with deft and tender fingers. They were steady, though her face was dead white.

Merton nodded approvingly.

"Now hot water and patience; patience and hot water."

As Miss Hume followed that instruction, soaking the wounds during half an hour, Rordon sat very still, his head uptilted, his eyes fixed on her face. Never before had it seemed so beautiful, so completed beyond the farthest limit of perfection in feature by deep emotions, creeping forth from a lifetime of hiding. The delicacy of her skin, the stenciling of her mobile eyebrows, the faintly tinged pallor of her cheeks, the parted curve of her moist and tremulous lips, became in that close proximity symbols of flowers and an overwhelming fragrance that threatened to bear him down into a sensuous sea of eternal forgetfulness.

"When you move," he murmured, "it is like a shower of apple-blossoms."

"What?" gasped Miss Hume, her hands poised, her eyes flying wide open, as if she were awaking into a new and strange world. "Like—like apple-blossoms?"

Rordon nodded.

"A shower of them," he repeated, utterly oblivious of the fact that the earth had not become depopulated to a residue of two.

Miss Hume came to her senses first and smiled—a slow, conscious smile which struck Rordon like a fist on the point of his mental jaw, awoke, enraged, and frightened him. He was like a man who opens his eyes at the edge of a precipice, angry at his sleep-walking self, furious at a world that harbors such pitfalls. Was hard-earned freedom so limited a country that one might forever overstep its boundaries in a single moment of heart-aberration?

With a grunt and a double pull he tore one blood-soaked pad and then the other from his shoulders. A lacerated vein spurted into a tiny red fountain.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Hume.

"Good boy," said Merton. "Clean wounds."

Rordon sopped two wads of cotton in a basin of solution of permanganate standing ready at hand, and slapped them on his raw shoulders; then he ripped appropriate lengths of adhesive and strapped the wads in place. That done, he roared for clean clothes and a hot bath.

When he returned from his ablutions, freshly dressed and in his right mind, he sat down for a palaver with Harlow, Merton, and Ibrahim; and his first words showed that he was himself again—provident, keen-minded, and resourceful.

"On each side of us," he said, "is an unfriendly kraal. From egress by the coast we are shut off; its ports are already held by the Germans. We could make for the Rovuma by a *détour*, but there's an argument against that, too."

"What is it?" asked Merton.

"The Rovuma is an international boundary."

"Stupid of me to have asked," interrupted Merton quickly. "It will inevitably be the focus of native uprising."

"Right," said Rordon. "Now this is where you come in, Merton. Isn't it true that if we travel west we'll meet less opposition, curiosity, traffic, and comment than in any other direction?"

"It is," said Merton without hesitation. "Let me map out a course." His brows gathered in concentration. "On the north of us," he continued, "is a spur of the Wangao range, which runs almost due west. Traveling in its shadow, and taking it as a pointer, we can do fifteen days' safari through absolute wilderness to a point near Ndaye. From there I think it would be safe to strike south across the Rovuma to the Lujenda, which will guide us straight to Lake Shirwa and our own people."

He spoke those last three words wistfully and with a dropping of the eyes, as if they contained for him all that was left of life's desire. Having outlined the course the expedition should follow, he seemed to lose interest in the palaver, and paid scarcely any attention to Rordon's further observations until he was roused from his reverie by a direct question.

"What do you think, Merton?" asked Rordon. "I say this camp is unsafe even for a night."

"Safe?" said Merton. "What is safety?" He glanced around, and his eyes fell with apparent surprise on the two girls. "No," he said, drawing himself together. "You're right, Rordon. We must start, and we must keep going."

Out of his blankets they made a litter for Merton, and after many adjurations, promises of extra pay, and threats of summary execution if they rebelled, the porters

were finally persuaded to take up their loads, even though night had fallen. The line formed with Rordon and the captive guide and chief at the head. They had recovered sufficiently to protest stoutly against once more turning their faces away from home, but finally surrendered to the logic of the demand that they should act as hostages, at least to the confines of their particular country.

Like the giant shadow of a snake, the caravan wended its way across the starlit veld. No inspiring chanteys broke the wild silence, nor was there the usual exultant pæan in the pulse-beats of the white travelers as they entered upon the new enterprise.

Of all the party only two had the knowledge and experience which could form an approximate estimate of the trials ahead—Dr. Merton and Rordon. The doctor was soon plunged in his apathetic reveries, and thus left entirely to Rordon the strain of untiring watchfulness, foresight, and decision. The responsibility drove him to exaggerated exertion. At one moment he would range slightly ahead of the safari; at the next he would stand aside and drop back to its rear, passing every link in the long chain under keen inspection. He grew visibly lankier day by day, until his body was nothing but whip-cord, his face all eyes.

Whenever she could—and it was almost exclusively in camp that opportunity offered—Miss Hume stayed close beside him. She watched him with troubled eyes, and for the first time grew restive under the restraint which by a tacit agreement they had both laid upon their equivocal and often flippant relationship. General conversation had died a natural death under the preoccupation which dominated all the thoughts of the party. They marched while they could, camped where there was water, and at night ate their diminishing ration and almost immediately after went bone-tired to bed.

Harlow held out longest against the general depression, for he was frankly, utterly, desperately in love and inordinately thankful to a fate which permitted him to walk in the shadow and whisper to himself the name of Mary. From break of day until the moment of "good night," he never took his eyes from the person of Miss Brunt.

Unfortunately for him, she was in no

mood to realize that he was even a live member of the human race. She brooded and brooded over the fact of Merton's complete transformation. She was a woman robbed of her dearest care.

Though Harlow and his friends, Miss Hume and Rordon, could not know it, such a condition was absolutely foreign to Miss Brunt's nature, which, under normal conditions, was as sunny as her glorious crown of golden hair. They might never have discovered that saving fact had not gloom reached its limits and stepped over the edge.

It was evening, that soft hour in the tropics which promises a twilight of such glory as the swelling heart of man must burst to encompass, and then suddenly saves him to another day by turning precipitously into black night. They had finished their supper, such as it was, and were sitting in a semicircle, Rordon beside Helen, Harlow at Miss Brunt's feet, Merton opposite his sister. Heavy-eyed they were, and heavy of heart.

Rordon was more depressed than ever before. At the close of that day he had had a boy who attempted desertion unmercifully flogged. Of all dangers, this was the worst—that the burden-carriers might lay down their loads in the trail as a signal that they would not come back, and decamp. He almost wished that the safari might be attacked, so that stragglers might be goaded by the thought of a sure death should they desert.

He sat with head dropped on his chest and hands fallen at his sides, too listless to smoke. Miss Hume stared at him, and felt her heart swell within her to a sudden and overwhelming compassion.

"Flange," she whispered. "Flange!"

She reached out, took his hand, lifted it to her knee, and pressed it. He did not seem to notice.

Touched by that gesture and its listless rebuff, Miss Brunt gave way, silently, to her feelings. Tears crawled and then rained down her cheeks from wide-open eyes.

Merton was suddenly aroused.

"Molly!" he said sharply.

Miss Brunt immediately stopped crying, and a moment after her face was illuminated by such a smile as man or worm would die for.

"It's all my fault, you people," she said with a gasp. "My blues have been pull-

She sits and sulks, and when they say:
 'Marie, why won't you come and play?'
 What do you think she answers then?
 'How blind indeed are mice and men!
 You'd s'pose they'd see with half an eye
 That when it comes to playing, I
 Am simply damned contrary!'"

Dumb surprise, a smile, and
 then a roar of laughter
 swept the circle.

"Whoo-ee!" yelled Har-
 low, as he snatched up
 an assagai and began
 a war-dance around
 the embers of the
 nearest fire.

From the sul-
 len porters
 came awak-



"WHEN YOU MOVE,"
 HE MURMURED, "IT IS LIKE
 A SHOWER OF APPLE-BLOSSOMS"

ing you down. Did you ever hear a poem
 that goes like this:

"The boys and girls go out to play—
 All but little Mary.

ening gurgles and finally cackling mirth.
 Rordon threw up his head and sighed hap-
 pily. Finding his hand still locked with

Miss Hume's, he squeezed and squeezed hard.

XVI

FROM the moment of Mary's rime, the spirit of the whole safari changed to one of light-hearted jeering in the face of hardship. Most remarkable was the effect on the natives, who occasionally burst into song while on the march, in deliberate bravado and defiance of the unfriendly country. Rordon also seemed to have taken on a new lease of life; and during a certain rest hour he was so engrossed in sparring with Miss Hume that he scarcely heard the faint echo of a far-away tabuque message, and entirely missed its effect on the hostile chief, who, as usual, was taking his siesta, belly down, head bundled.

At the first tap of the stick on a hollow tree many miles away, the chief's body grew cautiously tense, like that of a snake preparing for a strike. He uncovered one ear and listened. Over and over again came the message in native Morse code.

That night he and the one-time guide deserted. It was easy for them to do so, as Rordon had grown tired of having them around, and moreover felt that the distance from the Massassi stronghold was such as to rob their escape of immediate danger to the expedition.

He would not have attached importance to their disappearance had it not been for an event which took place twenty-four hours thereafter. At the noontime roll-call one porter was found missing.

Determined to have punishment meted out under his personal supervision, Rordon took his most stalwart tracker and started back over the morning trail. They traveled fast, and within an hour came upon the missing carrier where he had fallen, riven through by an assagai. His load had crashed to the ground and burst, but its contents were apparently intact. The carrier's head, however, had been severed from his body, and was gone.

Rordon swung his rifle to the ready as he appreciated the full significance of the murder. The Massassi were on the war-trail, and had taken the head to make their disgusting battle-draft. The ceremony would engage them for some hours; consequently he felt safe in making, with the tracker, a careful study of all indications as to the number of the fighting men and the direction they had taken into the bush.

He was surprised that the kraal had bothered to track their departed chief in force, but presently found the explanation in the unmistakable print of a German army shoe. With that discovery he made all haste to return to the safari.

Saying nothing as to what had happened, he led the expedition on a forced march until it reached such a spot as suited his purpose. He laid the camp out with particular care, and for the first time in many days set all the tents and called upon the tired carriers to add elaborate finishing touches.

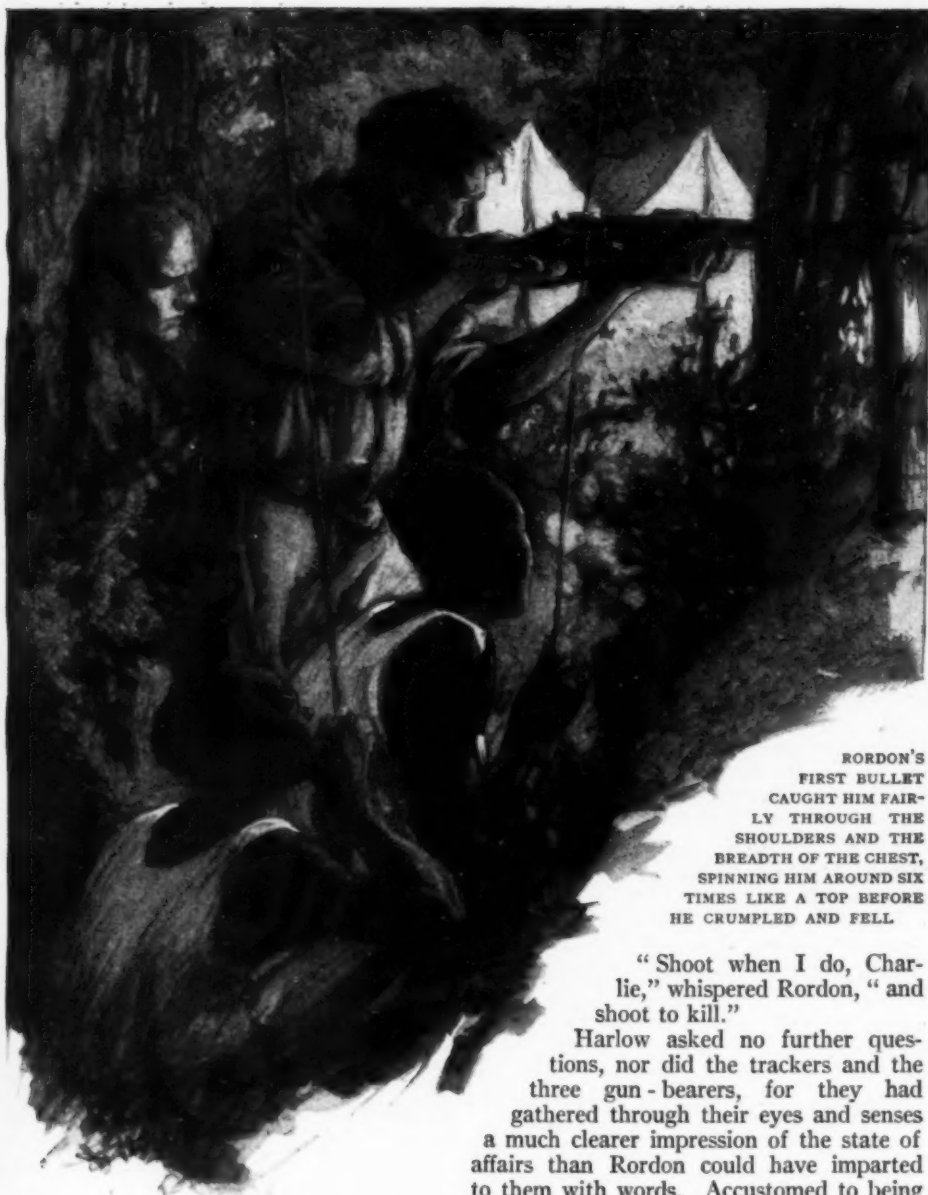
"My word!" said Miss Brunt, as she surveyed the establishment. "Are we going to stop for a week?"

"Ask me no questions," said Rordon with a grim glint in his eyes which the girl took for a smile until she noticed, with a shock, that his face was more than ever drawn with anxiety.

The surroundings closely resembled those of the camp which had first surprised Miss Hume by its completeness. The tents, set under large trees, looked out on open country, but at their back was a dense thicket, impenetrable except along the two paths which Rordon had had cut as entrances to the carefully constructed bath-huts. The porters' fires were more widely spaced, and each was supplied with a large bundle of dried brush, loosely tied with grass. There was a slight change in the placing of the tunnel-like paths to the baths. Instead of leading at right angles into the thicket, they debouched at an angle, so that the first few feet of each commanded a sweeping view of the whole camp.

As soon as the white party and the safari had eaten, Rordon issued orders in a tone that admitted of no discussion. Merton, on his litter, was carried into one of the bath-huts, in which both girls were also made comfortable with blankets and pillows. In the mouth of the tunnel leading to that hut were gathered, besides Rordon and Harlow, two of the trackers and the three gun-bearers, all of whom were armed with rifles or shotguns and sufficiently acquainted with the mechanism of their weapons to use them to good effect at close range.

Ibrahim was in command of the rest of the safari, and had been fully instructed. At a low bird-whistle signal from Rordon, he passed quietly from group to group of



RORDON'S
FIRST BULLET
CAUGHT HIM FAIR-
LY THROUGH THE
SHOULDERS AND THE
BREADTH OF THE CHEST,
SPINNING HIM AROUND SIX
TIMES LIKE A TOP BEFORE
HE CRUMPLED AND FELL

"Shoot when I do, Char-
lie," whispered Rordon, "and
shoot to kill."

Harlow asked no further ques-
tions, nor did the trackers and the
three gun-bearers, for they had
gathered through their eyes and senses
a much clearer impression of the state of
affairs than Rordon could have imparted
to them with words. Accustomed to being
occasionally sent out by their masters with
three cartridges, and with orders to bring
back three head of game or take a lick-
ing, they devoted their time to examining
again and again the readiness of their
respective weapons.

For a time the very tensity of the silence
kept Harlow awake; but as his excitement
began to wane his eyes grew heavy. He
longed for a cigarette or a pipe, and rea-

the porters and indunas, and soon there-
after their fires died down. Protected by
the subsequent darkness, man after man
crept away into the opposite tunnel until
only a single crouching figure was left at
each fire. A tense silence fell on the entire
camp, broken only by the well-feigned
snoring of the few men left as decoys.

"What is the game?" breathed Harlow.



soned to himself that a slight whiff of tobacco would appear most natural to all but beast assailants. He was on the point of making a suggestion to that effect to Rordon when he was startled half out of his wits by the sudden near-by rumble of a tom-tom, followed by ear-splitting yells and an avalanche of naked blacks in war regalia, which seemed to spring ready-made out of the ground and swept down upon the camp.

At the first alarm, every watcher by a fire snatched up the large bundle of dried brush at his side, threw it on the flames, and bolted, shrieking, in apparent terror. Yells of derision arose among the assailants, but they did not pursue; they made for the tents, and hurled into them a shower of assagais. Almost instantly the brush caught fire and made broad day of the weird scene.

A single khaki-clad figure stood a little to one side of the general charge, and was preparing to empty his pistol into the line of tents when Rordon's first bullet caught him fairly through the shoulders and the breadth of the chest, spinning him around six times like a top before he crumpled and fell.

"Did you see that?" chortled Harlow, even as he, the gun-bearers, and the two trackers drew trigger.

Answering the volley of shots from rifles and shotguns, Ibrahim and his horde of followers debouched from the other tunnel, yelling like dervishes, brandishing knives,

assagais, and knobkerries. They fell upon the Massassi in a single overwhelming and indescribably vindictive wave.

"Stop shooting!" ordered Rordon, as he calmly laid down his gun, took out his tobacco-pouch, and proceeded to fill his pipe—never, however, removing his eyes from the illuminated massacre.

The two trackers and the gun-bearers could not control themselves. Ordered not to shoot their remaining cartridges, they promptly clubbed their guns and rushed forward to join in the bloody orgy. From start to finish the battle did not take five minutes.

"Ready, master!" Ibrahim reported.

"Don't let the girls out till I say so, Charlie," said Rordon, as he arose and walked out to make his inspection.

No man of the safari had suffered a single scratch from the foe, though many of them in their ecstasy had wounded themselves with their own weapons, one going so far as to slash great cuts across his chest while he reviled the enemy dead in a loud voice.

Rordon had him disarmed, and then called the tracker who had accompanied him on the back trail to the discovery of the murdered porter.

"Let us make no mistake," he said. "The count must be the same. Do you savvy?"

"*N'dio*," grunted the tracker.

From his belt he took a bit of fiber on which he had tied a knot for every distinct spoor found near the scene of the carrier's death. Laboriously he tallied and checked and rechecked those knots against the corpses scattered through the camp. Finally he reported, with a grin, that not one of the enemy had escaped to carry back news of the ill-fated assault. Among the dead were the fugitive chief and guide.

Rordon ordered the removal and burial of the bodies, and then turned sad eyes on the ruin of the camp. The tents had suffered most, for they had been slashed into tatters, but there had been much breakage also of those small conveniences which mean so much in the comfort of a safari—chairs, wash-stands, cots, lanterns. He sat down on a box, and, plunged in anxious speculation, smoked his pipe violently.

At the end of a quarter of an hour Harlow called:

"Can the girls come out? Well, there they go, anyway."

Miss Hume and Miss Brunt stepped into the circle of light from the camp-fires and gazed about them, too dazed and dismayed to speak. Hobbling along, supported by Harlow's arm, Merton followed them, his twisted smile very much accentuated.

"Did any escape?" he inquired.

"Not one," said Rordon.

"A masterpiece of generalship," commented Merton. "Handled as only yourself could have done!"

He sank to the ground, and became once more silent and apathetic.

Rordon, struck by the extraordinary silence of the safari boys, had a sudden thought. Withdrawing from the circle, he picked up a kiboko, and, making a cautious détour, came upon them. It was as he had suspected—the slaughter of their enemies had in a moment translated them back through not very many generations to the savage ways and instincts of the days when Africa, unbridled by the white man, was a single seething bed of strife. Having waged war, the carriers were no longer mere porters. Rordon acknowledged to himself with a shock that despite the horror of their occupation, they had gained in dignity. They were preparing to eat the spoils of battle.

The same instinct which enabled him to seize upon the definition of change in their demeanor gave him the key to the cure. He must renew upon them the impression that they were still porters, and nothing more. He sprang into their midst and laid about him with the rhino-hide whip until its victims howled for mercy.

Out of the shadow rose the gaunt form of Ibrahim, his eyes still glazed with the anticipation of a morbid and purely vicarious joy. There was the slightest wicked gleam of resentment at the interruption of this white man, whose blood knew not the glamour of the days of old.

Rordon did not make the fatal error of striking Ibrahim with a whip. He dropped it, and cuffed the boy viciously with his fists until his small, shaved head lost its fez and almost flopped from his shoulders. Desiring to mark him so that he should not forget the beating too soon, he planted one solid blow on the end of Ibrahim's nose. It was poor sport; the Swahili never lifted a finger in defense. He had the great saving quality of the natives he handled so well—an absolute lack of resentment under merited punishment.

"Now," said Rordon, "a great fire, and have these bodies burned till flesh and bone are as black powder."

"*N'dio*," said Ibrahim with a grunt, as if he had but just awakened from a trance.

He rounded up a gang of boys and drove them hard. Rordon watched until the work was well under way, and then returned to the center of the camp, rolled himself in a blanket, and, without a word to the rest of the party—who, all but Merton, were still standing about aimlessly—he went to sleep.

"What are we to do?" asked the dazed girls, staring at the tattered, blood-stained tents, and turning to Harlow.

"Follow the leader," he answered promptly. "Get a blanket and roll up."

There was no early start the next morning, for Rordon had to await full daylight before he could make an accurate inventory of what was left of the camp and its equipment. He told Ibrahim to set aside first of all his cooking paraphernalia, the unbroken supply-boxes, and what chairs there were, and prepare a good breakfast. Glancing at the table, he called up two indunas and ordered them to mend its split legs with surra-fiber. With the aid of the three other Swahilis, he then began to sal-

vage and arrange in loads everything worth saving from the wreck. Not one of the tents was worth the trouble of striking.

After they had eaten, Rordon called a palaver of the whole camp. With every formality, emphasized to the native mind by the ceremonious use of unnecessary interpreters, he announced that with the exception of twenty porters who were to be chosen by lot, every boy was to consider himself a warrior, a member—during worthy behavior—of M'sungu Rordon's impi.

"*Heng!*" grunted all the blacks in solemn chorus.

Rordon went on to explain the situation. He told the natives that the safari was headed north only to be sure of a safe passage across the Rovuma and back to their own country. With endless patience he gave the reasons for following the chosen route. He declared that as there were no guides for the strange country, he had called upon the M'sungu god to lend him the stars of heaven, which favor had been graciously accorded him with the sole condition that any member of the safari who wavered from their celestial guidance would be murdered and eaten by the enemy.

He then instructed the chief of the indunas to find the necessary pebbles and proceed with the choice of porters by lot. This was a grave and complicated business which occupied the assembly for two hours; but, once the decision of the gods of chance had been declared, there was not a murmur from its victims, destined to continue as mere beasts of burden. With sheepish grins—as is ever the way of an African when brought into prominence before the public eye from whatever cause—and submitting good-naturedly to the jeers of their mates, they arose and withdrew from the war council to gather in a pleasantly murmuring group about their loads. The edict had gone forth; their caste had been decided by fate. *Kismet!*

An inspection of arms was then ordered, and great was the glee and the mirth when one of the porters, who happened to be the owner of a wide-bladed and heavy-hafted assagai, was promptly promoted to take the place of a warrior whose trifling and effeminate weapon proclaimed him a mere dandy, undermined by too many years of peace. When Ibrahim, duly authorized, made him an offer of one-third of a fathom of cloth for the despised assagai that M'sungu Rordon might use it for a tooth-

pick, such a roar of laughter went up as was worth a barrelful of the sinews of war to the success of the expedition.

As soon as the mirth had subsided, the gun-bearers and trackers who knew how to handle firearms were ordered to stand forth. Merton and the two girls being considered out of the running, it was found that there were nine extra guns available, and these were distributed after a test of the dozen applicants, two of whom were found to be bluffers of the most extreme school.

It was ten o'clock of a hot day before the newly organized safari made a start. Rordon marched at the head, Miss Hume next, after her the indunas, then the porters, urged on mercilessly by the main body of warriors, their former confrères, and by Ibrahim, ready to knife the first straggler. Eight alternating machilla-bearers carried Merton in his litter, which was followed by Miss Brunt and Harlow. The two askaris brought up the rear.

Such was the formation of the line of march day after day and week after week, except for the frequent despatch of hunting and foraging parties, on whom rested an increasing responsibility as the store of supplies steadily diminished. Rordon, as chief of the commissary, developed a hard heart, and wherever it was even scantily possible he forced the entire safari to live on the country.

Of all the company, Harlow was undoubtedly the happiest individual. He walked directly behind Mary Brunt and seldom took his eyes from her person. During the weeks of hardship his flippancy had fallen from him, and the intensity of his passion seemed to have endowed him with a sixth sense, which watched over and guided his actions. It told him that there was no road of easy access to the girl's heart; that her cheerful moods were her surest coat of mail, and that in the long run only sheer sincerity could ever win her.

Night and day he clung to her side, but never obtrusively. Gradually he established about her an air of unwavering protection, of which she was as silent in acceptance as he was in the giving.

Since her outburst into extemporaneous verse, Miss Brunt's unfailing good humor and conscious cheer had never flagged. She met every morning, every person, every hardship, and every sally with a radiant smile, all the more potent for the underlay

of trouble that was never absent from the depths of her blue eyes, and which needed no explanation beyond the fact that Merton, far from recovering, was growing weaker, more apathetic, day by day.

When Miss Brunt, in her deep and modulated voice—a voice proportioned by God to carry a maximum burden of human affection, sympathy, and the music of the singing soul—would murmur: "Frank, dear boy," and get no answer, Harlow felt within himself both wonder and rage. What would he not have given to have awaked but once that generous solicitude?

One morning, when they were two hours out of camp, Merton aroused himself.

"Mary!" he called.

"Yes, Frank," answered Miss Brunt quickly and with catching breath.

She stepped forward to his side and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder. His eyes were closed, and he did not open them.

"Tell Rordon to strike south," he said.

By noon of the next day they came out upon the upper reaches of the Rovuma, still a considerable stream, but fordable in many places. They did not cross, because its northern bank afforded exceptional camping-grounds, of which Rordon wished to take advantage. He knew that there is an end to the spiritual as well as the physical endurance of men and women; and while his good sense told him that the safari needed a long rest in order to break the monotony of its days, he also submitted to a prescience which warned him that on this spot would end the travels of Francis Merton.

He consequently selected the camp-site with unusual care. For the first time in

many weeks there was plenty of long grass at hand. Pointing out an elevated reach along the very border of the river, shaded by a group of large trees, he gave detailed orders to Ibrahim. Immediately thereafter the safari scattered; half of the men went to gather great armfuls of the grass, the other half to fetch and trim bundles of long and flexible withes.

Under the trees, close to the flowing river, the withes were driven into soft loam in circles eight feet in diameter. They were then gathered in at the top, tied together to form domes, and thatched with a thoroughness and rapidity which astounded Miss Hume.

"Haven't you ever seen it done before?" asked Miss Brunt. "I love to see them put on the finishing touch. Watch!"

One of the huts was completed, all but its very top. The natives made a large sheaf of grass and bound it firmly together. Then one of them climbed to the shoulders of two of his mates, took the sheaf, and jammed it down on the apex of the hut. The stalks spread evenly and completed the waterproof roof. A vagrant breeze stirred the upright plumes of grass, giving the tiny house a festive appearance, sadly incongruous.

"Rordon," said Merton.

"Yes, old man," answered Rordon promptly. "What is it?"

"Not a hut for me," murmured Merton. "I can't bear the thought of—of being shut in. Could I have a lean-to, looking over the water, with its closed side toward the camp?"

"Of course you can," said Rordon thickly, and turned hastily away.

(To be concluded in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE)

BECAUSE OF YOU

OH, friend, it is because of you
I climb the upward way;
Your faith in me is as a torch
Upon a murky day.

Because you think I can achieve,
Behold, achievement's mine;
Because you lend your light to me,
I find the light divine.

Each ladder's rung is lightly pressed
Because you hold my hand;
I climb in dreams a golden stair
To reach my promised land!

Anne G. Everett

The Odd Measure

Who Owns the Air?

A Difficult Problem Which Presses for Early Settlement

AN important question in connection with the rights of property-owners has come up for discussion in England, and will soon have to be settled in America also. The whole issue of trespass and damage is involved.

At a meeting in London of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee it was asked:

"Who owns the air?"

The committee's report emphatically declared that the sovereignty of the air over British dominions lay with the crown, and that any acceptance of the doctrine of *usque ad caelum*—"the sky is the limit"—put forward by property-holders would be fatal to aeronautics. The committee further recommended that legislation be enacted denying or limiting the right of the landowner to ownership of the air above his property.

As the law stands at present, flying over an estate without permission is a trespass. In support of this it is pointed out, for instance, that telegraph or telephone wires cannot be carried over a piece of real estate without the consent of the owner, even if the posts supporting them are outside of the property in question. Technically, also, the law forbids the firing of a gun across a garden lot without permission of the owner of the lot in question. What, then, is the landowner, or house-owner, entitled to legally in the case of machines flying above his property?

The risk of damage is considerable. A heavy wrench, for instance, may fall from a machine and kill a cow grazing in a field, or smash in a roof. Is the aviator guilty of negligence, or trespass, or both? How is he to be identified?

It has been suggested that flying below a certain level should be made a trespass, and to that extent the landowner should have property in the air. But the question of liability for damage arising from machines flying at higher levels has not yet been settled.

A league of nations to enforce peace has a simple problem compared to the difficulty of solving this question of trespass in the air. The right to fly must be admitted, but every government must take up the whole question of air ownership and air liability, not merely from the national, but from the international point of view.

* * * * *

A Curious Diplomatic Incident of 1871

The Franco-German Treaty of That Year Was Signed in Bed

MUCH has been said about the dramatic contrast between the Germans at Versailles in 1871 and the Germans at Versailles in 1919; and indeed in all history there has scarcely been a more impressive exemplification of the old saying that pride goeth before a fall. Look, for instance, at Karl Wagner's well-known painting of Bismarck dictating terms to Thiers and Favre, and note the imperious swagger of the man of blood and iron who felt so sure, forty-eight years ago, that France was irretrievably crushed beneath the heel of her hereditary foe.

As a matter of fact, however, the Franco-Prussian War was not ended at Versailles. It was the treaty of Frankfort that marked the termination of that conflict, and it is not without interest to record that the Bismarck of the Wagner picture is a different being from the more human character who, at Frankfort, on May 10, 1871, signed this document with M. Pouyer-Quertier, finance minister of the newly established French republic. The story of the signing was told by Pouyer-Quertier himself, and was afterward confirmed by Bismarck in a conversation with Sir Charles Dilke.

Negotiations had almost been broken off over the question of the

German armies remaining in occupation of France. The French envoys were in despair, and Pouyer-Quertier had gone to bed in his hotel room, fearing for the worst. Before dawn there was a knock at his door, and the Frenchman got up in his nightgown, to find Bismarck, in full uniform, come to renew the discussion. Insisting that Pouyer-Quertier would catch cold in his nightgown, the chancellor forced him back to bed and relighted the fire. Then, drawing up a chair, he spread the treaty out on a small table and took up the tangle of claims and demands.

After a prolonged talk, saying that it was dry work, he stood up and rang for beer. After the beer had been brought, he rang again, asked for *kirsch*, and poured a quantity of it into the beer. Taking the poker, he made it red-hot in the fire, stirred the mixture of beer and *kirsch* and invited the Frenchman to drink. The Frenchman did so, saying:

"I think of my poor country as I drink."

Bismarck, clapping him on the shoulder, announced he was "a good fellow," and that evacuation of France should take place at once.

There and then the final article of the treaty of Frankfort, putting an end to the Franco-Prussian War, was signed on that small table at the bedside of Pouyer-Quertier in a little hotel in Frankfort.

* * * * *

The Proposed Repeal of the British Royal Marriage Act

*The Prince of
Wales May
Possibly Take a
British Bride*

THE coming of the Prince of Wales to America to visit the Dominion of Canada, and probably to pay a visit of ceremony to the President of the United States at the White House, recalls a speech made some time ago by General Smuts at a banquet in the Royal Gallery of the Houses of Parliament.

"We have a kingship here which is really not very different from a hereditary republic," the Boer general said. "I am sure that more and more in the future the trend will be in the direction of a democratic kingship, and I shall not be surprised to see the time when our royal princes, instead of getting their consorts from among the princelings of central Europe, will go for them to the Dominions and other portions of the British Empire."

This speech, taken in connection with the recent marriage of the Princess Patricia, wherein that lady, so popular in England and in Canada, put aside royalty and assumed the rank of her husband, a commoner, has aroused a spontaneous expression of British feeling, and much interest is shown throughout the world in the choosing of a consort by King George's eldest son and heir. Indeed, some English newspapers have already taken time by the forelock and mentioned names of British ladies as possibilities for a royal match.

In the days of the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts, alliances of English princes and princesses with subjects were looked on with favor, and it was not until the house of Hanover came to the throne that the limitation of royal marriages to persons of royal blood became a practise. It was an importation to England of a Germanic law, and has always been distasteful to the British people.

George III had been in love with Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, and had actually, it is believed, proposed to her; but his engagement to a mere subject was ended through the influence of his German mother, and there quickly followed his marriage to a German princess. Lady Sarah had little reason to regret her escape.

The Royal Marriage Act was passed in 1772, prohibiting any descendant of George II, except those who were the issue of princesses married into foreign houses, from contracting marriage before the age of twenty-five without the assent of the king, signified under the Great Seal. After that age they might marry without the royal consent, but only by giving notice of their intention to the Privy Council twelve months before the

ceremony, and subject to the approval of both Houses of Parliament. Attempts have been made to repeal this act, which sets up the royal family as a separate caste and puts a slur on the people of the British Empire. The good feeling existing between King George and his people as a result of the war lends color to the belief that the Royal Marriage Act will not much longer remain on the statute-book. This belief is strengthened by the fact that members of the royal family who had retained titles of German origin, such as the Tecks and Battenbergs, have already by letters patent exchanged these Teutonic remembrances for names more in assonance with British tradition.

One restriction, however, is likely to remain with regard to England's queen. Dating from the time of the Long Parliament, it has been the law that no king, on pain of forfeiting his throne, should espouse a Roman Catholic.

* * * * *

Germany and Austria in the Italian Capital

*The Teutonic
Powers Lose Their
Great Embassies in
the Heart of Rome*

A RECENT newspaper cablegram announced that the Italian government is taking steps to sweep away some of the visible signs of German and Austrian power and prestige that were formerly so conspicuous in Rome.

"It was a coincidence," says the despatch, "that both the central empires succeeded in establishing their embassies on historic spots on the Capitoline Hill, the center of Latin civilization and greatness."

As a matter of fact, this is not quite correct, for while the German embassy to the Italian court occupied the Palazzo Caffarelli, on one of the two summits of the Capitoline—historically the most sacred of the seven hills of Rome—the Austrian embassy to the Vatican was in the Palazzo Venezia, below the foot of the hill, and fronting upon the Piazza Venezia, the central open space of the Eternal City. Always be it remembered that there are two sets of diplomatic establishments in Rome, which is in the extraordinary position of being the seat of two sovereignties, quite distinct and, alas, more or less hostile—the ancient throne of the Popes and the modern one of the Kings of Italy.

Scarcely a visitor to Rome, save those of Teutonic nationality, will regret the announcement that Victor Emmanuel's government has taken over both these embassies and is about to demolish one of them. The Palazzo Venezia was built in the middle of the fifteenth century by a Venetian prelate, Cardinal Barbo, and was for more than three hundred years the property of the Venetian republic. In 1797, when Napoleon handed Venice over to Austria, the Roman palace was part of the loot; and by that questionable title it remained an appanage of the Hapsburgs until the recent war. It is one of several great buildings in Rome constructed with stone ruthlessly quarried from the huge ruin of the Colosseum. While hardly a beautiful structure, it has a massive dignity and a historic importance that warrant its preservation.

* * * * *

A Promising Site for Excavation

*Many Treasures
May Be Found
Beneath the Former
German Embassy*

THE Palazzo Caffarelli, which is to be demolished, is a big, square house of no architectural interest, occupying the lofty site on which, in the great days of Rome, stood the grandest of all her temples, that of the Capitoline Jupiter. The steep cliff in front of it—less of a sheer drop to-day than it was of old, owing to the accumulation of debris at its foot—is the Tarpeian Rock, where convicted criminals were hurled to their death.

It is hoped that the excavations to be made here will reveal architectural and artistic treasures of first-rate importance. There is an earnest of what may be found in a single ancient fragment that can be seen in the garden of the Palazzo dei Conservatori, now a museum, which is close beside the

Palazzo Caffarelli and at a lower level. The fragment, which is embedded in the foundation-wall of the former German embassy, is merely a broken piece of a classical marble column, presumably one of the pillars of the temple of Jupiter, which was last rebuilt with great splendor by the Emperor Vespasian; but its great size, its beautiful fluting, and the perfect quality of the marble, have earned it the name of "the most eloquent fragment in Rome."

* * * * *

Do the Dead Return?

*A Ghost Story
Told by Bishop
Wilberforce, of
Oxford*

IT is quite natural that the great war, with its nerve-wrecking toll of lives, should have stirred to the deeps the human desire to know if there is a life beyond—if the individual personality persists after death. Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have come out openly as believers in our power of communicating with those who have "gone West," as soldiers said of their fallen comrades.

Among all classes the spiritual or spiritist note is vibrant. Do the dead know? Do the dead return? The famous Bishop Wilberforce, of Oxford, used to tell a story that would perhaps excite less derision to-day than when he first told it.

He was staying at an English country house, and as he took his hostess in to dinner he noticed there were six couples in all, followed by an ecclesiastic in monastic costume.

"I see you are not superstitious about sitting down thirteen to table," he said.

His hostess, much distressed, begged him to say nothing about it. He then noticed that twelve places only were set at table, and that the strange ecclesiastic was standing, unnoticed by every one else, behind the host's chair.

Next day, the bishop was walking in the garden when the figure of the monk appeared to him again, and explained that generations ago he had received a confession in writing, which he was bound by virtue of his office never to reveal. Being hurriedly called away, he went on, he had slipped it into the book he was reading—a volume of the "Lives and Works of the Fathers of the Church," and he had died suddenly before he could destroy the document, which now lay in that same book in the library of the house where the bishop was visiting. The monk explained that he could not rest until it was destroyed, and begged the bishop to find and burn it. The bishop thereupon went into the house and asked his host to take him to the library, where they found the old volume, yellow with age, and the paper lying in it, which they burned unread. The mysterious ecclesiastic never appeared again.

* * * * *

A War Peril That Is Not Yet Ended

*Thousands of
Mines Are Still
a Menace to
Navigators*

THE recent sinking of an American vessel in the North Sea while engaged in mine-sweeping comes as a shock to remind us of the terrors which the great war has added to the perils awaiting those that go down to the sea in ships.

Mine-sweeping goes steadily on. A recent official report showed six hundred officers, fourteen thousand men, and four hundred and thirty British and American vessels engaged in this hazardous work. It is hoped by the London Admiralty that by December all moored mines will be cleared from the sections where they were planted by the Allies during the war. The American field of operations is the huge chain of mines stretching across the North Sea from the Orkneys to Norway, most of which was laid by our navy. The Germans, meanwhile, are understood to be clearing their own coast and the waters around Helgoland. There are also British-moored mines off the Belgian, Dutch, and Norwegian shores and within the Baltic.

Moored mines become drifters when they break away in a gale, as

often happens; but it is said that the danger from a drifting mine is not so great as that from a moored one, as the bow wave of an oncoming vessel forces the drifter away from the ship. Not a few drifters have found their way out into the Atlantic, and one was reported by the battle-ship Oklahoma while escorting President Wilson home from Brest after the signing of the peace treaty. In the main, however, drifting mines are carried toward the coast of Europe, rather than westward. The British Admiralty has authorized a reward of five dollars to any one who reports a mine washed ashore, and has issued instructions that such mines are not to be touched, but to be reported at once to the nearest coast-guard or policeman.

Of the hundred thousand mines laid in the North Sea during the war, many have sunk and are a danger to fishermen, who pick them up in their nets. So far, it has not been found possible to trace all these, or, when encountered, to render them harmless; but blimps and airplanes have been found useful in locating these dangers to fishermen.

* * * * *

**The Lonely
Island of
Tristan da
Cunha**

*Its Handful of
People Receive
Mail About
Once a Year*

ARRANGEMENTS are being made again this year for a vessel on its way to the antarctic whaling-grounds around South Georgia to call at Tristan da Cunha with mails and stores for the islanders. One mail a year—one annual link with the rest of human kind!

Tristan da Cunha is an island, or rather a group of three islands, far down in the South Atlantic, almost midway between Cape Town and Buenos Aires. It derives its name from a Portuguese navigator who, on his way to the East Indies in 1506, was the first to discover it. The principal island presents the appearance of a pedestal of black basalt, thirty square miles in area, on which stands an extinct volcano eight thousand feet high, snow-capped in winter, cloud-capped in summer. The British occupied it in 1816, when Napoleon was a prisoner on St. Helena, to prevent the island being used as a base for his rescue; and when the garrison was withdrawn, some of the men decided to remain, and thus began the present settlement, which now numbers more than a hundred persons. There is a little town at the northwest edge of the island, where the lava has formed a small plateau watered by a tiny stream. Each in its little garden, the houses are all of one story, facing the sea. They are built of tufa from the mountain, the blocks being two to four feet thick, and are thatched with grass and turf.

Potatoes and wheat are grown on the island, and there are sheep and cattle on the pasture-lands, which are held in common, while pigs, geese, and chickens are seen around the settlement. Rats came ashore in 1882 from the wreck of a Norwegian ship; and in spite of the warning of the brother of Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," who was then a missionary on the island, that the islanders should exterminate them, they have now become a pest, doing serious damage to the crops.

There is said to be no crime on the island, and the hospitality of the settlers is proverbial. Their one great excitement is the sighting of a passing ship. Boats are launched and loaded with meat, potatoes, and eggs, and sail and oar are plied for miles and miles over the sea to reach the vessel, where they barter their goods for tea, sugar, cloth, and whatever else the ship can spare. These stores are the property of the community, and on their return are equally divided at the house of the head man. The women are neat in their dress, wearing blouse and skirt, with colored handkerchief for head-gear, while the men wear the sailors' garb they get from the crews of passing ships. Knitting is one of their favorite occupations.

A fallen monarch might find peace for his closing years on this island, where the rollers of the South Atlantic dash incessantly against the cliffs, and man is small in the presence of wild nature.

Satan's Garden

BY JOHN D. SWAIN

Illustrated by Anton Otto Fischer

WHEN old man Pettigrew bought the warden's cottage, he furnished a permanent topic of conversation to a village which had grown stupefied mulling over threadbare scandal.

Everybody knew every one else, his family tree and household skeleton, his habits and failings; and until Pettigrew arrived from nowhere, the only change in the voting-list had been worked by the act of God upon the old settlers. No new names had been added in a quarter of a century. The octogenarians passed on, and the young men migrated to the city. Baldwinville had raised a full company for the Civil War; to-day it could not have mustered a ball-nine.

From a strictly commercial view-point, the stranger had secured a bargain. The house had been one of the best ever constructed in those parts, and its seasoned timbers, thick clapboards, and slate roof were intact. It needed little save shoring up the piazza, rebuilding the chimney, which had been cold for so many years, and plenty of glass and paint. It was sold for less than the lumber would have cost to-day.

It was a quarter-century back that the only notable institution Baldwinville ever possessed, and the only one that ever got it into the pages of the metropolitan dailies, the State prison, had removed to its present site. All the furnishings, the iron doors, the woodwork, had been stripped from it; then followed its very walls, the cubes of fine granite being hauled away on flat cars. There remained only the brick wall which had enclosed it, with its ugly guard-towers, and the warden's cottage, just outside; only these and — Satan's Garden.

A hundred feet beyond the cottage, choked in a mass of unwholesomely lush weeds, was the little graveyard of the old

prison. Here lay the miserable ones who had no other resting-place to claim. Some were old lifers, who had outlasted any relative who might have claimed their poor bodies when the final reprieve came to them after the dragging years. Some had died violently, in the full vigor of life, by the hangman's noose.

Of outsiders, there were but two—a yegg, killed ten years back in an ill-advised attempt upon the post-office safe, which had contained exactly eleven dollars' worth of stamps, and a little less in cash; and, last arrival, a young woman who had committed suicide, and whose body was denied interment in consecrated ground. She alone had been a resident of the sleepy, unknown, dry-rotting hamlet where old man Pettigrew, for reasons of his own, had elected to end his days.

Beyond the crumbling brick walls, the cottage; beyond that, the neglected graveyard; beyond all, the undrained swamp. Before the sun had quite set, a deadly vapor began to creep forth from the swamp, to which it sullenly retired during the hours of sunshine. Stretching out a tentacle at first, then another, swirling, crawling forward, retreating, blotting out here a tree and there a boulder, it finally took Satan's Garden into its chilly embrace; and, entrenching itself there, sent out feelers as far as the deserted house, plucking with clammy hands at the broken latch, skulking in through the unglazed windows, dripping from the eaves.

Not a soul in Baldwinville would have walked past this place after dark for the remission of his sins or his taxes—neither the kindly old pastor who had held the same charge for half a century, and who preached sermons to a drowsy handful whose grandparents had nodded over his identical "thirdlys" and "fourthlys"; nor the village infidel, who boasted that he

believed in no hereafter, and laughed to scorn all ghosts, gods, and devils. Not even the town idiot, whose rudimentary intellect reacted to the horror of the sinister old cemetery, which by moonlight seemed strangely alive as the swamp fog eddied and rose and fell, now revealing for an instant some moss-covered stone, only to close in again, its billowing waves piled high in a fantastic and terribly beautiful dome of moon-shot splendor.

Little owls, never seen, whimpered all night long from the swamp, in a piteous diminuendo, like unshriven souls. Patriarchal frogs at intervals uttered a hoarse, booming croak. "*Jug-o'-rum!*" they called back and forth; as if the damned souls of ancient pirates were lamenting better days.

Not many people cared to pass this way, even by day. To be sure, there was little occasion; for the road was grass-grown and disused, a new State highway paralleling it but an eighth of a mile distant.

Sometimes, on very bright summer days, village lads came to climb the winding steps to the guard-towers on the brick wall; but before the sun touched the peak of Ricker Hill, they hurried homeward. Not even a hobo cared to seek shelter here, or in the cottage.

Just one negro had been known to choose this road; and he was closely followed by a large and enthusiastic gathering, one of whom bore a serviceable rope. He had plunged into the swamp and disappeared; and although a watch was maintained for a day or so, he was never seen thereafter. Later on, his dog came each night and contributed to the evil repute of the place by a mournful dirge which carried for miles over the scattered farmsteads.

It was to this home of gruesome memories, the birthplace of many a grisly tradition, the cheapener of much good real estate for a mile in every direction, that Pettigrew had come, and for the cottage had paid down good hard cash into the hands of the astounded town clerk.

He proved something of a disappointment to the natives. He went daily to the post-office, where he received newspapers and magazines, but never any first-class mail. He had his new dwelling repaired, and afterward plainly furnished two or three rooms from the local furniture and undertaking emporium, paying whatever was asked without haggling. He scrupu-

lously filled out his tax returns, but never voted, nor attended a town meeting.

He did not even go to church. The pastor called upon him two or three times, and received a five-dollar bill and a courteous but reticent declination of all invitations. A similar refusal followed a tentative nomination for a petty town office, made in the hope of drawing him out. He bowed pleasantly, according to local custom, when passing people on the road or meeting them in a store. And that was all.

Presently the town gave him up, and agreed that he was "odd." The one man who could have told something about him, the local attorney-at-law, judge of probate, justice of the peace, and notary public, was also the one inhabitant who never gossiped—about his clients' business, that is to say.

For a brief time, while his house was in the hands of carpenters, plumbers, and painters, Pettigrew lived at the Eagle House, the only hotel; but none of its frequenters knew him any the better for that.

One night, passing through the lounging-room, he had paused to look on, for a moment, at the game of poker which was in mid session, with almost two dollars' worth of matches in the pot, and an air of low cunning hovering about the table.

"Sit in, old-timer, and let us l'arn ye the great American indoor sport," invited the wag of the party, while the others offered the tribute of appreciative mirth.

But he looked at the man with a singularly cold, dead stare, shook his head, and passed on to the stairway.

"Brrrrh! Made me feel like turnin' up my coat-collar, spite o' the thermometer!" confessed the jester.

As for Pettigrew, his mind raced back to a time when, with the same cold, bloodless look, he had slid his last five hundred across the green baize, and seen it go. Rising, he had glanced indifferently at the gorgeous luncheon presided over by a stately Ethiop; *paté de foie gras*, champagne, white-shrouded and ice-bound, Virginia ham, Bar-le-Duc preserves and exotic cheeses, aromatic coffee, with clotted cream in little stone pots, and mellow cigars. Not until two hours later, finding by chance a quarter in an inside pocket, had he been able to breakfast, after a steady forty-eight-hour session. Pride had forbidden him to touch the bounties which were freely his in that house of opulence, because he lacked enough to tip the waiter as usual.

A year later he had owned a still more gorgeous place of his own; and, rebelling against the insatiate police blackmail, had seen it utterly ruined in a half-hour; not gambling paraphernalia alone, but beautiful paintings, statuettes, lovely old rugs, bronzes, Santo Domingo mahogany.

There had followed a season or two working the big liners; and then other and better club-rooms, and houses, in various capitals.

The wraith of a smile lifted his upper lip as, these old memories revived, he turned at the head of the stairs, his kerosene lamp in one hand, and looked down over the banisters to see the life of the party rake in a dollar-and-eighty-cent pot with exaggerated nonchalance.

II

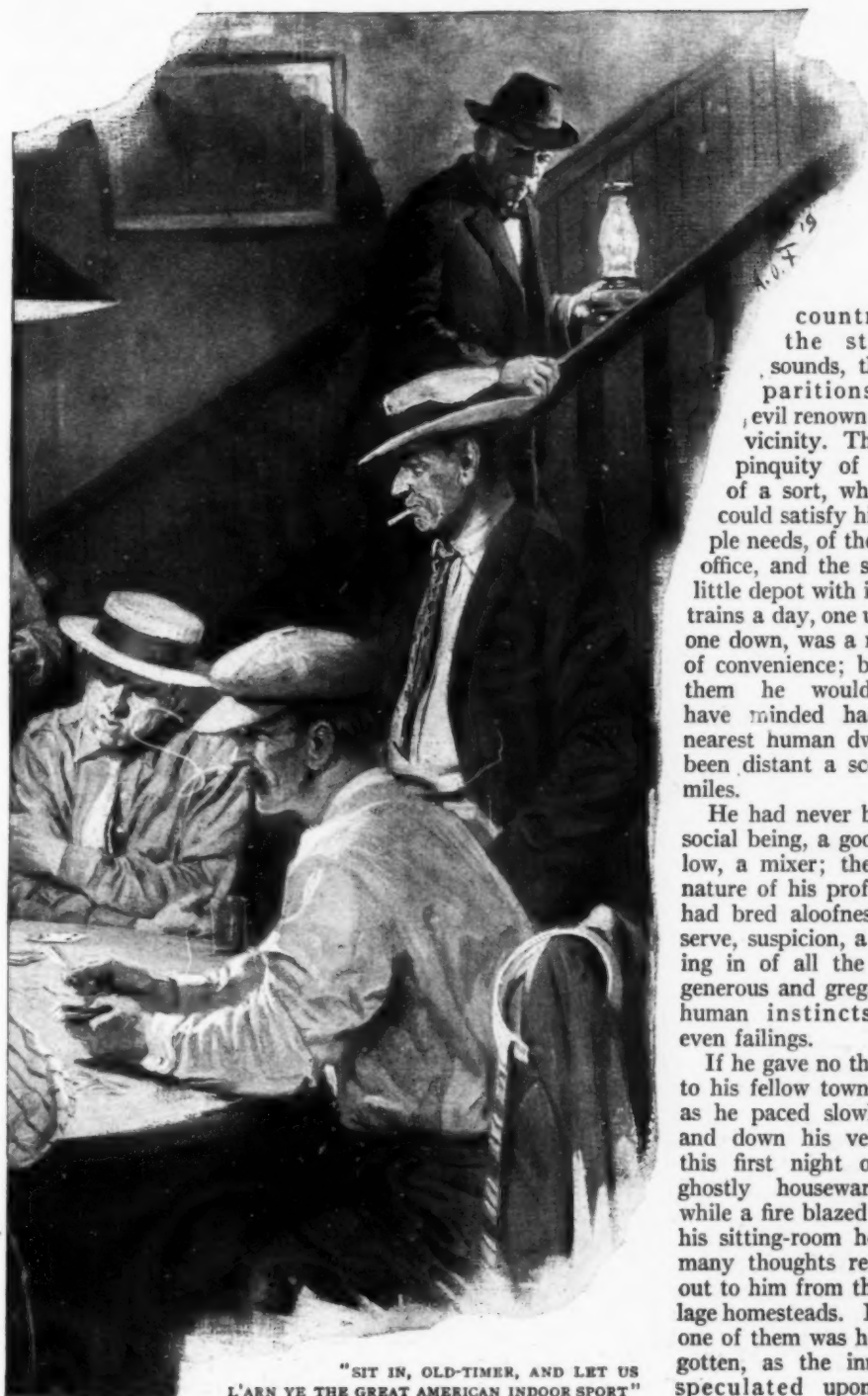
At length the warden's old cottage was renovated, and stocked with such simple things as he required. That evening he paced up and down its piazza. Although the

afterglow lingered in the west, already a damp chill was in the air. The miasmatic vapors were sneaking up from the swamp; cold fingers sought the closed and newly glazed windows.

The reeling fog gave to the piazza an odd illusion of motion, like the deck of a ship. Over in Satan's Garden, will-o'-the-wisp lanterns tacked aimlessly to and fro, as if invisible beings were engaged upon some mysterious nocturnal quest amid its scattered graves.

No sense of loneliness oppressed old man Pettigrew. There was no psychic response to the old wives' fables of the





"SIT IN, OLD-TIMER, AND LET US
L'ARN YE THE GREAT AMERICAN INDOOR SPORT"

countryside, the strange sounds, the apparitions, the evil renown of the vicinity. The proximity of stores of a sort, where he could satisfy his simple needs, of the post-office, and the shabby little depot with its two trains a day, one up and one down, was a matter of convenience; but for them he would not have minded had the nearest human dwelling been distant a score of miles.

He had never been a social being, a good fellow, a mixer; the very nature of his profession had bred aloofness, reserve, suspicion, a holding in of all the more generous and gregarious human instincts and even failings.

If he gave no thought to his fellow townsmen, as he paced slowly up and down his veranda this first night of his ghostly housewarming, while a fire blazed upon his sitting-room hearth, many thoughts reached out to him from the village homesteads. In not one of them was he forgotten, as the inmates speculated upon his

mysterious appearance, his reasons for coming, his bearing, the purchases he had made, and the brief words exigency had forced him to utter.

They were simple folk, with no romance in their humdrum lives save a common heritage of rustic folk-lore. By no possibility could they have guessed the truth, nor could they have comprehended it had he frankly told them.

Pettigrew had come here solely because there lay, somewhere out in the seething fog, the unhallowed graves of three men who, in that past which already seemed so remote, had come nearer to being close friends than any others he had known. Family ties had been denied him. A foundling, a bachelor, and an outcast, he had only the memory of these three to moor him to the collectivism of his species; and by a singular chance, all of them had come at last to this God-forsaken swamp, where he had followed.

Yet, to Pettigrew, the coincidence was not so strange. The sequence was evident enough. Here had stood the prison of that great State whose denizens, good and bad, prefer it to all the countries of earth, and to whose capital they gravitate almost without conscious volition. And what criminal, cutting any figure whatever in his calling, failed to pass through the mahogany portals of one of Pettigrew's halls of chance? And how many of them ultimately escaped those heavier portals of iron, ripped off and sold for junk when the old prison had been dismantled?

Three men—one of them a murderer, one a great forger, and the last a promoter whose memory lived in an epigram. "The man who put the *con* in contract," they had called him. All sleeping now, their restless brains stilled, their weedy graves marked by numbers. Even in death they preserved their anonymity; of the thirty-four citizens of Satan's Garden, thirty-two lay beneath rough granite posts bearing a numeral. The unknown yegg lacked even this poor tribute; the suicide, too.

The night drew on, and the cold increased. Pettigrew entered his new home, banked his fire beneath the backlog, and retired, sleeping dreamlessly till the sun struck full in his face. Outside, the fog had vanished. Satan's Garden was merely a tangled plot already shimmering in the June heat.

Never in his life, so far as he could recall, had Pettigrew held in his hands any implement of labor except a croupier's rake; but now he prepared to wield such rude tools as spade and pick. He set himself to lay the first of the many ghosts which haunted the graveyard—the very mother of them all. By draining the swamp he planned to banish forever the miasmatic vapors which nightly descended upon it.

His act seemed natural enough to the villagers, since the salubrity of the neighborhood would be vastly increased with his dwelling free from the ever-present damp and mildew. That he cared nothing whatever for this they could not know, and would not have believed.

The labor was hard enough, at his time of life, yet not especially difficult. Beyond and below the swamp, but separated from it by a stony ridge, ran a small "crick," as it was locally called. He had but to dig a deep enough channel through the barrier and the swamp would automatically dry up.

Through all of June and most of July he worked steadily, at first stiff and lame, toward the end becoming hardened to it. Beginning at the brook, loosening with his pick the innumerable stones, which fortunately were not very heavy, he came at length to the edge of the swamp, from which merely a thin wall separated him. The only assistance he had sought was the advice of the town surveyor as to the necessary depth of his channel.

When, standing in his cut and breaking down the last barrier with a few strokes, he felt the foul ooze rise about his legs, and gather a sluggish force as the surface water sucked onward to join the brook, he knew a sort of fierce triumph. It was many days before the bog became firm enough to bear his weight; but before the autumn rains set in, its vapors had diminished to a faint haze which nevermore ventured to invade Satan's Garden, or to creep up to his lonely cottage.

In the middle of the swamp, guided by the baying of the hound, Pettigrew came upon the skeleton of the "bad nigger." He had been a patron of the old Eagle House in the day when that hostelry sold rum on the sly; and his last exploit, having been refused further service, had been to carve the dispenser most thoroughly. Thence, fleeing the mob, he had plunged

into the morass and foundered there, his fitting requiem the booming cry, "*jug-o'-rum*," uttered by the giant frogs—who migrated when their ancient realm dried up.

The old, rheumatic hound made no protest when Pettigrew gathered up the bones he had guarded so long, and interred them decently in Satan's Garden. He appeared quite well satisfied with the arrangement, and ceased his moonlight ululations. Henceforth, he settled down at the cottage, where his new master, though caring nothing in particular for dogs, contrived a kennel from a sugar-barrel well filled with straw.

Unsoftened by the mist, the brick wall of the prison now stood out more harsh and forbidding than ever. Knowing nothing of plants, their ways or even names, Pettigrew now began to train every creeping thing he could find upon the bare bricks, into which he drove tenpenny nails, and on these strung wires. Wild morning-glories and cucumbers, woodbine, grapevines, clematis, wisteria, scarlet trumpet, ivy—he planted them promiscuously, satisfied that in the survival of the fittest some sort of leafy covering would in time hide the grim walls with their unhappy memory. But he could not have anticipated the barbaric splendor which even a single year wrought.

Well, a start had been made. Some ghosts were exorcised—above all, the pestilential vapors; with them, the gruesome chorus of frogs, and the slimy fellowship of water-snakes. The bones of the dead negro had received sepulture, of a kind. By the first early frost, scores of vines had been planted along the sullen length of the old prison wall, awaiting the warm kiss of spring to change haunting suggestion to loveliness.

III

THE second and more difficult part of the task which had brought him to a village with which, aside from the three sorry graves, he had no common interest, now claimed his attention. He set about identifying those secretive numerals; clothing them in living flesh, animated by the desires and hopes and passions which had finally brought them here, in a melancholy communion.

It was not an easy thing to do—to breathe into these unsavory memories the breath of life. It was not merely a ques-

tion of setting against each number a name; for many had almost literally perished from the recollections and the printed pages of men.

A great-hearted warden, to whom he frankly stated his purpose of penetrating the veil until he had found something of good in each and all, proved of inestimable help to him. One of the amazing results was his discovery that among the thirty-one convicts in Satan's Garden, there were not three, but no less than twenty-five whom he had known. It was more than possible that his eyes had looked upon some, if not all, of the rest.

And yet—why not? The criminal, in funds, turns instantly to wine, woman, and cards. Plenty there were who would say that Pettigrew's lure was the cleanest, the least reprehensible, of the three; but he knew better. These other and more joyous resorts existed by virtue of a warm comradeship, a truly human instinct, however perverted.

The halls of chance are never joyous places. The winner takes his gains in silent triumph and departs to enjoy them elsewhere, or returns again and again to play in a silence like that of an empty church. The loser drops his last dollar in the stillness of despair, and goes out into the night, or the more hateful day.

Only a false and hectic tension, and the meretricious trappings of luxury, had aped mirth and joy in one of Pettigrew's clubs. Lots of professionals came there. Gamblers take no real delight in winning at their own game. That is merely business. Their recreation is found in trying to beat the other fellow's game. Pettigrew himself spent his profits on the little ponies.

A square gambler he had been called. That is, his wheels were not crooked, his dice loaded, his cards notched. He employed a high-salaried lookout, to turn back men known to be defaulters; but there were many others of whom he asked no questions, whose mysterious affluence interested him no further than to have them buck his scientific percentage games. Once or twice a year he denied his hospitality to a man whose wife or father had personally appealed to him.

All this did not deceive him in the least. He scorned such cheap sophistry. To offset it, he had merely to run over that list of twenty-five men—almost three-quarters of the population of Satan's Garden.

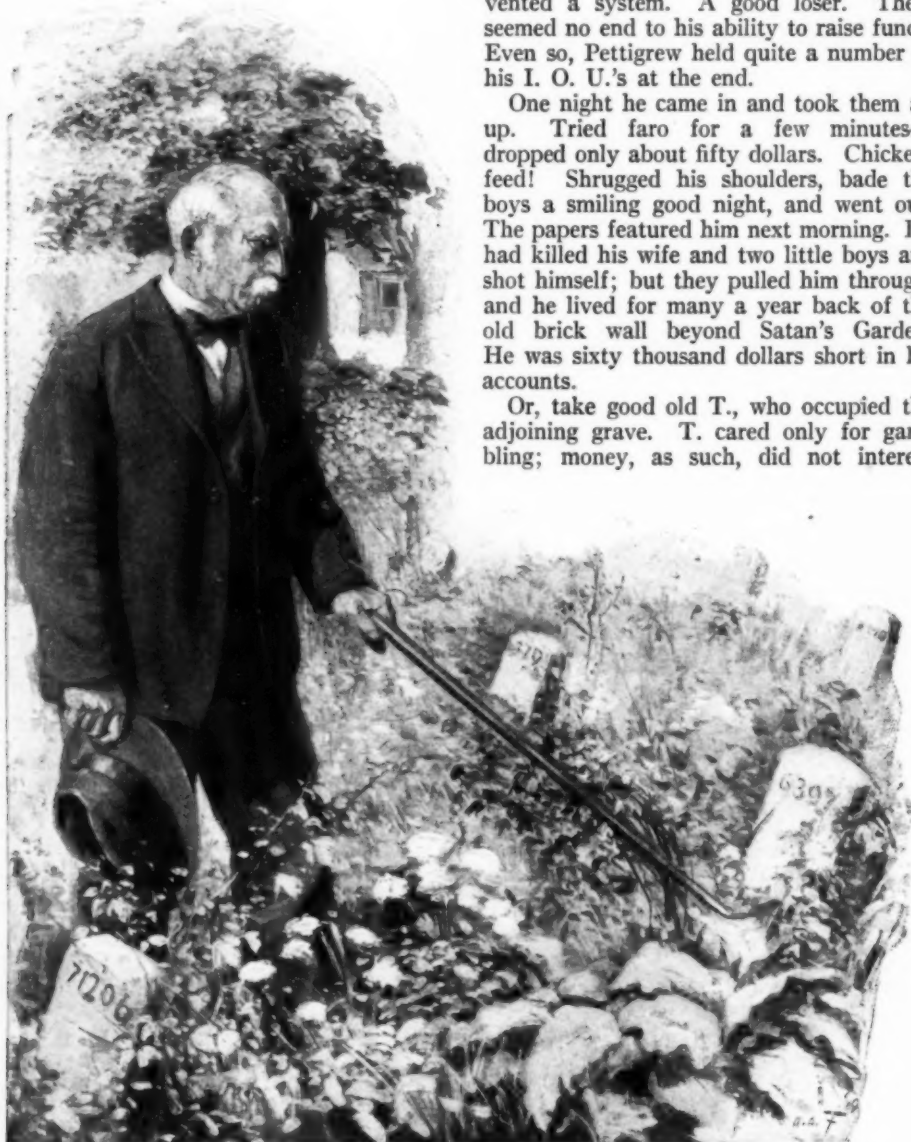
There was H. "No. 2817" was his epitaph, choked by a riotous growth of tall burdocks. H. began as a teller, and then became cashier of a flourishing up-State bank. His salary was increased regularly, but it never kept pace with his tastes. He came into Pettigrew's one night, introduced by a regular patron, and had "beginner's luck."

A handsome chap, likable, a mixer, yet always maintaining his self-respect. He made friends readily, and for a long while his luck held. Spent it all as fast as it came. Very nearly succeeded in breaking the faro-bank one night. Just the type of man Pettigrew liked best to have in his establishment.

Dropped it all, and more, because he was bucking mathematical axioms. Invented a system. A good loser. There seemed no end to his ability to raise funds. Even so, Pettigrew held quite a number of his I. O. U.'s at the end.

One night he came in and took them all up. Tried faro for a few minutes—dropped only about fifty dollars. Chicken-feed! Shrugged his shoulders, bade the boys a smiling good night, and went out. The papers featured him next morning. He had killed his wife and two little boys and shot himself; but they pulled him through, and he lived for many a year back of the old brick wall beyond Satan's Garden. He was sixty thousand dollars short in his accounts.

Or, take good old T., who occupied the adjoining grave. T. cared only for gambling; money, as such, did not interest



PETTIGREW HAD COME HERE SOLELY BECAUSE OF THE UNHALLOWED GRAVES OF THREE MEN WHO HAD COME NEARER TO BEING CLOSE FRIENDS THEN ANY OTHERS HE HAD KNOWN

him. An all-nighter, and a regular. Lived frugally, even when in funds. Dressed neatly, but always in blue serge. Didn't own evening clothes, never drank, avoided women. No taste for criminality—but when cleaned out at Pettigrew's would crack a crib or climb a porch to get another stake. Couldn't afford time to earn the stuff. He was a fair poker-player, but a clumsy crook. Was finally caught red-handed and sent up for a ten-year stretch. Died in prison.

K., numbered 6397, came in drunk one night. Carried his liquor wonderfully well, or the doorkeeper would have turned him back. Had a "still" on. Lost eight thousand at roulette—somebody else's money. A regrettable incident all round.

He never squealed; but next morning, realizing for the first time what he had done, he fled to Panama. They got him, of course; and when he came out he was ruined. Couldn't get a fresh start. His old circle turned him down cold, and the "dicks" kept dogging him. Came back to Pettigrew's one night; couldn't get in, naturally; but the doorman sent up for the proprietor, and he slipped the man a hundred. Had never seen the fellow again, and didn't know what had become of him till he identified him by his number in Satan's Garden.

And so it went. Good fellows gone wrong; plenty of brains, education, often culture as well. And not a squealer, not a short sport in the lot! Queer, how they would let their babies starve, the tradesmen whistle for their bills, and come round and take up their I. O. U.'s! Debts of honor—that was it.

These were the sort of men Pettigrew had come to make his home with, and, when his time came, to lie beside. Not one of them would harbor the least resentment. If there were such a thing as judgment-day—which he very much doubted—and these wrecked men, called from their ignoble graves by the last trump—fitting word!—were to find him there, in their midst, they would one and all be glad to see him again; would address him by his first name.

Dead-game sports! They would scoff at the thought of hanging their downfall on him—or any man. But he was not deceived. *He knew.*

No trouble about filling up the pages of his little red book, a unique series of biog-

raphies, with good deeds, and generous and even brave acts, done by these old friends and acquaintances of his! But the others—some of them—were hard nuts to crack. Their lives were one succession of sordid and brutal crimes and antisocial acts.

Take old No. 71206. A lifer. Pettigrew traveled hundreds of miles, and spent more money than he could well afford from the few thousands he had to show for his spectacular career, before, in an even duller, deader town than Baldwinville, he met up with a vacant-minded old man past ninety, whose memory for the trifles of his youth was clearer than the blurred picture of his last half-century.

The nonagenarian had taught district school once, and No. 71206 had been a pupil. A bad boy, too, he was; but once, when his mates were torturing a white rabbit, and had already gouged out one of its luminous pink eyes, the bad boy burst among them like a mad dervish, fought like a little demon, and bore the rabbit home, where he healed it, and kept it safe and fat till it died.

Pettigrew was glad when he was able to add this final entry to the little red book, and return home to begin the next phase of his self-imposed task.

IV

WINTER had set in, but he judged this to be a good time for the work in hand. Besides, he could not endure the long, bitter days in idleness and in thought.

With sickle and hatchet he began to clean up Satan's Garden. He suspected that in the spring the rank weeds and briars would grow faster than he could uproot them. Now, brittle and withered above ground, they were easy to break and hack off.

Day after day he labored—alone save for the old hound, who followed him when the sun was warm—clearing away the heavy growth, piling it up in a corner, and burning it.

Baldwinville now knew for certain that he was crazy. But he cared nothing for their stares, the sudden silence that fell when he entered post-office or provision-store. In the Eagle House, the game of "five-calls-ten" continued nightly. He glanced in through the windows as he passed, without pausing, and with no change of expression. The sports, whenever they saw him, pitied him, and won-

dered "if the old guy ever had a real party in his life." Then they promptly forgot him, and called for "two off the top."

By the time the galvanized pails were hung on the sugar-maples, Satan's Garden was as bare as a polo-field. The days lengthened, the spring thaws began. Nature set about restoring conditions.

Pettigrew had killed nothing below the surface. With prodigious vitality, and all at once, green things began to appear. Skunk-cabbage, for instance, huge, vivid green leaves, with an evil odor. He put aside sickle and hatchet, and took to the hoe. Ultimately, he was obliged to use quantities of rock salt to kill the most persistent weeds.

This done, there came the problem of supplanting them by a more genial herbage. When the rains had washed away the last of the salt, the soil was practically dead. He harrowed it, by hand, and added phosphates. Then he planted it to sturdy red clover, well fitted to hold its own, given a fair start.

Satan's Garden began to take on a serene and touching beauty. Dandelions, buttercups, and field daisies flecked the green-and-red background. A series of asters followed in late summer and autumn. Patches of brilliant "devil's paint-brushes" seemed to thrive significantly.

Pettigrew would have nothing in the way of landscape gardening; no nursery products, no ornamental beds, not even a lawn-mower to clip the wild flowers. About the graves he awkwardly swung a scythe. No monument, broken column, urn, or cross rose as a landmark.

Meanwhile the old brick wall began to be covered with vines. Some of the rapid growers even scaled the two corner towers. Now and then some one passed by the grass-grown road. Twice a little group of children wandered fearfully over to see the strangely transformed plot. Often the older lads came to play on the wall. Pettigrew gave them pennies, and was glad to have them about; but he could not be said to make friends with them. He had never learned how. And he was old.

The veteran dog, grossly fat, died that autumn. Pettigrew did not regret the animal's death, but he gave him honorable interment at the feet of the dead negro, who had at least been good to his dog. There were no mortuary laws or red tape about Satan's Garden.

In October he began the last act of his strange drama, and the most expensive. Then, indeed, Baldwinville sat up and took notice, and the local stone-cutter rejoiced with an exceeding great joy. All at one time, in an order ranking him instantly in the little circle of flivver-owning merchant princes, he received specifications for thirty-five small, plain, but thick and substantial marble slabs, to be suitably inscribed. A full year's work for the stone-cutter and his assistant.

Thus was laid the last ghost of Satan's Garden; the very real spirit of loneliness. For now the townsfolk came unhesitatingly to visit the place. Not many of them understood, not all were sympathetic; some few openly jeered; but—they came! Children in particular, eager to spell out the simple words on each new slab as it was firmly planted.

The old, hateful numbers remained, inconspicuously, since this was required by law; but the deep-cut epitaphs were all that counted.

No. 71206 was served first, and had the distinction of the sole attempt at an ornamental effect. A rabbit, in low relief, crouched above the brief lines:

"In boyhood he abhorred cruelty, and defended the helpless."

This remained for all time the favorite of the youngsters, and their rallying-place. So there passed from earthly knowledge fifty years of consistent infamy.

"He went through life with a withered hand, from burns received while rescuing a paralytic from the flames," another inscription read, marking the resting-place of a notable box-worker.

"He never turned a deaf ear to the cry of hunger or distress," was another epitaph. Pugilist, strong-arm man, water-front brawler, hanged at last for murder; yet the epitaph told the truth, if but so slender a part of it.

The place began to assume the gentle fiction of a hallowed plot devoted to martyr-saints; not because old man Pettigrew invented positive untruths, but because he suppressed so very many unpleasant facts. The art of fiction consists largely in the instinct for elimination!

Brushing aside the heavy clover-tops, heedless of the grumble of gorged bumblebees, one read such fragments as Pettigrew had been able to glean from arid lives. In all, thirty-four, when at length

the work was accomplished. The grave of the nameless yegg was indicated by the words: "A fearless man, and a skilful but misguided craftsman." The bones of the negro reposed with his old hound at his feet, and at his head, graved deep in the marble, was the inscription, "He was good to his dog."

Last of all, lying apart where the sun lingered longest, and the wild roses came earliest, the young woman who had taken her own life was left to her merciful incognito, the epitaph stating simply: "She loved too well."

As if his vigor had been preserved for the accomplishment of the task he had undertaken, Pettigrew began to fail during the winter following the erection of this last stone.

The village woman who nursed him could make nothing whatever of his rambling words toward the last, when his mind wandered, though she tried hard enough, poor soul! It was a jumble of disconnected words and phrases familiar to the devotees of many kinds of gaming, some of them obsolete. His last words were as meaningless to her, to the old practitioner, and to the village pastor as if uttered in Chinese:

"Le jeu est fait—rien ne va plus!"

Upon his death, it appeared that full arrangements had been made with the local attorney. For himself, there was to be no service held. His grave was to be dug next to those of the three he had known best, and who, from the tomb, had called

him to end his days with them. The epitaph upon the thirty-fifth—and last—of the marble slabs was composed and waiting.

The terms of his will comprised a fund sufficient to maintain the tiny graveyard forever, with no changes or improvements of any sort, and a small bequest to the old pastor. A detail was the upkeep of little wooden houses for birds and squirrels, and a regular distribution of nuts and grain to insure their perpetual presence. The voice of robin and bluebird and purple finch and song-sparrow, and the companionship of gray squirrels, abided here.

No one avoided the place now. That was the secret of his purpose. Not beauty, for itself; not remorse, which he did not feel in its accepted sense; not restitution, which he could not make; but that these men, with all their black records possessing one common trait, gregariousness, sociability, jovial mixing-in, should not lie in a spot abhorred and avoided.

That was the tragedy, as he saw it—that people should go around the long road rather than pass these graves; that children should fear the ghosts that walked in Satan's Garden after dark.

If you choose to seek out this place, and to see where old man Pettigrew himself sleeps, you will find him beneath a magnificent lie—the only untruth carved there. Upon his slab, next to No. 2817, you may read:

Here Lies the Worst Man in the World.

MOUNTAINS

A MAN on the crest of a mountain
Is like the ball on a fountain,
The ball on the tip-top spurt of the central jet,
Which for a man is endeavor—
The urge to climb on forever
Rather than quit, a motive that makes him forget
Fatigue, discomfort, pain, himself, the stake,
Till in the end he is climbing for climbing's sake.

So, upon reaching the summit,
His struggles to overcome it
Shrink and fade to a nightmare beaten and nil;
Nor does the feat, or the beauty
Around him, or sense of a duty
Accomplished, cause him to stiffen as well as to thrill,
But a sight which gives his life new purpose, new zest—
A mountain more steep, more high, with an unclimbed crest!

Richard Butler Glanzer

Bob of Arue*

BY MARYLAND ALLEN

Illustrated by E. F. Ward

IV

"DON'T I know that Will has left me?" Bob answered composedly.

"Why, yes—he wrote me a note before he went up in the Vahine with you."

"He eloped with my wife when we reached San Francisco," said Jim Winton.

"Your wife went with Will?" Bob's soft, throaty voice rose an octave higher; her face went blank with astonishment.

"Why, I—oh, good Heavens! What sort of a woman would elope with Will?"

"My wife," replied Winton grimly. "She said it would be so different from living with me."

"It will be different!" Bob spoke with intense conviction.

Their eyes met, and again there passed between them, like a flame, that look of love and understanding. Winton stooped, picked up her thimble, and drew nearer to her.

"If you are going to make any comment at all, say you are glad for me. Abusing others is a coward's pastime. I am free—at least, I soon will be—and I have my boys."

"You are free! You mean you have applied for a divorce from your wife?"

Winton nodded.

"I cabled from San Francisco. It's what you must do," he added.

Bob started violently, and then, as if to cover her agitation, turned and slowly placed upon the table the little ruffled dress she was at work repairing. Winton was really her first love. When she married Conolly she was too young and ignorant to know or care; and even with all that came afterward she had steadfastly refused to be embittered.

"This is life," she would say. "Yes, but it is not love!"

Then Jim Winton had come. She was shy of him in her thoughts, and, removed from all companionship of her own kind, she dreamed with the vague, misty unreality of a young and innocent girl; but now, as he spoke, she saw suddenly and sharply etched the reverse of the blurred, rosy shield. She was the wife of the man who had eloped with Jim Winton's wife. Jim was getting a divorce, and now he had come to suggest—

No! Divorce had nothing to do with love and children and happiness—at least, not to Barbara Conolly. A bitter sense of her own helplessness poured over her, and she turned, most naturally, and sought to wound the one she loved best in all the world.

"You suggest such a thing as that to me!" she cried. "To me!" she repeated.

Jim Winton's eyes turned black, and Bob gave back involuntarily before the blaze of his anger.

"You don't know what he has done!" he exclaimed.

"I do, I do!" she interrupted vehemently. "You have told me, and that is enough. I do not wish to hear any more."

He bit his lip and stared at her, surprised and dismayed.

"Ah, don't be angry with me!" he burst out pleadingly.

"Angry?" she retorted. "What do you expect me to do when you come and hurt me so?"

"Hurt—you!" Winton's face burned; his voice sank almost to a whisper. "Why, Bob, I love you," he said.

There came a thump on the floor within the house, and two pairs of bare feet pounded to the door. Winton caught the little girls in his arms, kissed their soft throats, and answered their ecstatic greetings, while over their heads his eyes implored Bob, who

* This story began in the August number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

blushed a fiery crimson, trembled, and said nothing.

"Come see our weally, twuly dwyingsheds," cried Lorrilou.

"And the land is almost all cleared," interrupted Betsy. "Tinetos do it now. Bob does not have to do that any more."

Clinging to his hand, she sought to lead him away; but Lorrilou hung back.

"Come on, Bob," she coaxed.

So the four went out to the new drying-sheds; well built, gorgeous in their size and neatness.

"Are you doing all this?" Winton did not attempt to conceal his surprise and interest. "I think it is wonderful!"

"No, no—I must not confide in him," Bob thought. "There is danger there." She nodded and pointed to the six precious tins of Special Cure. "It seems I have discovered something really worth while," she replied.

The children began to run and caper along the smooth, clean floor, and Jim Winton drew nearer to the woman of his heart.

"Bob," he said, "I don't quite know what to make of this. You must let me tell you what Conolly—"

She put out her hand.

"Please don't! I will not stay here and listen." She met his troubled, concerned

"I AM NOT YOUR FRIEND. I CAN'T BE, BECAUSE—"

"BECAUSE YOU LOVED ME FIRST," WINTON CRIED



gaze shyly. "Betsy and Lorrilou and I always want you to be so welcome here."

"Oh!" He caught her hand and dropped it quickly. "There—I won't, I won't." His look of anxiety returned, and he sighed. "It shall be as you say, dear," he said. "Perhaps, after all, it's just as well. I don't see how you can be harmed."

"Look at Oh Ha!" shrieked the children.

The old Chinaman had placed the teatray upon the table beneath the awning, and, shuffling out into the sunlight, was beckoning with his hand.

"He says cake!" cried Betsy, and they boited.

Bob laughed out loud.

"Hurry on," she said, "or there won't be a crumb left for us!"

Winton had his tea with a child on either side of him.

"When I get big, I'll marry one of your boys," said Betsy confidentially. "I won't marry you, 'cause you go 'way all the time."

"Would you marry me if I promised to stay?" he asked.

She considered, with her brown head on one side.

"We'll think about that, won't we, Bob?"

Bob answered with one of her own slow smiles:

"That's your business, Betsy, old dear."

"And I ruin all my chances," Winton lamented, "because I have to go right now."

They all went out to the motor together, the children dancing on ahead.

"They're good little lassies," Winton said.

"They haven't any one but me to be bad with," answered Bob with a smile that turned into a sigh.

He slipped his hand down and clasped her hard, slender fingers.

"Do you forgive me?" he said.

"Yes—oh, yes," she replied in a strangled whisper.

"I'll never speak again," he went on, holding her hand closer, "but—"

"No—please," she whispered in the same choked way. "The children—everything must be all right for them, and I've messed matters so from the start. They are the ones to be considered—"

"But I am free," he broke in; "and if you—oh, Bob!"

She jerked her hand away.

"Won't it be wonderful when we get the

driveway in here?" she said. "Oh dear, I wish vanilla grew in a minute and could be cured in five! Come here, fellows, Captain Winton's going now."

They grouped themselves in the old familiar way that tugged at his heart-strings with great pain and tenderness, and watched him until the motor bumped out of sight.

Bob returned to her seat beneath the awning and took up her sewing again.

"I ought to cry," she thought argumentatively. "Indeed, I'm sure I should cry. But—Will and that woman! They have eloped together! I wonder what was the other thing that Jim wanted to tell me about Will! Jim loves me, he will soon have his freedom, and I *could* have mine."

The sewing sank to her lap beneath her hands, she looked out across the lagoon to the water roaring and beating on the reef, and her eyes were heavy with dreams. Betsy, Lorrilou—Jim and his two boys—the plantation at Arue and the Special Cure. She was still young, and life had piled her arms with its choicest treasures. All, all could be hers if—if—

When Betsy and Lorrilou were grown, this sorry scandal would be forgotten and buried deep; but if she divorced Will and married Jim Winton, this act by which she seized her own happiness would commemorate it in the minds of men and keep it alive forever. The tears welled up in her brooding eyes and washed them clean of dreams. She shook her head and bent again to her sewing.

"And I won't cry now," she said resolutely.

But the thought of Jim Winton's freedom intrigued her. He had turned to divorce, and she respected him as much as she loved him; so it could not be wrong. Besides, had not Will already freed her? Surely, surely he would seek a divorce and do what he could, however little, to rehabilitate Jim Winton's wife.

And then the black mark would be put upon Bob and the children, and she would suffer all of the shame and grasp none of the happiness. But was it shame? And what did she care about the world, once within the shelter of Jim Winton's arms?

The trouble lay in the fact that she could not escape there. He did not beckon her into a new world, but prayed her help in building up a shattered old one on a very precarious foundation, which a word

or a look would send down forever. Still, he was in no position to reproach her; and that did not improve the situation in the least.

Then loneliness and love-longing—the old, old overmastering desire to know the touch of the loved one's hand, even if life must be given in return—would cast away all scruples and wrap her in a garment of flame. Jim Winton was free, and he loved her even as she loved him—which was much. She would secure her freedom and enjoy her happiness as honestly as the world would permit.

She had served long and faithfully, with no thought of self, to atone for the tragic blunder she made in her early youth. And now, now that Will had deserted her, and she was, by her own efforts, in a fair way to make a fortune, who was there dared to judge her for opening her arms to the happiness she craved?

Bound upon the slow wheel of the days and nights at Arue, she turned from the desert of her duty alone to the oasis of her happiness in Jim Winton's arms. The children, the children! She owed them much, if only as an apology for having, under the circumstances, brought them into the world at all. But their lives lay in the future, with her there to help them; while the present alone was hers, with only herself to care if the waters of life rolled over her and the dear, sweet-salty taste of love passed her by.

One night she dreamed that Jim was calling her. She heard again his voice in pained, thrilled sweetness:

"Bob, I love you!"

Up she started, weeping, to find that it was two o'clock, and that the blast from Oh Ha's shell horn had crystallized the passion of her dumb longing into the unforgotten words.

The old Chinaman came to meet her with the warm, fragrant loaves in his hand.

"To-day I go to Papeiti," he said in his foolish French, "to see your name upon that deed."

Bob stared at him for a moment, hurt and a little confused.

"Why, Oh Ha," she protested, "I told you it was there, and the place is all paid for."

"And I am satisfied," rejoined Oh Ha inscrutably. "But I am going to town, and—I have a curiosity."

Bob took the bread and went back

through the perfumed darkness of the jungle, which bustled subtly in anticipation of the coming day. Oh Ha was going to town—well, so was she. She was going to leave the youngsters with Sister Rose Delphine at the little school behind the cathedral; and she would borrow enough money from Mr. Crowder, at Maxwell's, to go to San Francisco in the Ourangi and get her freedom. Then she would wait there until the Vahine got in, and then—and then—

Clasping the warm bread to her bosom, she trod swiftly along, her glowing, rapturous face uplifted to the stars.

V

SHE did not go to bed again, but worked and packed and planned until dawn. At seven o'clock they went out to the blacksmith's shop beside the road and caught the motor-stage to Papeiti. By eleven she had left Betsy and Lorrilou, eager and delighted with the outing, at Sister Rose Delphine's, and had entered the driveway to Mr. Crowder's fine bungalow on the Haapape Road.

Two Chinamen were watering the flowers and shrubs on the well-kept lawn. Four emaciated dogs were fighting on the front steps. At the side of the house ten pale-yellow children, with their fat, blowzy, brown mother, alternately wrestled, shrieked, and stared in through the open window at Beaton Crowder—in a starched white suit and with his hat on his head—seated at the table in the fine European dining-room and eating his breakfast with a knife and fork. There was a spotless napkin on his knee, and a very correct China houseboy was grinning over his shoulder at his pale-yellow children outside.

The dogs did not stop fighting when Bob arrived, and Beaton Crowder's Kanaka family shrieked and wrestled the harder, as if the excitement of her coming had stimulated them to show what they really could do. While the children howled and rushed about her skirts, Hotutu, their mother, laid vigorous hands upon her and loudly kissed her cheeks. Then Bob looked in at the window, too, at the white man surrounded by all the paraphernalia of his civilization and resolutely unconscious of the uproar outside.

"Yes," she thought, changing the text a little as she went along, "without are thieves and murderers—thieves of your con-

science, murderers of your peace, all wrought out of your own determination to have what you thought you wanted!"

Out in the road a motor stopped, and the Princess Mahareea came in, after an affectionate farewell with her lover, the French blacksmith from Punu. Her meeting with Hotutu was none the less warm because of the fact that she had once shared equally with her hostess in Crowder's affections.

Something turned like a screw in Bob's bosom, and the pain started her wide awake. Surely she had nothing in common with these brainless, unmoral, kind-hearted, brown women! Neither could she identify herself with Crowder, and spend her life in ghastly attempts to bolster up her self-respect, pitifully endeavoring to demonstrate to the world at large that she still possessed what she had obviously lost.

What madness had brought her to Papeiti? Her whole body burned hot with shame, and the tears smarted in her eyes. The young uns! It was agony for her to think of them. Suppose she had not become sane until she reached San Francisco, and was waiting for the Vahine to come in? Suppose—

"But, Bob," she said, "you are going back to Arue this very day!"

The assertion of the plain fact restored her balance.

"*Au 'voir*, Hotutu," she said.

Hotutu clutched her arm and pointed. The China houseboy had come out of the side door on the veranda. With true Oriental immobility, and utterly ignoring the shrieking horde about them, he informed Bob, in excellent French, that Mr. Crowder would speak to her now. Bewildered by the confusion and the violence of her own emotion, she followed him solely to escape further association with the ugly truth which had come to her there, and which she had accepted.

Crowder laid aside his hat and greeted her ceremoniously and with surprise, as if he had not been ignoring her presence through the window for nearly half an hour.

"What in the world has brought you to Papeiti?" he said.

Bob blushed again.

"A trade," she replied, "that I have decided not to make."

"You are not thinking of leaving the island, then?" he said, regarding her with queer attention.

Bob started involuntarily. What could this man know of her very private thoughts, things which it humiliated her now to acknowledge that she had been capable of thinking? As she started, the queer look deepened in Crowder's watchful eyes, and her cheeks burned high.

"No, I am not going to leave the island. I earn my living here. Why should I go away?" she demanded bluntly.

Crowder stared at her lovely, hurt, honest face, and his own became set in shocked surprise.

"Mrs. Conolly," he stammered, "is—is it possible that you don't—don't know?"

Bob stared back at him in a horrified amazement that topped his own. She felt assailed on all sides by an indistinct clamor of voices and innumerable clutching hands. She shrank within herself—the only way she saw to retreat—and heard once more Winton's puzzling words.

"You don't know what he has done?" Crowder inquired.

"No," she whispered, sick with suspense and anticipated shock. "No, I don't know what has happened. Will you tell me?"

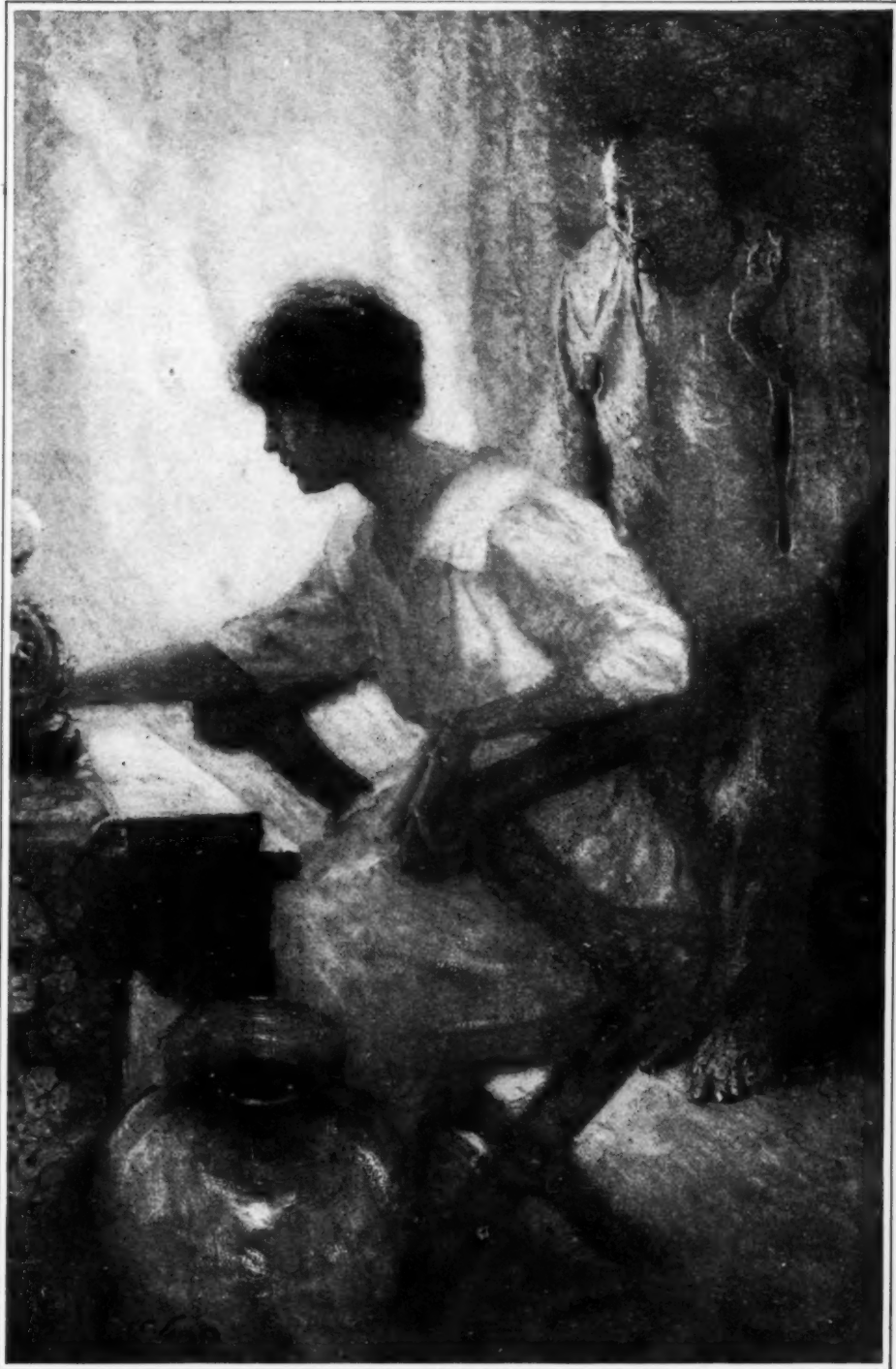
Crowder turned to a desk and took a folded newspaper from one of the drawers. He spread it out among the dishes on the table and pointed to the front page.

"This came down in the Vahine," he said.

Following his pointing finger, Bob learned for the first time Conolly's real object in coming to the island, why he had actually paid for the land, and what he had done. There was excellent material for a story, and the reporter had not skimmed it at all. The prospectus of the fraudulent stock company—Bob bit her lip, she knew it all by heart. It was exactly what she and Oh Ha were toiling night and day to make material reality on the plantation at Arue. She read of the people who had bought the stock—charwomen and age-retired ministers, stenographers, school-teachers, anxious widows who had ventured their little all in the warm hope that it would grow into enough to educate the children. She read of the two scoundrels, Norris and Conolly, who were nowhere to be found.

"You don't know what he has done?" Truly, indeed, she had not.

Crowder's finger went to the line below and stopped there. For a long time Bob's eyes rested where his finger pointed before



A SOFTENING RADIANCE SHONE OVER OH HA'S YELLOW FACE. "I AM HERE TO HELP MY FRIEND," HE SAID

she was conscious of what she read. After all, Will had not failed in her estimate of him. Partly because he was a coward, wholly because he hoped it might bring down at last the bright spirit that he had always failed to reach, he had forged her name in the papers of the company. She was named president of the fraud, and owned a majority of the stock.

This was why Oh Ha had questioned her! She remembered with a humorous little twinge like a needle-prick that he had accepted her solemnly pledged word, but nevertheless he had gone to Papeiti.

Even as she staggered under the shock of discovery, she realized that the game was in her own hands. With the ugly act of forgery Will had effaced himself and given her the power to make restitution. Upon the strength of what she could tell Crowder of the assured future of Arue plantation, she believed that Maxwell's would advance the money to pay back those poor, silly people who had bought the stock. Having recovered their money, she hoped that they would be wiser next time.

"Mr. Crowder, Mr. Crowder," she stammered in her haste and eagerness, "I—I can surely fix all that mess. We are not so bad as we seem, Mr. Crowder. Listen—listen, *please* listen!"

And Crowder listened, his eyes eating like acid into her lovely, transparently honest face. Once he went to the window and called a stern order in the native dialect that sent the two shrieking brown women and the horde of children hurrying in subdued silence to the native shack at the rear of the fine house. Once he went out into the next room, where he remained for some time. His eyes were quite red when he returned, and he did not stare nearly so hard. At last he went to his desk and brought a pencil and paper to the table.

"We'll figure this out now, Mrs. Conolly," he said.

So Bob knew her fight was won. The whole transaction was to go through Maxwell's representative in San Francisco, and the president of the collapsed plantation company would buy up all the stock at the price paid for it.

It was late afternoon when they finished, and long before that Mr. Crowder had given the keys to the head bookkeeper, to open the store. He sent Bob home in his own motor, with the eldest of his pale-brown sons for chauffeur.

The quick darkness of the tropic night had fallen by the time they turned off on the wide, white avenue that glimmered ghostlike before them through the brown stems of the palms. Young Crowder helped Bob to carry in the sleeping children, and wished her a civil good night. If she had offered him money, he would have taken it; but for his father's sake she refrained. So the red rear light of the motor winked out among the trees, and its droning purr died away.

The house was still, the children lay relaxed in healthy sleep, and Madame was doing battle with a rat beside the door. Bob turned the lamp low and went through the jungle to Oh Ha's. She could not rest until she told him what she had done.

That shrewd estimator of character was squatting before the oven, watching for her to come out of the jungle. Once again she found an attentive listener, and when she finished, she drooped forward and looked down with pale wonder at her hands.

"It is what I would have had you do," said Oh Ha. "Now we know where we are, and the future is clear ahead." He bent down and touched her eloquent hands with his gnarled fingers. "I am proud of my white friend," he said, his shrewd gaze still on her face. "You will eat now?"

Bob rose and passed her handkerchief across her forehead. It was all done to make sure that she still had strength enough to speak.

"No, thank you, Oh Ha," she said. "I don't feel hungry now."

It never crossed her mind that she had eaten nothing since leaving for Papeiti that morning, but it occurred to Oh Ha.

"I'll go now," she said.

Suddenly there rushed over her, like the warmth of wine and good food, a realization of what she owed this queer, wrinkled, yellow gnome of a man who had come out of the jungle, like a magician in the fairy tale, to save the future of her girls.

"You are good to me, Oh Ha," she said brokenly. "We'll buy all the green vanilla in the islands and cure and cure. You are the one I can never repay!"

She went back along the wet path and stood once more beside the lamp under the sagging old awning that Jim Winton had helped her to straighten. Jim Winton! The utter change that had been made in her life since eleven o'clock that morning rose up stark before her.

What was it Oh Ha had said? The future was clear. It was very clear. In it life and the pursuit of happiness burned bright for Betsy and Lorrilou—burned so bright as to have entirely consumed her life with Jim Winton and her love. She drew herself up as if to face an accusation.

"I would not have it otherwise," she said resolutely.

Then she sank into the chair where Winton had sat on his last visit, and wept and wept and wept.

VI

THE plantation at Arue prospered. The price Bob offered for green vanilla kept the beans coming in a steady stream, and work in the model drying-houses went on unceasingly, though the secret of the Special Cure was religiously kept. Once Bob attempted to demonstrate it to Oh Ha, but he refused.

"No," said he. "Chen and Betsy and Lorrilou will carry on the partnership. It is not fair to them that I should know."

She laughed and pooh-poohed his foolish scruples in her generous, happy way, but he persisted in his refusal.

The end of the month brought the Vahine and Jim Winton.

"I—I came," he hesitated, imploring Bob over the heads of the clamoring little girls.

They were overlooking the building of the new house, which was growing rapidly under the hands of the skilled Chinese workmen, and had not heard the motor slipping in over the smooth, white road. Bob put out her hand impulsively, and her face glowed with welcome.

"I am so glad!" she said.

Betsy and Lorrilou led him around, proudly exhibiting all the wonders that had been transformed from dreams on paper to material facts on the plantation.

"You are working a miracle here," he said when they returned to Bob again.

"Come on to tea," she replied, moving off ahead and ignoring his remark. "It is the last in the old house. Oh, have I manners to fit yonder beauteous *château*? Sit down—we have it all to ourselves." She busied herself with the tea things. "The children are going fishing with Oh Ha."

And then, when he was served, she told him the whole story. Now that her vow was taken, the die irrevocably cast, she felt that she could.

"Oh, Bob," he cried at last, "thank God for you!"

She smiled her own slow smile, the water welled up in her eyes, and two tears ran down her smiling, happy face.

"You mean thank God for Oh Ha," she retorted.

"No, I don't." He leaned forward in the chair where she had lain and wept her soul faint that night a month ago. "No, I don't—I mean thank God for you. You are a piece of the world's leaven. Oh, Bob, if you would only—"

"Don't, please," she interrupted imploringly, and her heart seemed to beat in her voice. "I told you once, and now, when this work must be done, it only makes everything harder to—"

"Bob, dearest!" he whispered ardently, and saw that she was weeping. Instantly he sprang to his feet. "I must go," he said. "May I come back, my dear?"

"Oh, yes!" She rose, too, smiling and wiping away her tears openly, like a child. "What would we do if you did not come? You are the only white friend the children and I—"

"You are not my friend, Bob," he burst out. "No, no, don't say that! I don't want you for a friend."

"Oh, no." She looked at him in lovely simplicity. "I am not your friend. I can't be, because—"

"Because you loved me first," Winton cried. "Oh, Bob, say it! Say it only this once. I'll never bother you again. I'll wait in silence forever and ever; but say it now, Bob—I love you so. Say it now!"

She stood there within easy reach of his hand, and yet in some mysterious way as removed as if death had stood between them.

"Yes," she breathed, "it is because I love you!" And they were wrapped in the white flame of silence.

The clock struck inside the house, slowly tolling the hour, and Bob picked up the little sock she had been darning.

"I am going," said Winton. He drew a deep breath. "In a month I will be back from San Francisco, and I will bring Betsy and Lorrilou each a new dress."

"Better choose a clever shop-girl to pick it out for you, Mr. Sailorman," Bob smiled back teasingly.

So they parted, laughing, and Bob went about her work content. She loved and she was beloved. No matter what life had done

to her, no matter what might be found in the future still to do, the most wonderful of all miracles had been accomplished. Love had come, and she knew that it would remain.

As the months sped by, the fame of the Special Cure ran in an ever-widening circle, and Arue plantation became the show-place of the whole group. The monthly steamers always brought a crowd of curious visitors; but they rarely glimpsed the mistress, the two beautiful little girls, or the tall, tanned man in white who was always with them if it was the Vahine that was in port. If they did, at dinner, after the steamer sailed, some woman would probably exclaim:

"Captain Winton, I be-

"And is she as handsome as they say?" would be the next question.

"She is certainly handsome," would be the non-committal answer.

But later, on the bridge alone, he would lift his anguished face to the starlit sky.

"She is the most beautiful woman in the world," he would groan. "Oh,



"I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT THE BOOKS SOME DAY, AND FIGURE UP MY SHARE"

lieve we saw you out at Arue plantation the other day. Do you know that Mrs. Conolly?"

"Yes, I do," Winton invariably replied. "Mrs. Conolly and I have known each other a long time."

Bob, Bob, why do you make me suffer so? And yet," he would add in quick contrition, "she is right if she sees it that way."

He hoped she would see it differently when the news came of his divorced wife's death in a hospital in New York. She had

asked that her family should be notified, and that her body should be returned to England for burial. Winton's ship was in port when he received the cable, and he went and spent the day with his two boys, who lived with his sister in Dunedin. When he brought the word to Arue plantation, Bob heard him out in silence, her sewing resting in her lap.

"If she was happy," she said musingly, and took up her work again. "If she was happy—I wonder!"

But that the death might apply to her own case, or in any way change her relation to Winton, she seemed utterly unconscious; and he went away wretched, lacking the courage to speak.

At last the Vahine took up to San Francisco the tins of Special Cure that paid off the plantation's indebtedness to Maxwell's and made Bob independent. When the ship returned, and Winton met her in Papeiti, she waved the canceled mortgage in his face and carried him back to Arue in the motor which Oh Ha insisted they could support.

Winton was sulky. His professional pride had been rather pinched by the fact that a stowaway had successfully made the trip from San Francisco in his ship and had disappeared into the purlieus of Papeiti; but the beautiful welcome in Bob's eyes set him smiling.

He did not return to his ship until late. The moon was high, bringing out the colors of the flowers like noonday, and pouring in a silver shower from the broad leaves of the palms. Bob walked with him across the lawn, and they paused by a huge datura covered with gorgeous, creamy blossoms that yielded a heavy fragrance. She turned and spread out her hands to the orderly, prosperous beauty of the place; the long line of drying-sheds, the workmen's quarters, the garage, the house, the shrubs and flowers, the velvety, well-kept lawn that ended at the edge of the lagoon, and the wide, white road winding away through the trees.

"Do you remember that first time you came here?" she said. "Look at it now! It's like a dream, except for what has happened. But the children's future is secure. Jim, you know, somehow or other, I think it always is that way. The safest and best future for our children is built upon an honest foundation of sweat and blood and tears. And those girls"—she hurried on with a little catch in her voice, and then,

laughing—"their legs are growing just frightfully. I can't keep them here any longer, Jim. I must take them home to school. Then they will be growing up and bringing husbands for my inspection. After that, please God, I'll be a grandmother; and then I shall be old. What a joke on Bob Conolly!"

"Go up with me next trip," said Winton. His eyes were on her, and his voice was almost stifled by the beating of his heart. "Go up with me, and put the lassies in school. It's coming autumn up there now, you know. And, Bob"—he took her hand, and she did not deny him—"forgive me, dear," he went on, hardly above his breath. Both of them were trembling now. "Forgive me, dear, but things have straightened out so, and—and—couldn't you ask for your freedom up there, Bob, and—and give it to me?"

"Yes," she whispered. Bob was always like that. For good or for evil she made all decisions quickly, and it seemed to her that she had won her right to love. "Yes," she whispered. "Yes, oh, yes!"

And suddenly to Winton the beauty of the night became intensified to actual pain. He looked up at the datura-bush, a white flush of beauty in the moonlight, and gave Bob's hand a little pull; and then he had her in his arms and pressed his lips to hers.

At length he left her standing there.

"You are my sweetheart now, Bob," he said masterfully, "and soon you will be my wife!"

"Yes," she said, and kissed him as she had dreamed of kissing him for so long.

Then she watched him stride away, strong and active, his erect, muscular figure in the starched suit of drill showing dull white in the shadow, dazzling in the moonlight, until he reached the motor and awoke the Chinese chauffeur. Bob waved her hand and stood until the motor vanished among the trees.

He was hers, all hers to have and to hold forever—yes, forever, for death could not part them. How black and worried he had looked when she met him in the morning! And now he had forgotten. Ah, what could the fate of a wretched stowaway matter in the face of their happiness?

The past was over and done. Why dwell upon it, except to intensify the marvel of the present—if such a device was needed? She laughed a little, low and sweet, as she returned to the house.

The black shadow on the step before her rose up and resolved itself into the stowaway from the Vahine. It was Will Conolly, burned out by vice and debauchery, beaten down by disease, rendered gaunt and tattered for lack of money.

"Well, Bob!" he said, and laughed wildly. "You've made it here in spite of me; and I've come back. I'm sick, and the police are after me; but you won't let me die—I know you won't. Save me, Bob!"

He crumpled up at her feet in a filthy heap.

VII

Bon did not stoop, she did not allow herself one single thought. Swiftly she ran to the servants' quarters and aroused her majordomo, Dong. She knew too well the folly of attempting secrecy. With his aid she lifted the poor, dishonored thing that had been her husband and was the father of her two little girls, bathed it, placed it in a clean, comfortable bed, saw it revive under hot food and stimulants, and Will Conolly looked at her once again out of its eyes.

"Well, Bob," he whispered hoarsely, "what are you going to do with me? I see you haven't run off with your beau, Winton, yet."

"Best go to sleep now," said Bob.

From sheer weakness he was forced to obey. She looked at him as he lay there. Yes, it did not help to deny the truth. That wreck, nursed and cared for, would live for years and years and years. Here was the joke on Bob Conolly. It was not old age at all. Good God, how passionately she wished that old age was upon her now! That all the abundant flow of life and love that made her body strong and young was drained away, and that she was old and careless, with only a half-dozen breaths to draw before she laid her down to make decent dust!

She had no illusions; she put away hope. She had seen Will Conolly prostrated before. In that moment, the space of a heartbeat, but wide as eternity, she put her love and joy behind her and set her face on the way which she told herself with dogged bitterness that she must go.

"You stay here, Dong," she said.

Then she went away to her room and lit the lamp at her desk, to write a letter.

Your stowaway was Will. He is here to stay. I know him—he will get well. I am not your

sweetheart now, Jim. We are not going up in the Vahine. Don't come out next trip; I haven't the courage to see you; but after that, and always when you want to—Bon.

Then she went back to Conolly's bedside with the letter in her hand.

"You need not stay here, Dong," she said. "I think he will sleep a long time. This note must go to Captain Winton, and the Vahine sails at seven in the morning."

Dong received the letter silently and scuffled out in his flopping straw slippers. Bob turned the lamp low, keeping her face averted from the bed meanwhile, and went away through the jungle to Oh Ha's.

It was nearly time to draw the bread, and he was casting up mysterious accounts on the well-scoured table in the bake-shed. The horn lay ready at his elbow.

"Oh Ha," said Bob in French, "Will Conolly has come back"; and she told him how. "He will get well," she ended.

Oh Ha stood up at her news, and listened, hunched up over the table, rubbing out the chalk figures with his fingers.

"He will die," he retorted.

"No, he will get well," repeated Bob; and with one tragic, eloquent gesture she revealed her wasted life and her lost love.

Old Oh Ha looked at her and bowed his head. Too well he understood. Then he reached over and touched her arm.

"My friend," he said in his French that never improved, "it is enough—put him away."

"Oh Ha," she cried, "it is never enough—the children—he cannot be put away!"

She burst into an agony of tears. Oh Ha drew the oven and blew the horn. Then he roused young Chen, left the disposal of the hot loaves to his small, capable hands, and followed Bob back through the jungle.

Will Conolly was awake when they came to his room, and visibly better and stronger; and Oh Ha knew his white friend had spoken the bitter truth.

"Hello, Oh Ha!" Will said jocosely. "Have you brought the bread? Did you come to doctor me or to give me poison? Great place we've got here, eh?"

Oh Ha remained inscrutable, and sat and listened to the man's talk; and all the time he was thinking, yes, yes, it was all true. With the care he was sure to get, Will would soon be up again, as wicked and vile as ever.

The sun was up when he finally rose, leaving Conolly cursing his rapidly mending

weakness, and emerged to the veranda, where Bob awaited the children's return from the morning bath to tell them, with what cheerfulness her poor heart could assume, of their father's return.

"This is bad," Oh Ha said. "You have not told the captain?"

Bob nodded, her wretched eyes on the river.

"I sent him a letter last night, and the Vahine sailed at seven this morning."

Oh Ha rasped his gnarled fingers against his chin and stood chewing, as if the news were too hard to be assimilated any other way.

"I—I— Perhaps I should not have told any one," faltered Bob. "Don't scold me, Oh Ha," she added brokenly. "I was so happy, and I don't seem to— to stand trouble so well any more."

"Scold you!" A queer, softening radiance shone over Oh Ha's yellow face and took away from the comic quality of his foolish French. "I am here to help my friend," he said. "Always to help."

She clasped his wrist, and, resting her face upon her outstretched arm, she wept.

"The children come now," said Oh Ha. "Tell them. But, my friend, he will never get well."

Conolly did mend rapidly, however; and he began to ask questions. The beautiful, orderly prosperity of the plantation piqued and irritated him. He regarded Bob covertly and with anger. He saw her rarely, for she worked harder than ever, and though he was most luxuriously cared for, she never had time to do more than halt a moment at his door with a word of pleasant greeting. Betsy and Lorrilou, being healthily aware of his detestation, appeared only beside their mother with polite morning wishes or evening farewells.

It was Oh Ha that sat with him most— Oh Ha, who listened stolidly while he cursed Bob's serene beauty and high and mighty airs, and speculated as to "how the devil she had turned the thing over so neatly in my absence."

Oh Ha remained silent, and Will cursed some more.

"If I could only get to Papeiti I'd find out soon enough! I know Winton's got nothing but his pay."

He talked a lot about going to Papeiti as soon as he got his strength back. He became boastful as his health improved, and laid plans for a riotous future.

"I knew this place was a money-maker when I bought it. I ain't such a bad business man—what? The coin must be rolling in here. I'll take a look at the books some day soon," he went on, sipping a long glass of rum and soda, "and figure up my share. Then I'll go to Papeiti. I saw a fine car go by the house here the other day, Oh Ha, and d'ye know, by thunder, it's ours!"

Oh Ha listened and meditated. Every day Will grew stronger and more restless under the restraint of convalescence. Very soon it would be impossible to keep him any longer on the comfortable couch in the corner of the veranda, surrounded by books and fruits and flowers, with his favorite rum and soda at his elbow. Conolly was a man in whom evil was active. Very soon he would rise up from that soft resting-place; and then—what then?

Late one afternoon Oh Ha went to Bob's room. Conolly had walked to his bath that morning and had reached his bed exhausted but unaided.

"You see, Oh Ha?" he cried exultantly. "You see? Oh, I knew where to beat it to when I was down and out! I've everything to get well for, and I'm getting. A fine place, with money rolling in, a fine motor, a beautiful wife—"

He laughed, and Oh Ha turned suddenly away, as if his mind was made up.

It was much later that he entered Bob's room on tiptoe, as was his invariable custom, and crossed to where she sat at her desk, figuring busily.

"Oh Ha," she said, regarding him gravely, "I've about concluded that it would be best to turn the plantation over to you, Special Cure and all. Read this, and tell me what you think of it for the basis of the transaction."

Oh Ha took the paper that she held up for his inspection, and tore it into shreds without reading it.

"We do not need that," he said.

"But, Oh Ha," she faltered, "Will is going to get well, and—oh, you don't know him!" she burst out, and clapped her hand to her lips.

"I do," replied Oh Ha. "It is you who have been deceived. I have come to tell you—you must not be frightened—he cannot live long. Perhaps a day or two, perhaps a week—we shall see; but not much longer. I have seen other men with this same illness."

And he went away, his horny toes scrap-

ing loudly on the woven pandanus mat as he walked.

VIII

OH HA did not go home. He went straight away from the beach, sweating and climbing higher through the bush into the green, sun-heated hills, where the shouting of waterfalls drowned out the sullen roar of the breakers on the reef; through gnarled, prickly thickets of limes and groves of orange-trees, where the yellow

fruit lay thick and rotting on the ground, until at last he halted before the damp, greenish coral door-stone of Piripoa the Wise One, called priest before the missionaries veneered the island with Christianity.

"Piripoa," said Oh Ha in the native speech, "I want another leaf."

The two exchanged swift glances of intelligence which would have led an observer to believe that Oh Ha was on a familiar errand.

Piripoa walked away, bent and silent, into the bush. Presently he returned, carrying in his hand a green and yellow *ti* leaf, folded over and pinned into place with a lime thorn.

"The same price," he said grumblingly, as he laid the folded leaf upon the door-stone.

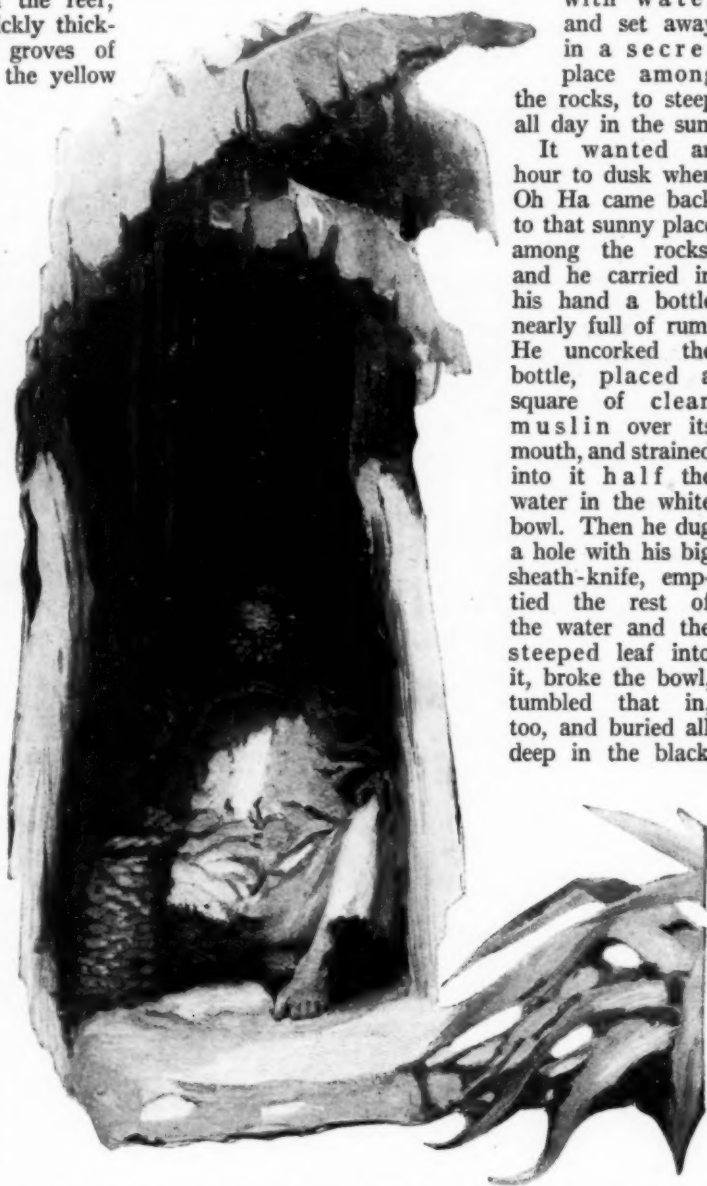
Oh Ha lifted the *ti* leaf. In its place he counted out five sovereigns of pale English gold upon the mossy stone;

then he turned without a word and took his way to the beach.

Early the next morning, while Chen drew the oven and dispensed the bread, Oh Ha picked the thorn from the *ti* leaf and opened it, revealing another leaf with a shiny surface, and of the size and thickness of a magnolia. This he placed in a heavy white china bowl, which he filled up

with water and set away in a secret place among the rocks, to steep all day in the sun.

It wanted an hour to dusk when Oh Ha came back to that sunny place among the rocks, and he carried in his hand a bottle nearly full of rum. He uncorked the bottle, placed a square of clean muslin over its mouth, and strained into it half the water in the white bowl. Then he dug a hole with his big sheath-knife, emptied the rest of the water and the steeped leaf into it, broke the bowl, tumbled that in, too, and buried all deep in the black



PIRIPOA REMARKED ON OH HA'S COMING WITH HIS PIERCING LITTLE RED EYES—

earth. This being accomplished, he cleverly corked the bottle again, and, lifting it in his hand, took his way through the jungle to the house at Arue plantation.

Will Conolly spied him the minute he emerged from the trees and shouted jovially, more in greeting to the bottle than to the wrinkled old Chinaman.

"That some more o' that Martinique rum, Oh Ha?"

The old man nodded.

"Bring it along!" cried Will. "I've some soda-water just the right lukewarmness to go with it."

He cut a fresh lime while Oh Ha was still on the broad, shallow steps, told the old man to draw the cork in a hurry, and mixed himself a drink before he would utter another word.

"By God, that's good!" he gasped as he put down the empty glass. "You know what I need, Oh Ha!"

He poured some more and sipped it, laughing and plying the old Chinaman with questions about "our business," and "how in thunder had Bob worked it the way she had done?" He would not let Oh Ha go. He said he had seen no one to speak to since the forenoon.

So the old man sat while Will ate his eve-

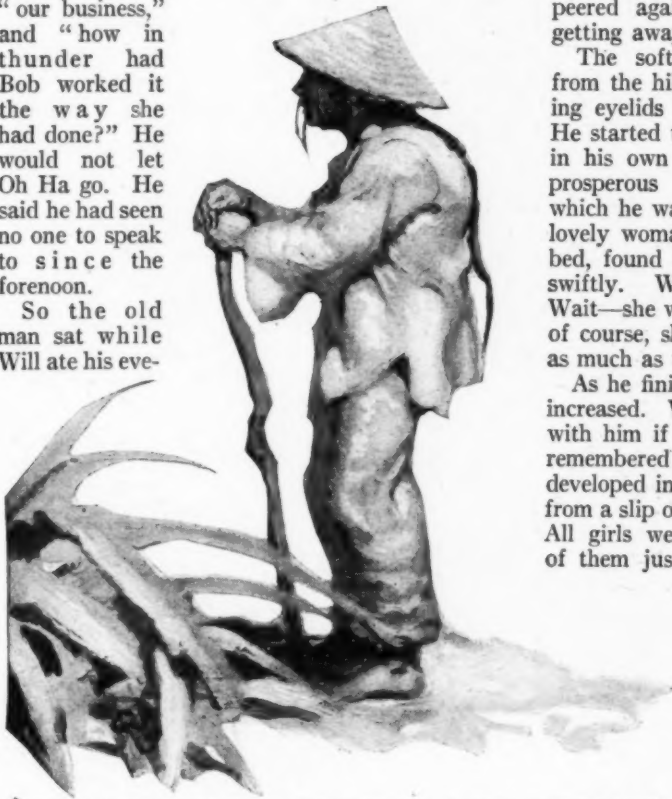
ning meal; and when he finished the bottle, hiccuping and boasting and cursing, Oh Ha supported him off to his room and saw him safely to bed. Then the Chinaman went away and took the empty bottle with him, but he did not have it in his hand when he reached home.

The world was very quiet when Conolly awoke. He sat up, thoroughly aroused, his brain alert, his veins stretched, strength and activity in every limb. Where was he? In jail? He shrank down upon the bed again in quivering dismay.

Then he realized that he was not in a cell, but in the room in the New York lodging-house where he had left Winton's wife. He peered down at the floor, and cold fear prickled between his shoulders and raised the short hairs at his neck. Was she still there, lying in that helpless, huddled heap? Curse a woman with no more pep in her than to go down like a lump of dough when a man kicked her! Was she—was she dead? He bent and peered again. He had better be getting away from there.

The soft, scented night breeze from the hills stole across his burning eyelids like cool, sweet fingers. He started up. No, no, no, he was in his own place, a beautiful and prosperous vanilla plantation of which he was master. There was a lovely woman, too. He got out of bed, found his clothes, and dressed swiftly. Who was she, anyhow? Wait—she was his wife! Of course, of course, she belonged to him just as much as the plantation did.

As he finished dressing, his hurry increased. Why wasn't that woman with him if she was his wife? He remembered perfectly now. She had developed into a rich, serene beauty from a slip of a girl, like a sour rind. All girls were like that, but some of them just grew and then shriveled, and some—developed into beauties, like the one that was his wife. It was a devilish gamble for a man to marry a girl. But not for him! No, he knew how to pick a woman as he knew how



—"PIRIPOA," SAID OH HA IN THE NATIVE SPEECH, "I WANT ANOTHER LEAF"

to pick a plantation. He'd go out and see if all was snug. When a fellow had such a place, it was a pleasure to walk about it.

He fairly ran down the wide steps and hurried over the soft, thick turf to the beach. He entirely forgot what had brought him out of the house. There was something very wonderful coming up out of the horizon beyond the heaving gray wall of the sea—something which he knew he must on no account miss. He sat down on the sand, with his knees drawn up to his chin and his hands clasping his ankles, and stared away eastward.

A wave of unconsciousness swept over him and receded, leaving him more keenly alert. What was coming up over there? What was it, what was it? He clutched his ankles tightly and stared.

The hours of darkness rolled on. Oh Ha drew his oven of fragrant bread and blew his mellow horn of warning. Dawn glimmered a space, and the sun rolled up majestically from behind the moving wall of the sea. It made the windows of the new house flash like diamonds, and glinted on the coffee-service set out with spotless linen on the veranda; but it did not dazzle the eyes of Will Conolly, nor did he flinch a particle from its blazing glory. He had seen the wonderful sight he was summoned forth in such haste to witness. He had not missed the miracle. The mysterious message had been breathed into his ear.

Bob came out upon the veranda and saw him sitting there bareheaded in the blazing sun. She hurried down the lawn.

"Will!" she called.

When he did not answer, she summoned her courage and touched his shoulder.

"Will," she said in her sweet, friendly way, "don't sit here in the sun. It will—"

She stopped suddenly and bent down. Then she straightened up and turned slowly to meet Dong, who had followed her to announce the morning coffee.

"Dong," she said in the native speech, "go and fetch Oh Ha. Conolly *tane* is dead."

Oh Ha came promptly and took charge. At sunset Bob stood with the two awed little girls and read the unforgettable words of the burial service from the prayer-book that her mother had put in her hand on her wedding-day. Then she turned and went slowly back across the smooth lawn,

while Oh Ha's imported labor filled up the great hole.

She could not sleep or eat or rest. All day she sat upon the veranda, inert and helpless, barely able to swallow the milk that Oh Ha fed her in spoonfuls. The old Chinaman was hardly prepared for this total collapse. He sat by her at night while she lay sleepless and silent on her bed, wondering if in playing the part of destiny he had gone too far.

On the morning that the Vahine came in to Papeiti she lifted her heavy eyes.

"Oh Ha," she said, "he is there. He's come, but I will not see him." She hid her face and wept. Oh Ha's knitted brows cleared, and he almost laughed. That was it! She wanted the man she had loved so long, but she could not send. She must wait until he came himself, and that was more than a month away, since she herself had forbidden him to come sooner. His ship was at Papeiti, and yet she had to wait—to sit on the veranda crouched in a big wicker chair, with her chin cupped in her hand, and wait.

Oh Ha departed abruptly, but Bob did not know or care. He found the Vahine alongside the government wharf at Papeiti.

"He is dead," he said to Winton without preamble.

"How do you know?" the Englishman gasped.

"I buried him," announced Oh Ha, looking as if he might have added more.

"And she—" Winton faltered.

"She is ill for something. I thought this morning," Oh Ha went on, "it might be for you; but she would not send. Some white women are like that. Come!"

So Bob, hearing the soft purr of the motor, lifted her sick, brooding eyes to see her lover striding up the steps of the veranda two at a time. And she who had not been able to send him even a word of greeting, now flew to meet him with feet like wings.

Captain Winton married the mistress of Arue plantation on the wide veranda there, with Oh Ha for her sponsor and her two little daughters smiling by her side. She did not dream of the service the old Chinaman had rendered her, and she never knew. She only realized that the battle which had been hers was fought and won with all honor, and that she had come safe at last to the warm arms of love.

THE END

That Riming Right-Fielder

BY JIM EGAN

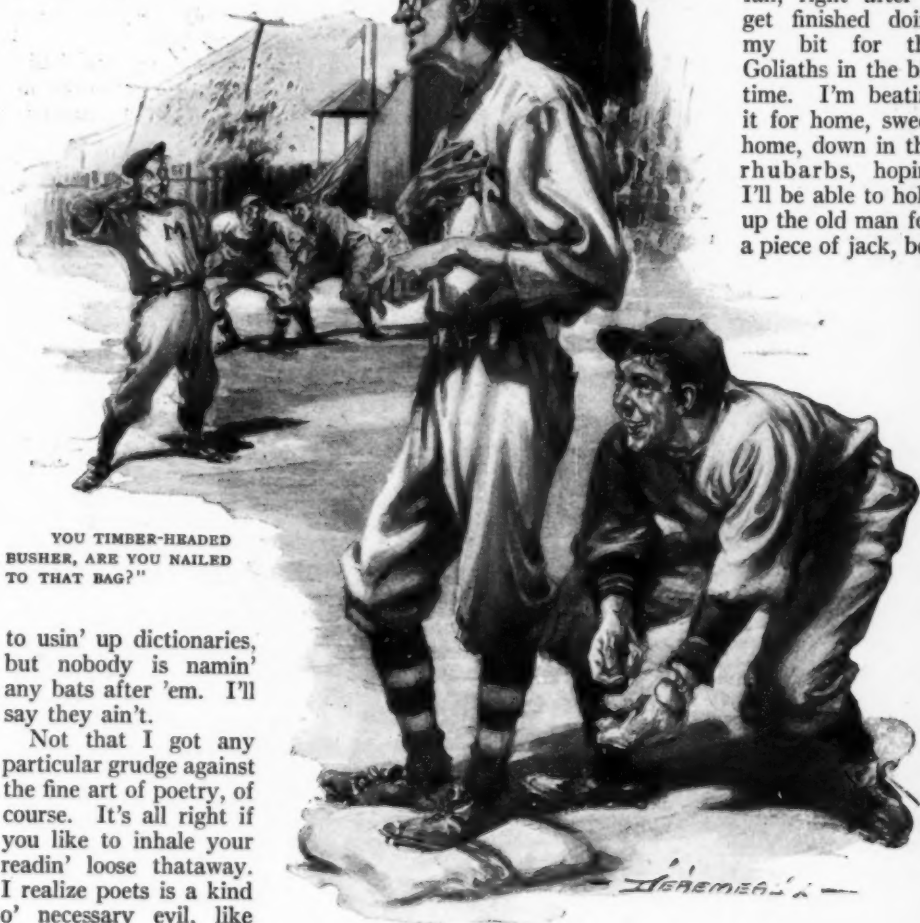
Illustrated by Irma Deremeaux

YEA, Marguerite, baseball is a wonderful game, but it ain't no pastime for poets. Them verse-mechanics and sonnet-carpenters is just like yellow tan shoes at a society hop. They don't belong. Tennyson, Longfellow, and those birds might 'a' been jake when it come

measles or bill-collectors. Just the same, I ain't forgettin' that it was a rice-brained rimer that cheated me outa five

hundred bones and the swellest four-bagger I ever clicked in my life.

It happens last fall, right after I get finished doin' my bit for the Goliaths in the big time. I'm beatin' it for home, sweet home, down in the rhubarbs, hopin' I'll be able to hold up the old man for a piece of jack, be-



YOU TIMBER-HEADED
BUSHY, ARE YOU NAILED
TO THAT BAG?"

to usin' up dictionaries, but nobody is namin' any bats after 'em. I'll say they ain't.

Not that I got any particular grudge against the fine art of poetry, of course. It's all right if you like to inhale your readin' loose thataway. I realize poets is a kind o' necessary evil, like

cause the Goliaths ain't finished in no money.

I'm out on the observation-platform, breathin' in scenery, when a young fellow flops into a chair 'longside o' me.

"Excuse me," he says, polite and scholarly, "but ain't you Dinny McDuff?"

"I might be," I replies, cautious. "You never can tell."

"You are Dinny McDuff," he says, positive. "McDuff, the famous catcher of the Goliaths. You were hittin' three hundred at the end of August, fieldin'—"

"Hold on!" I says. "What paper you with? I ain't got no cuts with me, and—"

"Oh, don't mistake me, Mr. McDuff," he utters, very earnest. "I am not a paper man. My name is Joe Reeves, and I manage the Pebletown Pirates—mighty classy bunch of semipros, too, Mr. McDuff. We're gonna put on a big fuss with the Millville Murderers in a few days for the State honors."

"Uhuh," I remarks, quite casual.

"Of course, Mr. McDuff, this game means a terrible lot to us Pebletown people. There's a lot o' kale up on the game, and the winners will sure make a cleanin'. The Millville boys are all rough-necks, but they can play ball—I'll say that for 'em, Mr. McDuff. And we're out o' luck right now. We've lost two catchers. One has the Spanish flu, and the other just broke a finger. I been tryin' hard to land another back-stop."

"Yes, yes," I says. "Go on."

"Here's the dope. I ain't been able to land a real mask-machinist. Of course, nobody is allowed to play who isn't a resident of Pebletown or Millville, but it's a case of havin' to slip over a ringer. An idea has just come to me, Mr. McDuff. You look a lot like a fellow who usta play years ago—Tim Brannigan by name. He'd be about your age and build, and he can be claimed as a Pebletown citizen. If you are willin' to be Tim Brannigan for this game, it's worth five hundred bucks if we win, and all expenses, anyway."

"For five hundred bucks I'd be Walter Johnson," I tells him. "Lead me to it. Are you sure you can get by with this Brannigan gag?"

"Surer than I am apples is fruit," he responds. "Nobody remembers Tim Brannigan well enough to deny you're the guy; and Pebletown fans don't care who the catcher is as long as he can grab 'em."

"But these Millville Murderers?" I says.

"Well, if they tumbled to you bein' a big-league ringer there'd probably be a young riot. Them guys are well named—they like their meat raw. They always carry a gang of fightin'-hounds with 'em—but don't worry. You are Tim Brannigan, come back to be engineer at the hotel and play ball with the Pirates. Leave it to me, Mr. McDuff—I mean, Mr. Brannigan."

I decides I would, and so I breeze into this Pebletown hamlet as Tim Brannigan, engineer and back-stop extraordinary, as the politicians gargon.

A tall, thin bird was waitin' for Brother Reeves at the union station and combination baggage-and-lunch room. He wore specs, an unhealthy look, and a lot o' overdue hair. I get a knockdown to this bird.

"Mr. Brannigan," says the manager of the Pirates, "meet Mr. Edgar Allan Hoe, Pebletown's leading poet. He also plays with us in the outfield. Edgar, this is Tim Brannigan, who usta live here. He is gonna catch for us to-morrow."

"Aw—delighted to know you," says this Hoe guy, handin' me one o' them limp and good-for-nothin' hand-shakes. "You—er—enjoy catching, Mr. Brannigan?"

"Oh, very fond of it," I comes back. "Of course, I'm gettin' old. A lot o' youngsters can show me up, I guess, but—"

Mr. Hoe tosses me a soulful look.

"Aw—Mr. Brannigan, remember those immortal words of Oliver Wendell Holmes—'And if I should live to be the last leaf on the tree'—"

"Very good—very good," breaks in Reeves; "but let's get over to the hotel."

We start steppin' it off, and this cantocomposer pulls the ivy on me. Some little clinger!

"Do you enjoy poetry?" he says to me.

"Not unless I'm awful hungry," I comes back, kiddin' him.

"Oh, what a naw-eve remark," he pulls, and I had a notion to paste him in the mush. He looked awful poor to me, this zob; but he spouts right on, without comin' up for air: "Lord Byron is a favorite of mine. He—"

"Don't like him," I says. "He called me out once on home when I was safe a mile. He's a bum umpire."

"But what do you think of James Russell Lowell?" he asks.

"Don't know him," I reply. "Is he in the American or the National League?"

I guess that makes him mad, for pretty soon he beats it away from us.

"Did I understand you to say that goof was on the team?" I says to Reeves.

"Yep. Plays right field."

"I guess five hundred bucks won't be any too much for the day's work, after all," I remark. "What's the idea of playing a cuckoo like him? Is all the team like Edgar Allan, for the love of Myrtle?"

"Oh, no," says Reeves. "He's a kind o' dub, but we have to use

"Ain't I seen your face before?" this small-town editor wants to know.

"That's where I usually carry it," I says. "Just for the sake of convenience and appearances."

"I saw a couple o' big-league games once," he says, absent like, "and I thought there was a bird play-in' that looked like you."

"What a swell:



THIS LINE OF GAB GETS ME SO FLUSTERED I WATCH THE LAST ONE FLOAT ACROSS, AND MAYBE THE CROWD DON'T PAN ME

him, because his aunt owns the ball-park. He's a terrible nut over ballads and such bunk."

I shakes my head, but don't say any more. I just hoped that riming right-fielder would lay off me during the coming combat.

I get by as Tim Brannigan, all right. The next mornin' the Millville manager comes to see Reeves and I, and tries to beef a little. He brings a kind o' crabby buzzard with him—a little prune that run a paper at Millville and wore big goggles over his lamps like a jitney-driver.

lookin' guy he must 'a' been," I remark, sarcastic, and he and the Millville manager beat it without sayin' much more. Only Little Goggle Eyes was wearin' an awful frown.

I was a bit worried. Like all the rest of the Millville mutts, I supposed he had mortgaged his home on the game. I hated to think of anybody gettin' wise to me bein' a big-time ringer, because there was too much hangin' on the game and too much Millville muscle in sight.

But when I blow out to the grounds for practise, and the Pebletown pitcher drops



I TEAR INTO
THE OUTFIELD
AND DO A FAIR-
BANKS OVER
THAT FENCE

in, I have something else to worry about. Our Pirate heaver is a big bird named Hi Skinner, and he certainly looks powerful strong.

"Well, how's the arm feelin'?" I says to Skinner, when we begin to warm up.

"Arm?" says he. "Listen! I don't need no arm to beat these guys! I could pitch left-handed to 'em, and then they wouldn't have a look-in. I don't figure I'll need an outfield to-day at all."

This cocky stuff don't make no hit with Dinny, so I calls this bird pretty sharp.

"If you don't look out, that dirigible above your collar will swell until you can't keep your cap on," I says.

"Oh, I guess not," he comes back. "I'm good, and I know it. When you ain't a dub there's no use thinkin' you are. I can make 'em dive away from the plate when I cut loose my fast one. You'd better put some steak in your glove to-day. I don't want you to have any trouble catchin' my speed."

"Don't getta frettin' none," I bark.

"I've warmed up Alexander, and I could catch your fast ones without a glove."

So I could have, too. He had quite a lot o' smoke and a fair curve, but I was so usta catchin' real stuff in the big show, I wasn't even impressed. I could hit a million against guys like him without tryin', but I supposed these Millville birds would

find him tough pickin'. I was hopin' as much, for I had my mind on that five hundred jack.

II

THERE's some gang out to see the game. We play inside a fenced lot, and the paid admissions just ooze in. When the umps calls her, there's a ravin' bunch of lunatics on hand, beatin' cans, chewin' peanuts and the rag, and knockin' old saws and both teams.

They bat first, and this Skinner boy fools em one, two, three. We come up. The first guy to bat

on our side is Edgar Allan Hoe, the poetic right-fielder.

"To be or not to be," says he, as he steps toward the pan.

"Can that goofy chatter and bust that ole agate!" I holler.

Well, he spikes the bucket clear to the bottom on the first one, and I groan and ask for the smellin'-salts. They call the next one. He takes a gentle, ladylike swing at the third, and gets a lucky bounce over the infield. Three cuts, and our next guy comes back for a drink of water. The third bird up is a husky lad, and he swipes one to the end of the lot. Any buzzard except a wooden man could easily make six bags on it, but this poet person only gets from first to third, while the other guy runs a loop-the-loop around second, waitin' for the ball to get back.

I'm up next, and the first one looks good to me. I click her and ride her a mile. If she'd gone on a line, that pill would have landed in the next State; but she travels high, and a fielder snags her by the fence. The poet on third has a chance to come in crawlin', but he stands beamin' on the cushion while they relay the old marble in. Believe me, I'm ravin' mad at wastin' that fly.

"What kind o' game is this—checkers?" I yells. "You timber-headed busher, are you nailed to that bag? Don't they score in this park unless they hit 'em out o' the lot?"

I was one sore lad, and they hadda hold me when the next bullet cuts the gas three times. I bawls Mr. Hoe good as we take the field, and he says with a sweet smile, the poor herrin':

"Do you know that beautiful line, 'Say not the struggle naught availeth'?"

I could have been given a thousand years for what I told that guy.

The game hobbles along until the fourth innin'. Skinner is goin' good, and everythin' is lovely. I come up in the fourth and get handed four wide boys. I steal second and third on the glass-armed Millville catcher, and another guy gets hit in the brains and limps to first. He cops second, and then Joe Reeves spots the Spalding for an ace and we count twice. Pebbletown goes clean nutty, and Millville bugs are about as sour as the milk we usta get on the spring trainin'-trips.

Skinner keeps zippin' 'em over, and by a lot o' luck we get to the ninth frame without damage. I has a chance to clout one in the seventh, but that darned poet horned in when I had two and none on me. Just as the Millville heaver lets go a fat one he yodels from the coachin'-line:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers the score is not what it seems!"

This line of gab gets me so frustrated I watch the last one float across, and maybe the crowd don't pan me. I'll say they do, Genevieve!

As we walk out for the first of the ninth, Skinner breaks the news to me that the Millville hitters are the lemon-crop of the season, and he wishes they'd given him a little more of a work-out. I tell him not to get flossy before the frame is over, but to keep buzzin' 'em right over the ole can. I had my eye on the pot—not to mention the poet.

We get the first two dubs in the ninth, and then the next bird hits a weak pop to our riming right-fielder. I could eat it myself, but the poor wart tries to glom it with his thumbs—and the batter lands on second. I suppose this juicy muff makes Edgar Allan Hoe mutter a few curses by Nathaniel P. Willis or William Cullen Bryant. I know the ones I used ain't out o' any poetry-book.

The crowd hollers and hoots. Skinner suddenly gets gay and passes two guys on purpose, bringin' their best little batter up. I'm as sore as a chewed ear, for I know Friend Hi is just tryin' to grand-stand by whiffin' the heavy slugger. I'm sweatin' some, too, for this guy is built like a young hotel, and has been layin' the ash against her all afternoon.

He has a weak spot, though. He can't locate a good curve. I cuss the luck, do a little prayin', and hope no more flies sail out in Edgar Allan's pasture.

Skinner gets two and two on our man, and I call for a curve. But our big slabbist shakes his sconce cockily and shoots his terrible fast ball toward me. It never arrives. *Bang!* The big bullet booms it into the river outside the park. Four runs! Talk about bein' sick—and sore!

Yea, Marguerite, I'll utter I was.

We bury the next swatter, but things look mighty bum. The Millville fans are makin' the welkin, cow-bells, and everythin' else ring, while the Pebbletown backers crab somethin' scandalous. I sure tie into Edgar Allan Hoe myself.

"If you was only a fisherman instead of a blank-verse butcher," I tells him, "this wouldn't never have happened. You'd have your nets along with you, and you might catch something."

"Errors will occur," he says, serene. "Errors will occur. I did not intend it. Be merciful. Remember the words of the immortal bard—'The quality of mercy is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven.'"

"Immortal bunk!" I says. "What you droppeth was not dew—it was a fly that should have ended the game. I dunno what it is that keeps me from knockin' you into your grave."

"Yea, you butter-fisted boob," chimes in Skinner, real cordial. "With the support I get, no wonder they got those four runs. It's a crime!"

I turns on him some speedy.

"You ain't got any cause to warble none," I says. "In the thinkin' averages your percentage is about ten below zero. Here I call for a hook, knowin' what this bird can't hit, and you ease him a fast ball a crippled child could smear! As a pitcher, you'll do to carry water from the well, and that lets you out!"

Durin' this time two of our noble boys has succumbed, one bein' Effervescin' Edgar, who misses three slow ones with rare poetic beauty. I'm crazy to get another crack at the ball, but the chances ain't fat, for two guys bat ahead o' me.

The ole horseshoe is workin', however, and the Millville thrower gets wild. He hands out a pair of free tickets to first, and I come up once more. The crowd is howlin' again, and the Millville bugs give me all they got.

I am pretty mad, and I set myself for a blow. The first ball over is a baby, and I crash it. Just as I'm making my swing I hear our poet yell:

"Lay on, *Macduff*!"

And as I start pickin' 'em up and layin' 'em right down for first, I hear the shrill voice of that little prune of a Millville editor screamin':

"McDuff! McDuff! He's the man! McDuff of the Goliaths! A big-league ringer! I knew I had seen him before! They have cheated us! Let's get 'im, boys! Let's get 'im!"

I'm roundin' first as the ball floats over the fence into the river, but I never touch second. I tear into the outfield and do a Fairbanks over that fence. Across the river I swim and glom a freight that's just pullin' out. Good-by, ball-game, five hundred bucks, Edgar Allan Hoe, and those Millville Murderers for me!

Yea, Marguerite, I repeat that baseball is a wonderful game, but it ain't no pastime for poets. Leave 'em in the libraries, but keep 'em off the diamond. Even ole Bill Shakespeare, who was the world's champion at that verse stuff, never tried to butt in on a ball-game.

I'll squawk he didn't.

THE OWL

WEIRD in the muffled night, with eyes of hate and fire,
I perch on a withered branch, and my vigil does not tire
While I watch the globe of the moon, a circling funeral pyre.

Round are my eyes and fixed with a stony, cruel stare;
Under my curving beak is a sneer for you who dare;
Over my tufted head the night sky blank and bare.

Oracle grim, am I, and seer of a cynic's guile;
I see the sunlight pass and the shadow on the dial;
I lived with kings who died, with Pharaohs on the Nile.

In Lebanon's cedars green I made an ancient nest;
I saw the prophet's hands crossed on his pulseless breast;
I know there is but a breath—the night's black pall—and rest.

Babylon, Carthage, Tyre—where are they now, I ask?
Fools, you who fume and strut, steeped in a moment's task!
Only one god holds sway, and 'tis he of the icy mask!

Wisdom, they say, is mine—dull dower of the darkened cave;
Fixed are my eyes and hard with the flint that Satan gave;
The spread of my wings is flung o'er silence and the grave!

Weird in the muffled night, with eyes of fire and hate,
Till the end of the world is come on the withered branch I wait,
While I watch the globe of the moon, an embered lamp of fate.

Paul Steele



PROFESSOR ALBERT A. MICHELSON, HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICS
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

A Great American Scientist

SOME OF THE REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF ALBERT A. MICHELSON, WINNER
OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR PHYSICS AND OF THE COPLEY MEDAL

By Robert H. Moulton

THERE is a man in Chicago who can measure the five-millionth part of an inch—a distance amounting to one-fiftieth of the smallest distance revealed by a theoretically perfect microscope.

This same wonder-worker can also rule on a piece of polished glass only one inch

wide, fifty thousand straight, parallel lines, equally spaced.

He has determined the length of the standard meter so accurately that his figures cannot be subject to a fault exceeding more than one part in two million. He has measured the almost inconceivable rate at

which light travels with a possibility of error not more than one-fortieth of one per cent of the distance measured. As a crowning achievement, he has determined the degree of rigidity possessed by the terrestrial globe.

This man is the first American to receive the Nobel prize for physics, and the only American who has ever received the Copley medal of the Royal Society of London. Despite achievements that are epoch-making in their significance, his name is little known outside of scientific circles. He is Albert Abraham Michelson, Ph.D., Sc.D., LL.D., who has been for seventeen years professor and head of the Department of Physics at the University of Chicago.

Professor Michelson's experiments to determine the rigidity of the earth are intensely interesting. Science has long needed to know the physical properties of our globe. It is impossible to learn much about them directly, as the deepest mines yet sunk penetrate less than two miles below the surface, a distance proportionately no greater than the thickness of the varnish on a two-foot globe.

The interior of the earth is believed to be intensely hot. This theory is based on the fact that molten lava is thrown forth by erupting volcanoes. Also, in descending a mine, there is a rise in temperature amounting to about one hundred degrees (Fahrenheit) per mile of descent. If this rate of increase is constant, the temperature at a depth of one hundred miles down—about one-fortieth of the distance to the center of the earth—must be above the melting-point of all substances under conditions as they exist on the surface of the globe. However, despite the high temperature, the interior of the earth may be held in a solid state by the tremendous pressure to which it is subjected.

THE PHENOMENON OF THE TIDES

Under the accepted theories of celestial mechanics, scientists assume that every celestial body is subject to the attractive force of the other celestial bodies, in proportion to their mass and distance. An instance of this law is seen in the terrestrial phenomenon that we call the tides, which is due to the joint attraction, or gravitational pull, of the sun and the moon—chiefly the latter, on account of its very much greater proximity. There is still a certain amount of controversy as to the

precise method in which this force operates, but the general idea may thus be expressed in popular language:

Because the ocean is liquid and the frame of the earth is solid, the former is more readily displaced by the gravitational pull of the sun and the moon than the latter. The result is that its waters rise in a succession of long, low waves which, as the earth revolves, sweep around it twice daily from east to west, following the apparent motion of its two luminaries, and causing the rise and fall of the tides.

If the body of the earth were of the same consistency as water, there would be no visible tides in the ocean, for the whole mass would yield to the attraction of the sun and the moon just as the sea does, and land and water would rise and sink together. On the other hand, if the framework of the globe were absolutely rigid, the tides would reach their maximum theoretical height. Therefore, if we can compute the theoretical height of the tides according to the laws of gravitation, and then measure their actual height, the relative proportion of the two figures will give us a very definite measure of the degree of rigidity which the earth possesses.

Having computed the theoretical maximum height of the tides, Professor Michelson's next step was to determine their actual height. This was a task of great difficulty. If shore-lines were perfectly straight and the floor of the ocean perfectly level, the height of the tides could be measured directly; but irregular shore-lines and shelving beaches affect the motion of the tides and make it impossible to determine their height with the accuracy demanded by science.

Sir George Darwin made elaborate experiments to determine the height of the tides, but was obliged to give up the problem in despair. Professor Michelson overcame the difficulty by laying two pipes, each five hundred feet long, and measuring the rise and fall of the water in them. One length of pipe was laid north and south, the other east and west, in order to measure the tides in both directions. They were buried six feet under ground to obtain a uniform temperature.

At the ends of the pipes tees were inserted having glass windows for observatory purposes. The pipes were half filled with water; and the changes in the height of the water were ascertained by measuring

through a microscope the distance between a pointer inserted just under the surface of the water and the image of the pointer reflected above the water.

The maximum rise and fall of the tides in these pipes did not exceed the one-thousandth part of an inch; but so perfect was the apparatus, and so accurate the readings by Professor Michelson, that all their variations were accurately determined. Tides are complex things. Their height varies with the position and distance of both the sun and the moon, and therefore is never the same two days in succession.

Professor Michelson's experiments established thirty stages of tide variation, corresponding almost exactly with the variations obtained theoretically by computing the attractive forces exerted by the sun and the moon in their changing positions. The practical correspondence of the actual height of the tides with the theoretical height proved that the earth is a rigid body and not a viscous mass.

MEASURING THE SPEED OF LIGHT

The first achievement to bring Professor Michelson's name to the attention of the scientific world was his accurate determination of the velocity of light. This, too, was accomplished only after overcoming tremendous experimental difficulties.

Light is the fastest thing in nature; it represents the absolute known limit of speed. After four years of work and study, Professor Michelson announced that it travels with a velocity of one hundred and eighty-six thousand three hundred and thirty miles per second. The maximum error in this figure is not more than one-fortieth of one per cent. How near this is to absolute accuracy may be judged when it is stated that although light travels more than seven times around the earth in a single second, the maximum error in Professor Michelson's figure does not exceed the distance a man could walk in a single day.

Professor Michelson has devoted many of the best years of his life to the study of spectrum analysis. Every substance, when heated, emits a characteristic light. By means of the spectroscope this light is analyzed and the elements giving off the light are thereby revealed. The spectroscope has enabled scientists to determine the elements in far-distant stars. It has made possible tremendously important discoveries concerning the nature of atoms,

the minute particles of which all matter is composed.

The difficulties of spectrum analysis will be realized when it is learned that a single atom of sodium emits eight hundred billion vibrations per second of two slightly different kinds of light. Professor Michelson had not studied the subject very long before he improved the spectroscope, calling the improved type an echelon spectroscope. This wonderful machine divides light into its various constituents and makes possible their separate analysis.

The echelon spectroscope uses a glass grating—a piece of highly polished glass on each inch of which are ruled from fifteen thousand to fifty thousand straight lines, equally spaced. To make these almost inconceivably fine gratings Professor Michelson invented a ruling engine which is probably the most accurately constructed mechanical device in the world. It is operated in a room, the temperature of which is kept constant to within one one-hundredth of a degree.

To assist in analyzing the lines of the spectrum into their fundamental constituents, Professor Michelson invented another complicated and delicate machine, the harmonic analyzer. By its use an assistant can in a few minutes make calculations that would take a skilled computer weeks to accomplish by the old methods.

WHITHER IS THE EARTH MOVING?

Scientists have long endeavored to determine the absolute motion of the earth through space. It is known that our world swings around the sun, and that the entire solar system is moving toward the constellation Hercules at a rate of about twelve miles per second, or four hundred million miles per year. However, as scientists have not yet been able to measure the motion of Hercules, they still do not know the absolute motion of the earth. In 1880 Professor Michelson attacked this problem by endeavoring to determine the motion of the earth with reference to the ether, the all-pervading medium which is believed to fill intersellar space.

All of us have noticed, when walking through the rain, that although the drops may actually be falling vertically, they seem to be falling at an angle, the degree of this apparent deflection depending upon the speed at which we are walking. Looking out of the window of a fast-moving train

the deflection is much greater. Now scientists have noticed a similar deflection in the angle of the light coming to the earth from some far-distant star. As the medium that carries the light between heavenly bodies is the ether, scientists argue that the deflection is due to the relative motion of the earth through the ether.

Professor Michelson eventually overcame the tremendous experimental difficulties in connection with this problem; but no motion of the earth with respect to the ether was found. This result came as a profound surprise to the entire scientific world. It does not necessarily mean that the earth is not moving through the surrounding ether; but a number of basic scientific theories must be revised to account for the new discovery. In working upon this problem Professor Michelson invented another marvelous instrument, which he called the interferometer, and which is fifty times more powerful than the most perfect microscope. The microscope's power is limited by the length of a light-wave; and the smallest distance it can reveal is one-half a wave-length, or the one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch. By utilizing the properties of light in another manner, the interferometer can reveal distances equivalent to one five-millionth of an inch.

AN ENDURING STANDARD OF LENGTH

The microscope has been of immense value both in scientific work and in practical life; and the invention of an instrument fifty times more powerful is a most

remarkable achievement. Professor Michelson used his new device to aid him in measuring the standard meter, the foundation of the metric system, in terms of almost infinite exactitude and in a manner that will make this unit perpetual.

The original meter length is carefully preserved in Paris; but scientists have long been anxious over the possibility of its destruction. In 1893 an international commission on weights and measures asked Professor Michelson to devise some method by which it could be accurately reproduced. The meter is theoretically one forty-millionth of the earth's circumference; but this definition is not accurate enough for scientific purposes.

Professor Michelson announced the length of the meter in terms of the waves of cadmium light, with a maximum error of one part in two million. This definition will always enable scientists to reproduce the meter accurately, as long as cadmium light retains its properties—which will no doubt be as long as the earth exists.

These are the most striking achievements of America's greatest scientist. Any one of them is sufficient to perpetuate a man's name in the annals of science. The result of Professor Michelson's experiments with reference to the motion of the earth has raised questions that it will take science many years to answer satisfactorily; and his determination of the rigidity of the earth has made possible further and more wonderful progress in the sphere of celestial mechanics.

AUTUMN BUGLES

WE have heard all the flutes of spring,
The lutes of summer, loud or low,
And now for our hale heartening
The bugles of the autumn blow.

From crest to crimson crest they call
Across the golden interval;
Though day decline and twilight fall,
Their ringing summons does not fail.

The music of a myriad rills
By them adown the wind is blown;
The voices of a thousand hills
Is in the triumph of their tone.

Come forth and listen to their mirth,
Their ecstasy in overflow!
It is the ripened joy of earth
The bugles of the autumn blow.

Clinton Scollard

Family Ties

BY E. K. MEANS

Author of "The Squeeze Wheel," "Diada, Daughter of Discord," etc.

THERE were two men in Tickfall to whom everybody came with their troubles—Vinegar Atts, pastor of the Shoofly church, and Skeeter Butts, proprietor of the Hen Scratch saloon. Both were reputed among their fellows to be wise in all human experience and equal to every emergency of life upon the earth.

Generally a man in trouble went first to Vinegar Atts, after which he poured his tale into the ear of Skeeter Butts. Each of these modern solons gave the troubled one some expert advice; then the preacher and the barkeeper got together and held a consultation, in which, as in a consultation of physicians, the diagnosis of each was confirmed, but the treatment was changed.

This time it was Shin Bone in trouble. Shin was the proprietor of a hot-cat eating-house, which made him and his wife very popular in the community, for there seems to be a natural affinity between a colored person and a piece of fried catfish.

"Whut ails yo' mind, Shin?" Vinegar asked as Shin sat down on the cabin porch, dropping his old wool hat at his feet.

"I's in deep troubles," Shin said sorrowfully.

"A nigger's trouble is like de rainbow—'tain't got no end," Vinegar philosophized. "But I don't turn no nigger friend down because his troubles won't terminate. I's willin' to he'p you fer any amount up to one dollar."

"'Tain't money troubles," Shin said. "My bizness is doin' fine, but I ain't gittin' along so powerful good in my fambly."

"You ain't got no fambly, excusin' Whiffle an' yo' baby," Vinegar observed.

"De baby is all right," Shin explained; "but Whiffle ain't doin' so well."

Vinegar sat for a while in an expectant attitude, waiting for Shin to go on with the narration; but Shin found it hard to tell what he had come to say. He made several abortive efforts to get his mouth to going,

which got no further than a wretched silence and made him look like an idiot.

"Well?" Vinegar bellowed. "Why don't you say somepin? You ack like one of dese here deaf an' dumb mutes celebratin' de Fo'th of July wid noiseless powder."

"My ailment is dis," Shin said desperately, speaking the words in a rush, as if in a hurry to get the confession over. "My wife, Whiffle, is payin' entirely too much attention to yuther nigger men."

Vinegar drew a corn-cob pipe from his pocket and took a long time to light it, while his attention seemed to be concentrated upon a row of dead trees whose snaggy branches were visible on the Little Mocassin Ridge, four miles away.

Shin fidgeted and twiddled his thumbs. Finally he reached down at his feet for his wool hat, and began to gnaw at its brim, as if he were starving to death. He had chewed nearly around the circuit of the brim before Vinegar took his eyes off the old dead trees; and even then Vinegar merely looked at him and said nothing.

"Yes, suh," Shin continued, finding it easier to talk now that he had made a start.

"I always believed dat Whiffle wus jes' as good a frien' to me as a wife nachelly gits to be, but now I done changed my mind."

"Who is de man whut runs atter her?" Vinegar asked.

"I don't know, an' I cain't find out," Shin responded. "Of co'se, no nigger man ain't gwine come to see her when I'm hangin' aroun'. Whoever is courtin' Whiffle comes to de back door of de resteraw when I'm out in town somewhar."

"Mebbe it's some of her kinnery dat has sneaked back to town an' ain't hankerin' to be perceived, especially by de police."

"It couldn't be none like dat," Shin replied. "Whiffle ain't got but one kinfolks, an' dat wus her brudder. Dat brudder is plumb absent fer good an' all. You knows whut happened to him, don't you?"

"Naw, suh," Vinegar answered, scraping his head with the palm of his hand to stir his recollection.

"It come to pass at our weddin'," Shin told him. "Atter we got hitched, a passel of niggers moseyed over to our house to wish us a fussless married life an' git a sasser of ice-cream an' cake. Us soon gobbled up our vittles, an' I gib her brudder, Pewter Boone, a ten-dollar bill to go git some more eats. He went."

"Well?" Vinegar snapped. "Go on wid de story."

"Dat's all," Shin responded. "As I tole you, Pewter went. He tuck my ten dollars an' jes' nachelly abandoned me. He ain't never come back, an' I'm got a hunch dat he's gwine till yit."

"I don't remember when dat nigger lived in Tickfall at all," Vinegar said.

"He didn't live here," Shin said impatiently. "He got his raisin' in N'Awleens. Jes' dropped in day o' the weddin' an' then dropped out before I even took time to get a good look at him. But dat Pewter nigger ain't got nothin' to do wid dis. Us is done side-tracked an' got off de subjeck."

"Whut does you want me to do?" Vinegar asked.

"Keep yo' eye out fer me, an' find out who dat nigger is whut hangs aroun' Whiffle."

"Naw, suh," Vinegar said promptly. "I don't monkey wid no love scrapes. I'm a exput in givin' religious advices, but I ain't no mattermony-fixer. I declines."

"Who muss I take my troubles to?" Shin asked desperately.

"Tell yo' sorrers to de barkeep," Vinegar chuckled. "You knows as well as I do dat Skeeter Butts is de exput-mattermony-fixer of dis town."

Shin placed his hat on his head and stood up.

"I aimed to ax Skeeter, too, rev'un, but I decided to come to see you fust."

"Dat wus right," Vinegar applauded. "I loves to git fusters on eve'y scandal in town."

II

WHEN Shin Bone revealed his trouble to Skeeter Butts, the situation delighted the very soul of the barkeeper.

"At de fust off-startin', my notion is dat a lot of hongry niggers is hangin' aroun' yo' kitchen beggin' fer free vittles," he told Shin. "Whiffle ain't figgerin' on bustin' up

her happy home by runnin' off wid some yuther nigger man. I know she ain't did such a much when she married you. She ain't got no husbunt to brag on, but she done de best she could at de time, an' husbunts ain't improved so much dat she aims to lop you off."

"Kin you kinder watch aroun' an' see who it is dat's hangin' aroun' de kitchen?" Shin asked.

"Why don't you do yo' own watchin'?"

"I cain't git close enough to see."

"Stay fur away an' look," Skeeter suggested.

He rose, walked around the bar, and brought out a pair of army field-glasses enclosed in a leather case. They were handsome things. He adjusted the lenses to his vision, handed them to Shin Bone, and indicated an old tree whose dead limbs pointed upward like the fingers of a gnarled and twisted hand in the Little Mocassin Swamp, three miles away. Shin placed the glasses to his eyes and uttered a yell of surprise.

"My Lawd!" he exclaimed. "I see a red-head woodpecker settin' on one of dem limbs!"

"Suttinly," Skeeter said. "You kin look jes' as fur as you wants to when you look through dem glasses."

"I ain't aimin' to see no funder dan a suttin nigger man," Shin replied. "Atter I see who Whiffle's beau is, I expects to git a little closer."

"How close?" Skeeter grinned.

"Close enough to shoot at dat nigger six times; an' ef I has bad luck an' misses wid all dem shots, I's gwine throw brickbats at him half an hour," Shin told his counselor.

"All you got to do is to borrow dem glasses an' keep yo' eye on de kitchen."

"Whar would be a good place to hide while I watches?"

In his mind, Skeeter took a survey of all the surrounding country before he offered a suggestion. Finally he pointed to a tree half-way across the town, on a little hill, and said:

"Ef you climb up in dat tree an' hide yo'se'f in de leaves, I figgers dat you will hab a straight line to look right at yo' kitchen door. Ef I wus you, I'd go out to dat tree right now an' take a look wid dese glasses."

"I'll shore try dat on!" Shin exclaimed.

"Does dese here glasses b'long to you?"

"Naw. Dey ain't really mine, but I'll lend you de loant of 'em," Skeeter said.

"A feller come to dis saloon an' borrowed some money, an' lef' dese here spy-glasses fer s'curity. So, of co'se, dey is mine ontill he fetches back de money whut he borrowed."

III

SHIN went out to the tree that Skeeter had indicated, seated himself among the branches, and directed his vision to the kitchen door of his restaurant. So powerful were the lenses that it seemed to him that the door was only ten feet away.

First appeared the Rev. Vinegar Atts. Whiffle sat upon the steps and talked to him for some time, much to Shin's disgust.

"Dat ole fat fool said he warn't gwine to butt into my fambly scandal," Shin grumbled. "I knowed he couldn't keep hisse'f out. He sniffs aroun' atter yuther people's sins like a smell-dog!"

Some minutes later he brought his glasses again to bear upon the kitchen, and was disgusted to find Skeeter Butts on the steps.

"Dat nigger oughter hab sense enough to keep away from dar," he grumbled. "He oughter watch when he knows I ain't watchin'."

Shin's perch in the tree became very uncomfortable before Skeeter left. Then his long waiting was rewarded.

A strange man came to the kitchen door, and Whiffle rushed out to meet him with every manifestation of delight. They sat down together, and Whiffle left no doubt in the mind of her jealous, watchful husband that she was enamored of this new negro.

For more than an hour Shin hardly took the glasses off the man's face. For a while he had the idea that he had seen the visitor somewhere before, but this impression gradually vanished.

He decided that the stranger was a city negro, because of his easy manners. His quick-moving lips showed that he spoke readily, and he carried himself in a way that suggested a soldier. He had typical Ethiopian features, and was what the negroes call "brown-skin."

"Dat is one of dese perch-mouthed city niggers wid big ideas an' small judgment," Shin grumbled as he climbed down from the tree. "I think I'm done watchin' him to-day. I'll climb up here an' hab a little session wid dat nigger to-morrer."

When he got back to his place of business he found Whiffle just as she had been for several days, bubbling with excitement

and laughter, her nerves atingle with some great secret.

"Whut ails you, Whiffle?" he growled. "You ack like you done seen about seben angels or had about 'leven drams. I ain't had nothin' to perk me up like you is."

"I don't tell eve'ything I knows, Shiny," she laughed, all unconscious of the clouds of jealousy which had gathered over him like a storm above a mountain peak. "A nigger husbunt hadn't oughter know too much."

"Why oughtn't dey know too much?" Shin snapped.

"Because dey's apt to lead deir wives a dance," Whiffle snickered.

"Huh!" Shin grunted. "I's like a jack-ass—I ain't got no year fer music an' no foot fer dancin'!"

Then he went and loaded his pistol and slipped it into the pocket of his coat.

IV

WHEN Shin described to Skeeter Butts the strange man he had seen at the kitchen door, Skeeter evinced great surprise.

"Dat's de picture of de man whut borrowed some money from me an' gib me dem spy-glasses fer s'curity!" Skeeter exclaimed. "You is spyin' on dat man wid his own spy-glasses."

"Ef you'll borrow dat nigger's pistol, I'll shoot him wid his own gun," Shin said.

"You git dat shootin' notion off'n yo' mind!" Skeeter snapped. "Dar is bigger fish in de bayou dan you ever fried in yo' reteraw, an' dar is better nigger women in de worl' dan dat blockhead Whiffle gal you's got in yo' kitchen."

"She suits me, an' ef anybody tries to git her dar's a right smart chance fer fun'ral!"

"Mebbe so," Skeeter said; "but she ain't wuth fightin' fer, especially when a fight will land you in de jail-house."

"Mebbe I kin think up some yuther way to chase dat nigger out of town," Shin said; "but de best way I knows of now is to shoot at him till he gits good an' skeart, an' den throw rocks."

"Dat's de favoryte nigger way of chasin' coons," Skeeter agreed; "but don't git to shootin' an' throwin' ontill I tells you to. Ef dar ain't no better way to disperse dat nigger, mebbe I'll he'p you wid a few bricks myself."

When Shin had gone, Skeeter hastened to the restaurant and called Whiffle out.

"Shin Bone is got jealous about dat new nigger whut hangs aroun' yo' kitchen, Whiffle. I ain't know his name, but you knows him. Shin has already cleant and oilt his gun, an' is warmin' up fer activations. We don't need no fust-class killin' in dis town, so you better stressify to dat coon whut is comin' to him an' 'suade him to git out."

"Is Shin a pretty good shooter?" Whiffle asked.

"He is de wuss shooter in dis town," Skeeter told her. "He cain't possibly hit nothin' but a innercent standbyer, an' dat would be a luck shot."

"Ef dat's de case, dar ain't no danger," Whiffle said easily. "He never will shoot at nobody."

"When a nigger gits jealousy, he goes crazy in his head, an' he's liable to do mighty nigh anything," Skeeter said earnestly.

"I'll take keer of Shinny," Whiffle laughed. "I's mighty glad you tole me, so I'll know whut to do."

Skeeter returned to the saloon, and half an hour later the strange negro who was owner of the field-glasses came in.

"Skeeter, I wants to gib a free show at de nigger picnic-groun' on de Cooley Bayou dis afternoon. I invites eve'ybody, but I 'specially wants you an' Vinegar Atts, an' I would like to hab a nigger named Shin Bone."

"How come you pick out such a crowd as dat fer special eye-witnersers?" Skeeter asked.

"A preacher, a saloon-keeper, an' a reteraw man," the stranger smiled. "A bunch like dat is able to supply all human needs."

"It 'pears to me like you also needs a doctor an' a undertaker," Skeeter remarked; "but of co'se you knows yo' own bizness best."

"You'll know my bizness better at de picnic-groun'," the stranger returned.

"Us will be dar at three o'clock."

V

A GREAT crowd assembled at the picnic-ground. The three men specially invited were sitting under a tree, smoking and waiting. The showman came promptly on time, and shook hands with the three, but did not offer to tell his name.

"Whut name does dey call you by?" Vinegar asked.

"I ain't got no name," the negro grinned.

"Dat's strange!" Vinegar muttered. "I'll call you Stranger, fer shawt."

Stranger carried a heavy sack, and he now untied the top and poured the contents upon the ground. There were two or three dozen marbles, such as children use in their games; there were a dozen or more small apples, about a dozen empty pop-bottles, and several dozen tops of small tin cans.

"I's a pistol-shooter," the stranger announced. "Ef you misdoubts my confession, jes' take a look."

He tossed an apple above his head; quickly he tossed two more, juggling them in the air. Suddenly from somewhere he drew a big pistol, shot three times with startling quickness, and the shattered apples dropped at his feet.

There are men who are born with the strange gift of demonstrating that the hand is quicker than the eye. In civilized sections of the country men so gifted are sleight-of-hand performers; in other sections, less civilized, they become card-sharps, with the ability to "pitch a good game" and deal themselves cards from the bottom of the deck; in still other sections, they become expert gunmen whose skill as marksmen is a wonder to behold.

The Tickfall crowd stood breathlessly watching the juggler of bottles, apples, marbles. He tossed pop-bottles in the air, and while they were spinning he shot through the neck of the bottle and broke the bottom to pieces without injuring the neck. He threw up the tin tops of the pop-bottles, and unerringly shot through the center of each. He tossed the apples into the air, and shattered them with bullets. He threw marbles three at a time above his head, and they came down in dust.

There was one man on whom this exhibition made a deep impression. Shin Bone had bragged his brags about chasing that very darky out of town by shooting at him and throwing rocks. He now abandoned his idea. That was certainly not the way to rid Tickfall of the presence of the dangerous stranger.

When the exhibition was over, the stranger turned to the three men who were especially invited and said:

"I'm much obleeged to you niggers fer comin' out to de show. I would like to walk back to town wid you-alls, but I ain't gwine dat way."

"You shore is a shooter, brudder!" Skeeter exclaimed. "Ef you ain't gwine our way, us 'll see you later."

As the three walked back to town, Shin said thoughtfully:

"Skeeter, I think you wus right when you said not to hab no shootin' scrape about Whiffle. De way I feels now, ef dat Stranger nigger is gwine shoot fer my wife, he kin jes' take her along 'thout no good objections from me!"

VI

"LOOKY here, Skeeter," Vinegar Atts announced, when they got back to the Hen Scratch saloon. "Somepin is got to be did fer Shin Bone. Us cain't let dat Stranger run off wid Shin's wife. It's ag'in' conscience an' religion."

"How we gwine chase him?" Skeeter asked, glancing pityingly at Shin's gloomy face. "Skeeter cain't think up no scheme to apply to him. He don't 'pear to be skeart to shoot it out wid nobody."

"Dar is somepin or yuther dat eve'y nigger in de worl' is skeart of, fellers," Vinegar declared. "Less find out whut dat coon's pertickler skeer is, an' put it on him."

"How we gwine find out?" Shin asked.

There was no answer to this inquiry, and the three sat silent for a long time, smoking their pipes in gloomy meditation. At last Vinegar sprang to his feet with a yell.

"I got it!" he howled. "A nigger is skeart of anything dat he don't know nothin' about. Dead folks, pest-houses, ha'nts, bein' all by yo' lonely in de dark, hospitals—niggers is skeart of all dem things, because us don't know nothin' about 'em. You cain't ax none of dem things a decent question an' git a respec'ful response."

"Whut is dat Stranger nigger igernunt about?" Shin asked, his eyes gleaming with hope.

"Pigs!" Vinegar howled. "Is you niggers done fergot dat Marse Tom pulls off his big pig drive to-morrer?"

"Dat don't he'p us none," Skeeter said disdainfully.

"It do!" Vinegar declared. "Us 'll git Marse Tom to put dat exput-shootin' nigger at de shootin'-post, an' when he sees dem wild pigs swoopin' down on him, he'll jes' nachelly sprout a couple o' feathers an' fly away from dar. Dem hawks will run him plumb to de Gulf of Mexico."

"I gitcher!" Skeeter exclaimed. "Yo'

mind is suttinly popped off a noble idear. Less go see Marse Tom."

The most interesting event of the year in Tickfall is the wild-hog hunt. Gaitskill owned the Little Mocassin Swamp, and he had let hundreds of hogs run wild in that jungle and shift for themselves. They lived on the mast and traversed the forest in bands of a hundred or more. They never fattened, being of the razorback variety; but they furnished plenty of cheap pork every year for the hundreds of negroes employed on the Gaitskill plantations.

The weather was cool, and the time had come for the fall drive. There had been no rain for months, the swamp was dry underfoot, and a great picnic crowd assembled from all over the parish.

Hundreds of men and hundreds of dogs spread out across the swamp, fan-shape, making every sort of a noise that would drive the hogs before them to a point near the Gaitskill hog camp. Here Little Mocassin Lake upon one side and Alligator Lake upon the other were divided by a narrow ridge of land, where the slaughter of the animals would take place.

In the slaughter of the hogs care was exercised not to kill the big fighting males. They were the leaders of the herd, and when they led in a fight for the protection of the females or the young, everything cleared out of their path as before the onrush of an express train. The females were also protected. The young male hogs were slain, their flesh being tender and easily made into hams, bacon, and salt shoulders for food on the plantation.

This is one of the most dangerous games ever played in the Little Mocassin Swamp. Some of the big male hogs are six feet long and four feet high. They travel with the speed of a race-horse, and have the fighting instincts of a tiger. From their lower jaws great, ugly tusks protrude. They can run at full speed past a horse, and by an upward thrust of that lower jaw can split the flesh of the animal's leg as if cut by a razor, or disembowel him completely.

A man in the midst of a fighting herd is helpless. When he hears an old sow pop her jaws, or sees her coming through the underbrush with a swinish roar, he will climb a prickly ash-tree or jump into a vat of tar to escape.

As the herd on this day was hedged in between the lakes and driven forward, the

men heard before them, at the point where the slaughter was to be, the *crack, crack*, of a rifle. When at last the entire crowd had converged at the shooting-post, they found a strange negro standing with dozens of dead hogs around him. A dozen rifles were resting upon the top of a stump by his side; and as the young pigs rushed past him he raised a gun with a careless gesture, fired with seeming indifference but with absolute accuracy, and at each shot a young hog rolled over with a broken neck.

The men watched this exhibition of sharpshooting with great astonishment. The marksman never seemed to take aim, and yet never missed. Just as a man can reach up and put his finger on his nose, so this man could put a bullet through the neck of a running hog and think nothing of it.

In a little while nearly two hundred hogs were waiting for the knife of the butcher. Everybody lent a hand in the job of dressing them and loading them into wagons for the trip back to town.

Vinegar Atts, Skeeter Butts, and Shin Bone worked together. They spent a great deal of their time in low-toned conversation.

"I figgered dem wild hawks would chase dat nigger off'n de top of de world," Vinegar lamented as he glanced malevolently toward the stranger, who was sitting beside a stump, smoking a cigarette.

"It didn't pester him at all," Skeeter sighed. "He looked like he enjoyed hisse'f real good. Reckon how come dat nigger didn't git in de army, when he kin fight an' shoot so good?"

"De only way to skeer dat nigger is to take his guns away from him," Shin remarked. "He feels powerful secure when he's got a gun, an' I feels—otherwise."

"Me, too," Vinegar agreed. "An' I bet he sleeps wid dem guns on his pusson!"

Before the day was over, the marksman had been so loudly proclaimed by the white men for his skill that the negroes were feeling proud of this representative of their race and color.

The negro women of Tickfall had prepared a great dinner at the hog camp. While the negroes were eating, the distinguished stranger suddenly left the side of Whiffle Boone and walked around the table to where Shin Bone was standing with Atts and Skeeter Butts.

Shin saw him coming, and turned almost white. When the stranger thrust his hand into his pocket, Shin bleached some more;

but the stranger extended toward Shin Bone not a gun, but a ten-dollar bill!

"I owes you dis ten-dollar bill, Shinny," he said, loud enough for everybody to hear.

"I ain't sold you nothin'," Shin said, shaking his head and declining the proffered currency.

"Naw, suh, but you loant me dis money a good many year ago, when you got married," the stranger replied. "You bestowed dis loose change on me to buy some ice-cream an' cake fer yo' weddin', an' I rambled up-town an' got in a little crap-game, an' dem bones didn't fall right fer me. I lost yo' money, an' I decided I better make myse'f absent."

"My Lawd!" Shin Bone exclaimed, reaching for the money. "Is you Whiffle's long-losted brudder?"

"Suttinly," the gunman answered. "My name is Pewter Boone, an' I jes' got back from whar we fit de Kaiser."

"Fer Gawd's sake, how come you didn't tell me who you wus a whole heap sooner?" Shin exclaimed.

"I did tell Whiffle," Pewter replied; "but I wus ashamed to 'fess up to you onless I had de money to pay you back. Soldiers of dis here gover'mint don't do like I done—dey is true to deir trust. I borrowed de money from Skeeter an' gib him some spy-glasses fer s'curity, an' waited till I got me a job. Now I pays up an' squares off wid de worl'."

Colonel Tom Gaitskill came up at this moment and announced:

"Boys, Pewter Boone is the new superintendent of the hog camp. Isaiah is too old, and I hired Pewter to-day."

Shin Bone threw his arms around the new superintendent and expressed his delight in vociferous tones. Whiffle came over and joined them in the jubilation. The news quickly spread, and all the negroes in Tickfall welcomed the soldier.

"Look here, brudder," Vinegar Atts belated. "Us niggers gib Marse Tom de recommend whut got you de job of killin' dem hawks. We knowed you could shoot 'em all right, but we didn't expeck you would. We figgered when you perceived dem hawks a comin' through de brush, you'd skedaddle."

"Huh!" Pewter grunted. "I don't skeer so awful easy. All dem growlin', gruntin' hawks reminded my mind of dem Bush Germuns. I jes' nachelly craved to 'limate 'em!"

Many Waters Cannot Quench Love

BY DULCIE DEAMER

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

IT was summer, and for the people of the primeval valley life was easy, soft, and brilliant as the wing of a butterfly.

Their fastness among the hills—a circular depression whose steeply sloping sides were swarded with delicate green—was brimmed with a swimming amber warmth. Above the slopes were dark forest trees. Through the sole outlet from the valley it was possible to catch a glimpse of glad blue water breaking upon a shining strand where was always to be found a treasure of white and opaline shells.

Io was watching a dozen grazing cows. She stood, balancing herself, upon the massive bleached skull of a bull that for many seasons had been half buried in the earth. For joy of the summer she had twisted a trail of white, starry flowers about her brow. When she turned her flower-crowned head to one side she saw the blue of the sea, and when she turned it to the other side she was aware of the strong stockade within which men and cattle might sleep secure. Upon the sharp-ended trunks planted side by side to form this enclosure were empaled the heads of bears and wolves that had attacked the cattle.

Erect upon the great bull's skull Io stood. Her long and straight blond hair fell almost to her knees, and in the profound brown of her eyes there was a spark of gold like a live pin-point pupil. Something of the forest there was in Io, and much of the sun and the earth's summer.

A joyous scream came up the valley. Young boys, watching at the seaward outlet for the return of a raiding-party, had sighted the foremost men walking where the wet sand was smooth and firm.

Io sprang from the skull. Other herd girls were running toward her. They flung

their arms up, they screamed. Io joined in the race. She and her companions were breathless, laughing. Yesterday they had been children; to-morrow they would be child-burdened women. This was their one golden day.

The raiders, turning their backs upon the sea, were entering the valley. They carried spears and large oval shields covered with ox-hide. Bark sandals were bound upon their feet. Before them they drove cows, and upon the bodies of most were blood smears and red gashes, but they walked careless of these, for they were victorious. With shrill cries the herd girls circled about them. The smirched men, inflamed by the raid-fight, looked genially with hot, blood-injected eyes at these agile and graceful runners.

Big, pale-green grasshoppers sprang up before the hoofs of the stolen cows and tiny white butterflies rose with frail fluttering. Between two of the raiders a pinioned captive walked. He was a young man, deeply sun-browned, with black hair that curled upon the nape of his neck.

As the girls with their laughter encircled the raiding-party, he looked strangely from side to side. And it was by reason of this seeking look that Io saw him suddenly full-faced—not merely his clear profile with the straight, thin-nostriled nose, the smear of blood on his cheek, the decisive chin. His black brows had a sweeping curve like that of a swallow's wing and his eyes were very dark. She returned his look for a moment, only half consciously, her lips parted for laughter. Then something shrank in her like a furtive animal. Slackening, she dropped behind the rest where the slight dust raised by the driven cows was in the air. She walked slowly. The

other girls, scarcely heeding her, thought that a thorn had entered her foot.

But it was Io's inmost self that the thorn had entered—the sharp thorn of a glance. As an embedded thorn

ERECT UPON
THE GREAT
BULL'S SKULL
IO STOOD



will, it began to fester and produce a fever. She felt that she must quicken her pace until she was again level with the captive, yet she was unable to do this. The darkness of his eyes looked back at her from the tree-darkness that crowned the smooth green slopes. A jet-black bird flapped across the valley, and she thought instantly of his black brows and hair.

The raiders had reached the stockade topped by the heads of the marauding wolves and bears, sun-shriveled or decomposing. The single entrance-gap was so narrow that men or beasts must pass in one by one. Io was the last to enter.

The enclosure was naked and dusty, hard-packed by hoofs and feet. Toward the rear was the communal dwelling containing the sacred hearth whereon a fire was fed day and night. Built like the stockade of tree-trunks, it was roofed with dark boughs. Three of these trunks, planted in line, stood out before it, upholding an extension of the roofing-thatch. To each, at more than a man's height from the ground, was attached an antlered deer-skull. Very strong, very stately, very astonishingly decorated by the bleached deer-heads was this house wherein the holy flame—a god come down to earth—burned always.

The raiders, piling their shields in a heap, passed within. But first they threw the captive to the ground and bound his wrists and ankles so that he could not rise. He lay behind the antlered tree-trunks in the shadow of the thatch they supported.

The stolen cows were being herded to one side of the enclosure by the girls, but without any aid from Io. She came slowly toward the communal house beneath whose roof she had been born. At the edge of its porch shadow she paused. The captive lay there. As she looked toward him he passed the tip of his tongue over his lips.

Io turned instantly. Beneath a shelter of green boughs a trough-like cavity, lined with clay, was nearly filled with water. Daily it was replenished by the women, who filled their hide water-bags at the valley stream. Kneeling down here, Io dipped and

brimmed a sea-shell. Rising carefully, she returned slowly to the porch, entered its shadow, and again knelt down.

The captive, lying on his back, looked straight up at her with dark eyes that seemed to smolder. She saw that the dust had caked at the corners of his mouth. Without thought or hesitation she slipped an arm beneath his shoulders, raising him a little way, and set the brimming shell against his lips.

He drank with the eagerness of a dog, emptying the shell which she tilted carefully for him. Then, relaxing, his head sank back against the girl's breast.

Io remained crouching upon her knees, upholding the captive in this manner. It seemed to her that she had long craved just such a burden as this. She had a feeling of fulfilment joined to an inward trembling that hurried the beat of her heart.

II

THE captive's head moved; he was looking up at her. On her part she was looking down at him with eyes that were rather frightened.

"From the shadow of the trees above this valley I have watched you often," said the captive.

"I never saw you," said Io.

The head of the captive moved again sharply.

"It was in my mind to seize you at a time of twilight and carry you into the night of the trees where none could find us. Then, with the coming of the morning, I would have led you to the stockade of my people."

Io's heart felt suddenly hot like a fire-ember, and it seemed to expand. As the captive spoke, she saw and felt the things he spoke of—the swift seizure in the dusk, the instinctive struggle, the failing of her strength, the terrified passivity, the darkness of the trees, the fierce embracing in some deep covert in the fern, the upleap of flame within herself, the mutual, wonderful joying in each other like a daybreak of gold and of rose-red that illumines an unknown world. Immediately she was aware that she yearned toward these things.

"Often I have seen you standing upon the skull of a bull," said the captive, "and each time I watched you I desired you more greatly. To-day it was my purpose to enter the woods and take you when the sunset came."

She felt him stiffen as though his muscles revolted against the bonds. But the meaning of his words alone occupied her. An unreasoning hunger for the hour of sunset swept through her, and it was more than a moment before the message of the tautened, helpless sinews reached her understanding. She bent her face close to his.

"I—I must release you," she said.

Their breaths mingled. The fern-brake of her imagining swam before Io. The hot breath that mixed with her own seemed to draw her downward.

The ground vibrated. Within the communal house the raiders had simultaneously struck the earthen floor with their spears, saluting the sacred fire. Now—in a moment—they would come forth.

With an instinctive swiftness Io, withdrawing herself, allowed the captive to lapse gently back upon the earth. For an instant as she crouched above him her gaze clung to his. There was hunger in it, and fear, and promises. Then, with a side-long movement, she was a dozen feet away and bending over the water-hole with the shell in her hand as the raiders filed out into the sunlight.

Thereafter there was much activity in the space enclosed by the stockade. One of the stolen cows was slain, skinned, and quartered. The sun sank, and the sky turned to a soft-petaled rose of flame. At an open fire kindled in the midst of the enclosure the quarters of the cow were roasted, and the smoke that rose toward the rosy heavens carried with it the smell of the fat that hissed and crackled as the flames licked it. Then the seared meat was borne within the house, earth was cast upon the blaze to extinguish it, and the darkness came.

Without, the captive was now bound upright to one of the antlered trunks: within there was eating and laughter and the clapping of hands. Near to the sacred hearth the men sat, while upon the glowing embers were thrown aromatic leaves and fat of the slain cow as a thank-offering. Above the hearth an opening in the roof drew the smoke upward.

Io could not eat. She was so restless that all her muscles seemed to twitch. Only half of herself was there, sitting shoulder to shoulder with her mates; the larger half was outside where the captive leaned against the tree-trunk beneath the white,

branching antlers. She heard the lowing of a heifer where the herd was penned in the enclosure, the whirring cry of a night-bird, and the muffled pulse of the sea. It seemed that her ears were opened to all the voices of the dark world without, but closed to the laughter and speech of men within. And she responded to the night voices as melodious reeds vibrate when a wind sighs through them.

A man whose bleached beard swept his chest, and whose hair was as the mane of a lion, hoary with frost, rose up in his place. He was the father of the clan.

"Thoas, my son's son, stand forth!" he said.

Another rose erect, facing the graybeard with the hearth between them. This other was well proportioned, with the blond hair of manhood barely softening the outline of his jaws—scarcely heavier than a yellow down.

"Thoas, you are a lad no longer; to-day you have slain a man. Choose now from among the maidens one who shall bear you sons."

A ripple of slight movement passed over the clustered girls. Their lips parted. Those who were sucking their fingers with relish after the meal ceased to do so.

"Hail!" exclaimed the men who sat circlewise about the hearth. They approved. It was right and fitting.

The women laughed knowingly and subduedly as they rocked the children in their laps.

Io's real self that had been prowling in the outer dark like a forest-cat—prowling about the antlered trunk on noiseless feet and reaching out intangible hands—returned to the other self that sat passively on the earth floor, strewn with rushes beneath the roof-boughs and in the dancing light of the sacred flame. A girl at her side nudged her with a quick titter. She raised her eyes and saw the two who stood in the fire glow, one old, one young. Thoas had turned. His face in the fluctuating light seemed to wear a strange, wolfish grin.

Io understood what had been said; the passive body of her had heard it, even as her real self, unheeding, followed the desire that drew it forth. Thoas was approaching the girls where they sat together like a huddle of rabbits in a burrow. They giggled, drawing still nearer to each other. Io watched him without interest, for her real self was restless to return to the dark.

When he touched her she stood up involuntarily.

"Io is my choice!" said Thoas loudly.

His voice was hoarse from the day's stress and the battle-shouting. He kept his hand heavily on the girl's shoulder.

III

Io was mute. Hand-clapping, deep laughter—the joyousness that welcomes a mating—leaped up about her like the bright flame-light that had been fed with fresh twigs. Unresponsive she stood, but with a strong impulse to writhe free from the hand that had been laid upon her. She looked at Thoas, and suddenly she hated him. He was a danger, a snare, a barrier—everything that obstructs and crushes the self that struggles to be free. Her real self was already struggling for its liberty, though her body only slightly shivered.

What could she do? If she broke from his hold and fled into the night she would be overtaken before the limit of the enclosure was reached. And at that limit was the unscalable stockade, its single entrance blocked by a great thorn-bush, difficult even for a man to dislodge. After such a flight and capture they would beat her until she cringed upon the ground, crying and whimpering, and then Thoas would take her in anger, dragging her by the arm if she were too weakened to rise and follow him.

Knowing these things, she made no desperate movement.

It was now late. The raid feast was ended. The men and women were withdrawing behind curtains of hides which, with partitions of woven branches, provided a separate cell for each paired couple. An old woman alone remained by the holy flame in the midst to feed it through the night.

Following the ancient custom, Io's girl companions struck her with sprays of blossoms, making a great outcry, for she would no longer share their fellowship. As she stood up, thus lightly scourged with sweetness, the odor of the bruised summer flowers was like a cry from the dark—the great, waiting dark wherein were perfumes, stars, the purring calls of mating creatures, the beating of the world's heart, and the beating also of the strong heart-pulse in the breast of the captive. The real self within her clenched its hands and cried out with all its strength, "I must go to him!" But

she uttered no sound; only her hands did actually clench themselves, and the force of this clenching was so great that she half wondered at it.

Then Thoas led her to where a deerskin hung before a vacant cell. This cell was nearest to the place of entrance. On two sides its walls were the massive log-built walls of the communal house; on the third side was the partition of branches that divided it from the cell adjoining, and in front was the hanging deerskin. No light from the undying fire illumined it save when the hide curtain was lifted. In this obscurity Io's hand groped against the wall of logs. Pegs of bone had been driven here and there between them so that necklaces, water-gourds, and girdles might be suspended. Gripping one of these, Io wrenched it out. It was long, a smoothly rounded splinter with a sharpened end. She felt satisfaction, but what the next moment might hold was as vague to her as the content of a season yet unborn. A compulsion like that which carries the migrating bird over land and sea—blind, yet sure and, ah, how strong!—directed her movements.

The bone splinter, somewhat like a great canine tooth, was in her left hand. A body, groping, brushed against her—Thoas. The contact jarred through her like a spear-blow. A sense of his strength, his latent savagery, enveloped her. Her own weakness, her helplessness, was like that of one who looks upward for a dreadful moment toward the tottering crag that is about to destroy him. But in the very depths of this weakness her real self gathered its powers like a panther cowering before it springs.

The hands of Thoas were upon her. They were hard; they gripped and hurt. If she had never mixed her eyes with those of the captive or yielded her breast to his head, this hurt might have been pleasant. He muttered words that she did not hear. Her real self quivered, crazed with the hate that is born of fear.

"You would fetter me; rob me!" shrieked this real self that spoke only in the heart of Io and whose words were soundless. "I will be free; I will go whither I am drawn!"

The fear and the hate surged up in her like a lifting wave. The impulse that sends the yearning waters of the sea down the white path of the moon, that urges the

four-footed creatures to battle to the death in the year's spring, nerved Io's arm, though she knew it not, and guided it, and lent it strength. She knew only that it flew back like a thing alive, and then struck with a force that was strange to her. Where she struck the sharpened bone sank in.

There was a grunting sound with a query in it as of astonishment. The hand that was gripping the flesh of her other arm fell from her. And then, right at her feet, the deadened crash of a fall.

IV

Io stood perfectly still. An acute sense of listening was all that she was aware of. But the adjoining cell was empty, and the old fire-tender, between whom and herself only the hanging deerskin and a dozen paces intervened, was deaf. Nothing, no one, stirred.

A question regarding Thoas pressed upon her, overcoming her numbness. She went down upon her knees. Dimly she saw him, lying in an attitude that was curiously crumpled. She bent forward above him, holding her breath like one fearful of arousing a sleeper. The bone splinter had entered between rib and rib, transfixing the heart and so bringing death without a cry. No blood showed like a spreading darkness; the bleeding was inward. Io was strangely amazed. She felt that it was not she who had done this; she had not strength enough or knowledge of where and how to strike. Yet Thoas had fallen and she knew that he was dead.

Thoas was dead; there was no one to hinder her! A feeling of relief went through her and she began to quiver like a runner who relaxes as he touches the upright stake that marks the end of the course. Drawing back from him, she crept on hands and knees to the deerskin and put it softly aside. The old woman watching by the hearth was turned away from her, sitting as though half asleep. Only the flickering flame was living and wakeful.

Low on her hands and knees Io crawled forth. The communal house was filled with darkness that seemed to crowd about the slender flame. In one of the cells a child whimpered. The creeping girl had gained the place of entrance, and the smell of the night was like a greeting. She rose up, following the path of desire that had been trodden already by the shadowy feet of her real self.

The three tree-trunks rose black against the darkness. To one of these Io stole, noiseless as an unspoken thought. She heard the captive draw an inward breath

gripped her to him. His face was near to her. Their breaths mingled. The instinct of nearness drew their mouths together.

"I am fulfilled! I did not strive in vain!" cried Io's real self.

She was happy. The beating of the



"THOAS, YOU ARE A LAD NO LONGER; TO-DAY YOU HAVE SLAIN A MAN. CHOOSE NOW FROM AMONG THE MAIDENS ONE WHO SHALL BEAR YOU SONS"

through widened nostrils. Then her hands found the knotting of the bonds that held him to the trunk. She worked with a swiftness that scarcely breathed, her heart beating as though she were indeed the victor of a long race.

The knots yielded; the bonds slackened and fell. A hand brushed Io as she stood. The captive, in his blind groping, touched her, and at this touch her real self trembled like the river reeds that are filled with un-uttered music.

Now the captive, having found her,

captive's heart was one with the beating of her own, so close they were—pressed each to each by the strong constraining of his arms, even to their joined lips. The little stars also were one with them, a wreath behind the bowed head of her man. And the earth beneath the soles of their feet held a great, slow pulse that was yet in unison with the pulse of their two hearts.

A flying night-bird uttered a throaty, whirring cry. A cow lowed.

"We must go," said the captive.

"I will lead you," answered Io. The

palm of her hand clove to the palm of his, and their fingers interlocked. Lightly she led him toward the stockade.

A whiff of corruption came to them from those decaying beast-heads that were not yet dried and fleshless. As Io knew, a great thorn-bush filled the single gap through which they must escape. Together they could dislodge it.

Her hands encountered the stark spikes of the thorn-bush. Behind her the man and the wolf-dog grappled. There were rattling snarls, hoarse with rage, and a great scuffling. Plunging her hands among the thorns, Io clutched recklessly at the stubborn bush. A dozen unseen fangs pierced her. She wrenched and pulled. Her blood dripped upon the dry and bristling points. Strength beyond her own nerved her, as when she had struck at Thoas in the nuptial cell. The snarling had changed to a husky rattle. She heard the young man's hard breathing, the breathing of bitter effort.



"IO IS MY CHOICE!" SAID THOAS LOUDLY, HIS VOICE HOARSE FROM THE DAY'S STRESS AND THE BATTLE-SHOUTING

A deep-throated snarl issued from the darkness—Gorgo, gray leader of the herd dogs, whose mother had been a snared wolf. He had sensed the stranger.

As he leaped, the young man turned to meet him. A pang of coldness quenched the summer glow that had possessed the body of the girl. The stockade rose before her—black, impassable, crowned with death. But nothing should stay them now—nothing!

"He is strangling Gorgo," said her inner self, and simultaneously she was aware that the agonizing barrier with which she struggled had begun to yield.

Suddenly a clamor of sharp yelping broke out. The herd dogs, too cowardly to attack a man, had winded the captive as he grappled silently with Gorgo, and now gave tongue.

The rapid pulse of Io's heart checked

for an instant like a deer that stands to listen before it bounds in terror through the wood. Then she wrenched at the thorn-bush in that passion of effort that disregards all pain. Abruptly she staggered. The bush had yielded; the way was open.

"Ho! Gorgo!" A man's voice shouted.

A flare of fire painted the darkness with sudden red—torches in the hands of those who, hearing the tumult of the dogs, had sprung from sleep thinking that a wolf was within the stockade.

"Ho! Gorgo!" the hoarse voice called again.

The torchlight was reflected in the dark, staring eyes of the herded cattle, and for a moment drenched the captive from head to heel as though he had been dipped in blood. He sprang to the girl, caught her bleeding hand, and together they lunged through the gap into the unwall'd night like two swimmers diving into a broad, black flood.

Dew-soaked grass brushed them to the knees. They turned sharply aside where the valley sloped upward, and above whose vague slopes the gloom of the trees was like that of a midnight cloud. These two who fled were life incarnate whose desire is love, and death hunted houndlike at their heels.

Yells and the yelping of the dogs were loud behind them. Now gray, wolfish shapes, made bold by the shouting of their masters, sprang at them from either side. Io they knew, and their teeth were not bared for her, but it seemed that they might overwhelm the young man as wolves pull down a running stag. Gashed by their fangs, and beating them off desperately with his naked hands, he turned to face them, staglike, where a dim boulder jutted from the rise.

Beside him Io struck like a fury at the leaping dogs. Stooping suddenly, she plucked from the long grass the leg-bone of a lynx-killed heifer. The captive clutched it—at last a weapon!

The torches were approaching, casting a blood-colored and staggering light that leaped and dwindled. Striking savagely at the dogs with the great bone, the captive again caught Io's hand. The trees were near-brooding and dark as night, the foster-mother of love.

The shoulder of one of the clumsily leaping dogs struck Io as she turned to

run. Quivering as she was from effort, eagerness, and dread, it threw her off her balance and she fell forward heavily. Her unshielded brow struck one of the stony edges of the boulder, and where she fell she lay—face downward in the deep grass.

V

A LATE full moon was lifting above the valley, and the grassy slopes dawned upon the sight like the vague, soft vistas seen in a dream. The shadows were blurred, indefinite. A tenderness was distilled like a film of dew, silverly golden, upon the great outstanding boulder that jutted from the valley's gentle flank.

In the grass at this boulder's foot there was a movement. Io lifted herself up on one arm and looked with dizzy eyes from beneath her dankly hanging hair. It was void, it was quiet; so quiet that she could hear the murmurous running of the stream that hurried very softly along the valley's floor, muffled by the beds of wild lilies.

Presently she raised herself still further. The grass was greatly trampled. The heifer's bone lay in the grass, and it was stained with blood, for the captive had fought furiously against dogs and men until overpowered.

Now Io stood up, leaning against the boulder and looking downward toward the stockade. Within the circle of the enclosure a torch burned, and by its pulsating redness a figure was visible, bound to one of the antlered trunks—the captive, destined for sacrifice upon the morrow. Without doubt some among them would keep a watch upon him till sunrise, sitting beneath the torch with their weapons ready to their hands.

"He is not dead!"

It was a weak cry from Io's real self. The pulses of desiring life reawoke in her, thrilling faintly.

The purring mate-call of some lithe night-prowler came, muffled by distance. The moonlight lay upon the slopes like amber vapor, and large moths rose moonward. Io sank down again at the boulder's foot, her eyes fixed on the red star that shone within the stockade. Her heart yearned toward it with a baffled and dumb yearning like that of dark waters that rise and relapse before an impregnable cliff. And as those waters gather themselves into waves that are hurled like white spears of fury and revolt at the rock walls, so the

desire of Io's heart gathered strength and seethed and became edged with the livid foam of rage. Huddled down in the sweet, soaked grass, she stared at the torch-star, her lacerated and throbbing arms crossed tightly on her breast.

"He is mine and I am his," her real self repeated over and over.

Hateful to her beyond all hate was the moon-blurred sight of the stockade and the thought of her own clansmen. She was alone, bereft—mateless. Her arms tightened across her breast. All the rebellion and hate and love that bursts ice-barriers and launches the lioness in her avenging leap and sets all creeping plants writhing like tortured serpents toward the sun, surged through her.

In this manner the slow hours of the night passed. The moon climbed, sank, and set. Darkness covered the world, filled with soft prowlings, chirrups, and the dulled, throbbing croak of frogs. Then the day-star shone out—a brightness as of mingled milk and sky-fire—and all sounds were stilled at the presage of the coming dawn.

The torch-flame that had burned in the stockade was quenched, and Io shivered, closing for a little space eyes wearied by the night-long watch.

The east became gray and glimmering like dew. Then violets seemed to bloom there, then reddest roses, and then the pure, pale gold of daffodils.

Like a lizard that slips through the grass, Io crept to the rear of the solitary rock and, so hidden, gained the trees. Here she lay close, watching through the fern screen the dim stockade below. She saw the cows issue from it one by one, and then the clansmen—all save Thoas. There had been no outcry, so she knew that they had not yet discovered him. Doubtless they thought that he lay late, sleeping with her in the nuptial cell. At that very moment the herd girls were laughing among themselves and glancing sidelong at the deerskin curtain. After the clansmen came a young white bull led by a lad. Behind the bull three men abreast walked slowly, and Io knew that the midmost of these three was the captive.

Her man!

Knowing the place for which they were bound, she rose up in the shadow and took her way through the hill forest. It was obscure there, but the birds were stirring

and had begun brokenly to pipe and trill. Presently the girl came out upon the brow of a bluff whose base was laved by the bitter waters of the sea. Skull-gray was the summit and level, save where it had been fretted into hollows where a coarse, flowering shrub burned like yellow fire.

No women were permitted to approach this sacred place, and Io stood for a long moment in a kind of awe, seeing the charred embers of sacrificial fires, the stains of blood on the pale stone, the scattered bones and skulls of bulls and men.

"He is mine and I am his."

Again the silent, passionate cry rose to the lips of her real self. The calcined man-skulls at her feet sent a sudden horror through her that goaded the fury of her revolt. Catching up one of these she cast it with all her strength toward the mounting splendors of the east. Faintly its wave-striking splash came back to her.

It was a defiance, a scorning of the all-powerful golden god who loved to drink up the spilt blood of captives with his bright dawn-rays. Would the god kill her, launching a lightning-flash from the serene daffodil brightness that broadened moment by moment? She stood straightly with lifted head, fronting the world-wide dawn.

There was the slipping of a hoof upon the stone behind her and below. It was the white bull. Parting the spiny, yellow-flowered shrubs, she ambushed herself, crouching as lowly as a squatted hare. She had no weapon, no strength save that of her rebellion, her hate, her love.

Out upon the height came the clansmen. The captive, held grimly by two men, was led forward to face the sunrise. The fagots for the fire of sacrifice were laid one upon another, and the white bull, destined also for death, glared with uneasy eyes as it stood waiting.

"The Bright One comes!"

The girl, cowering in her scanty ambush, knew that the father of the clan hailed the first quiver of blinding gold at the world's edge. Was the spear lifted even now that would strike the captive between the shoulder-blades, hurling him forward upon his face to lie prone in his blood before the triumphing east?

A frenzy seized Io's real self as a whirlwind seized upon a leaf. Her frantic, groping hand tore loose a branch of the spiny shrubs beneath which she sheltered. Standing erect, she struck the young, ner-

vous bull across the haunches with a wild scream, and the beast, snorting his rage and terror, plunged this way and that with lowered head, spurning the fagots and momentarily scattering the clansmen, who gave ground before the leveled horns.

The captive, freed involuntarily in the amazement and swift confusion, stood alone at the sheer verge of the height. Then, seeing the dropped spear that was to have transfixed him, he snatched it up.

VI

A FLIGHT of golden arrows—arrows of light—struck the tree-trunks where the forest halted on the threshold of the cliff. The yellow-flowering shrubs blazed; every hollow of the dimpling sea-swells was filled like a cup with liquid gold.

Running to the captive, Io flung her arms about him and felt his left arm embrace her. In his right hand was the spear. A feeling of glad victory went through her with the swiftness of light, and she could have laughed aloud.

The clansmen, standing at gaze beyond the scattered fagots, were for the moment dazzled by the glory that had leaped from the sea. The bull had disappeared in the forest, crashing down-hill.

"Seize them! The man must die and the woman also!"

It was the father of the clan who cried

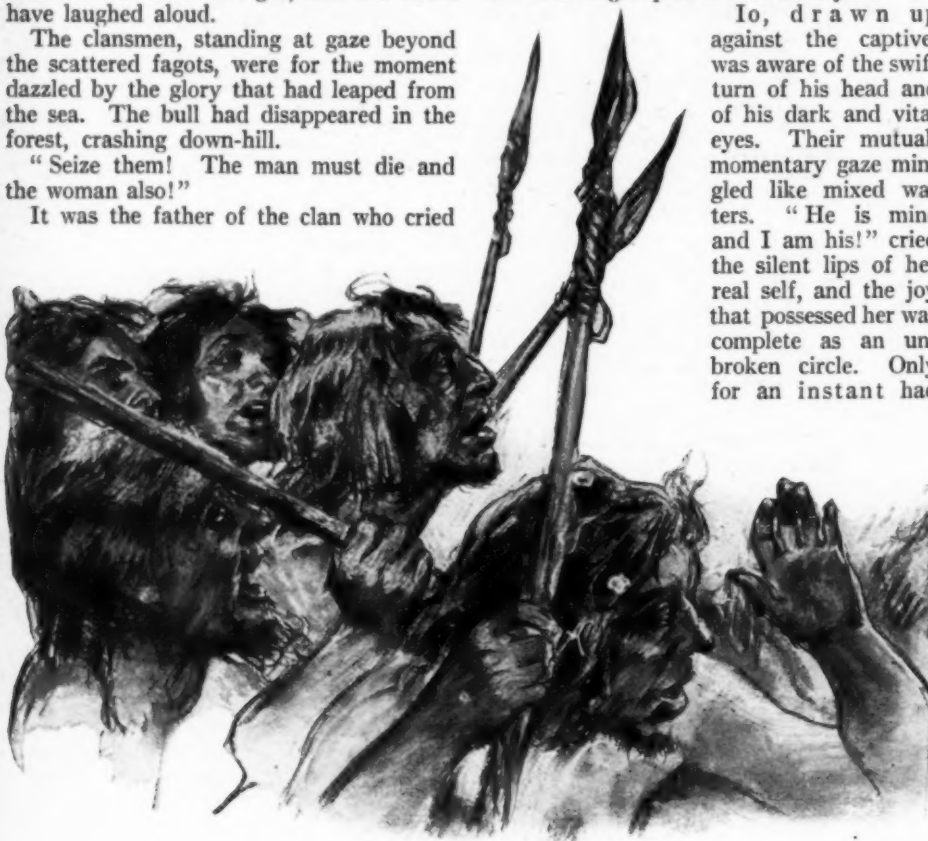
out. His voice released the wild impulse of hysteria that had caught at the girl's throat, transmuting it into high-pitched, laughing words—words flung from her lips like javelins.

"Ye gave me to Thoas, but I have given Thoas death! I have mocked you—I have mocked the Bright One!" Her laughter leaped upward to the sea-birds veering overhead.

In that moment—her arms about her self-chosen mate—Io defied her people and their god.

The captive's grasp of her tightened; she felt his body become tense. The clansmen, standing between them and escape, drew closer for a forward rush. Then, with all the strength that was in him, the captive hurled the spear. It struck a man in the breast with such force that the point, emerging, broke the skin of his back between the shoulder-blades. He dropped on his face among the scattered fagots and the rest lunged past him with a yell.

Io, drawn up against the captive, was aware of the swift turn of his head and of his dark and vital eyes. Their mutual, momentary gaze mingled like mixed waters. "He is mine and I am his!" cried the silent lips of her real self, and the joy that possessed her was complete as an unbroken circle. Only for an instant had



their eyes spoken each to each. Now, as he caught her up still closer, her feet no longer touched the rock. A strand of her fair hair blew across her face, for the dawn wind was rising. She knew his purpose as though it had been her own, but she felt no fear. The breathless tension of



THE CAPTIVE'S GRASP OF HER
TIGHTENED; SHE FELT HIS
BODY BECOME TENSE

the captive's arms, clasping her below the shoulders and above the knees, stilled her to a perfect immobility like that of the falcon that hangs high in air, poised on motionless wings, over a valley convulsed by an earthquake.

As the clansmen leaped like unleashed hounds across the body of the fallen man, they saw the captive catch up the girl who had clung to him; they saw the wind lift her long, light hair; they saw the young man, bruised and blood-stained from two hopeless fights, take a staggering, forward step. Now, with his burden, he was at the extreme edge of the cliff. A dozen arms were outstretched, a dozen clutching hands with crooked fingers hungered toward him. But in that moment the captive sprang—outward and downward.

An instant's vision I had—of a pit of emptiness floored with the green-blue sea, of the bluff's sheer face bathed in the morning light, and of a white butterfly flickering like a wind-borne petal. The rush of air snatched her breath away. In that spasm of the muscles which is caused by the involuntary horror of falling, her clasp of her mate tightened—and his of her.

A stunning, stinging blow of unimaginable violence—a sound deafening as a thunder-clap in her ears. Then again she went plunging down and down. All about her were utter darkness, a heavy pressure, and a mighty roaring.

Now she felt that she was caught and

dragged onward by strong, fluid, formless hands, as the resistless undertow gripped its victims, drawing them into the depths of the sea. Vaguely, as in a suffocating dream of the night, the stunned and helpless girl knew that she was choking.

But the blurred agony passed in its turn. Now she could neither hear nor see nor feel the arms whose death-grip encircled her; yet a multitude of bright picture-thoughts eddied before the eyes of her real self. Most vivid of all was the face of the captive.

"He is mine—he is mine!" whispered the lips of her real self, and then even this face faded also into the darkness of a dreamless sleep.

THE MUSE OF COURAGE

OH, you that play with sorrow
And make melodious moan,
And melancholy borrow
From sadness not your own;

Weighing each semitone
Of dainty sigh and groan—
Who ponder some new fashion
Of pessimistic passion—
Ah, leave our ears alone!

The heart that has been broken,
The spirit that endures,
Leave all their grief unspoken,
And need no words of yours.

Better were madcap folly,
With idle jests and japes,
Than mimic melancholy
That noble sorrow apes.

And you that come to sing us,
With optimistic cheer—
There's no such thing as sadness,
That nature's scheme is gladness—
And a broad visage bring us,
Happy from ear to ear;

Because all's well with you,
All's well with others, too!
Your facile faith is less than those
Who shed a tear in every rose.

But come you, stern and starry,
That know one iron string,
Know joy and grief ne'er marry,
Nor Death can lose his sting;
Ah, true companioning!
Of courage sing.

Richard Leigh

Two on Olympus

BY FLORENCE RYERSON

Illustrated by W. B. King

THERE is nothing startlingly new about what happened to Barton French and Helen Deland. It might have happened anywhere, I suppose, and probably has happened a thousand times or so since the world began. If the whole thing were written out in twenty-five words—as the college professors insist all plots should be—the reader would sniff and turn away. No, decidedly, it was not the strangeness of the affair itself, but that it should happen to them.

And lest you wonder how I came to know these things, which should only be known by the four who were in the drama itself, I will tell you that I loved Barton French. He was my friend, and in my fear lest the affair should hurt him I eavesdropped shamelessly. I was behind him that night when he met Jules Deland upon the hill—behind him, waiting breathless for fear his cold anger should prompt him to harm the man.

Later, all that I could not know or guess I heard from Barton himself, as he sat in that dim, green room of his, high above the clatter of the New York traffic—so high that the street noises blended themselves into a distant roar like the voice of the winds through the redwood forests of Santa Susanna. And all that he told me fitted in bit by bit, like pieces of fine mosaic, until I had the perfect whole.

Barton French is rich now, with ten successful plays to his credit, and Helen's scenery has made her famous on Broadway, where even the tired business man is jarred out of his calm by the strange beauty of her settings; but it all began in the old days when the universe was young, when we lived upon the startling slopes of Russian Hill and talked largely of the seven arts.

There was nothing we did not know. The world lay before us, fair game, and we sat like gods on Olympus, we liked to think, and hurled the lightning of our wrath at

the heads of the mortals below. Not that the lightning ever struck. It usually came to rest, quite harmless, in the waste-baskets of editors, or lodged itself in the pages of a newspaper which, being read only by ourselves, or by other gods in other small Olympuses, distressed mere mortals not at all. Still, it was a Jovian pastime, and one which belonged to youth.

Now Russian Hill is fashionable again. It was bound to come. That wonderful sweep of harbor below, the opal and green hills of Piedmont and Berkeley beyond, made the spot too perfect for mere artists to enjoy; and one by one the ragged shacks where once we dwelt have been torn down.

I climbed the steep way not long since, and found that of all the places where the old crowd of Olympians lived only one was left—the long, low redwood studio where George Cambert wove his dreams into music. George is in New York now. He has grown fat and bald, and his dreams have become part of a highly profitable series of reviews; but this little place once housed him, and was the headquarters of our motley community.

The studio had been turned into a garage, and two neat, prosaic cars stood side by side within; but beyond, on the farthest wall, I could still faintly trace the verses that Jules Deland wrote to Yvette on the night she first came among us. In spite of everything, the verses had attained a sort of immortality. I could picture an endless succession of mechanics puzzling over the strange, freakish handwriting, and the still stranger rimes, as Barton French had puzzled that night.

Barton French was a playwright and a sensible man. He did not waste time in elevating the stage, but, content with sea-level, merely asked to ornament it as it was. And, since the public cares more for sense than for art, two of his plays had "taken" even then.

It was while he was writing his third that he found his way to our hilltop. Being entirely without humor except in things dramatic, he took us as we were, and sank into the tenor of our lives without a ripple; but it was not so with his wife. Her coming was accompanied by more than a ripple—it was a distinct splash.

She did not appear until after Barton had been established for several months and was happily pegging at his great second act in that queer little cottage of his which clung like a barnacle to the side of the hill. She was Yvette Gwyne, an actress as yet unknown to fame, but about to burst into the lime-light in his next play. At present she was touring the East in a second-rate company.

Barton took her absence philosophically, as he took all things in life; but when the telegram announcing her coming reached him, his face lighted up, and he seemed to shrug ten years from his shoulders. It was plain to see what it meant to him.

Naturally we were agog to see her. We had grown fond of Barton. George Cam-
bert put our feeling into words.

"If she's the real thing, we want to welcome her," he said; "and if she's an imitation, we might as well know the worst at once."

So he gave a party in his long, redwood room on the night of her arrival, and we all sat waiting, a trifle nervously, before the fire.

There were steps outside and the murmur of voices. Burton came into the room, and, behind him, his wife.

It all comes back as if it were yesterday—that night ten years ago. The redwood room with its hint of old-rose, dim in the candle-light, the long, straight curtains at the windows, the crackle and snap of the fire, Jules Deland stretched on the hearth-rug, and Yvette standing framed in the doorway, her hair blowing about her face in the draft from without.

She was slender and—in the candle-light—young, with a mop of pale hair and large blue eyes. There was something hauntingly wistful about her, although, as we were later to find out, there was little left for her to desire. Barton adored her in his quiet way, and she had everything for which she could ask; but she managed to surround herself with the pathos of a spirit crushed and misunderstood.

She stood so, looking down at us, for just

the proper and effective length of time; then she advanced slowly into the room. Suddenly the talk broke out in little unconventional phrases of welcome, and over it all came the voice of Jules Deland, who had risen.

"I shall write a poem about you," he said dreamily.

"I hope it will be a nice poem," she answered.

There, in a word, you had her. It must be a *nice* poem!

Why had Barton married her? That we never knew. Perhaps in the years before she may have been more genuine. That cheap pretension to cleverness may have been acquired in later life; her passionate hunger for admiration may have been a thing of more recent growth. Or, perhaps, with that splendid frankness of his, he believed in her, did not see through her shallowness until it was too late.

Even yet, he seemed to ignore those things which were patent to us at a glance. He brought her to us that evening with a pride which was almost pathetic in its simplicity.

And on that very night began the affair with Jules, for something in her absurd and needless pathos had drawn her to Jules Deland.

II

JULES himself had the air of being misunderstood, and with as little reason as Yvette. It was impossible to misunderstand Jules. He was as transparently clear as crystal—and as useless. No one who wasted five minutes upon him could possibly mistake his character; for Jules was a poet, and lazy.

He laid it to temperament, of course, and when he lay on his back before the fire, staring into the blaze, he was wont to remark:

"I see it there—my poem!"

But no one was deceived, except possibly his wife. We all knew that his mind was not so much taken up with his muse as with the sheer bodily comforts of the hearth-rug, and the warmest spot in the room. He took everything in life the same way, somehow managing to get the softest place before the fire of life; and that place was always supplied by Helen Deland without question or murmur.

Did she believe in him and his poetry? That I do not know; but if she did not, one



"I SHALL WRITE
A POEM ABOUT
YOU," HE SAID
DREAMILY.

"I HOPE IT WILL
BE A NICE POEM,"
SHE ANSWERED

could never guess it by the slightest word or look. It may have been her sense of duty, or that fierce pride of hers, that kept her silent. Perhaps she felt that Jules was a luxury which she could afford as another woman might afford a chow dog. For Jules was upon much the same economic standing. Helen paid for the clothes he wore, the meals he ate, the roof over his head; and he took them all with the perfect egotism of his kind—took them without question or gratitude.

Helen was an interior decorator. I think at one time she had painted a bit, but that was in the past, before she came to us. Now all her splendid vitality went into the matching of silks, the designing of lampshades and cushions. She had built up a little shop of her own, and slowly her business was growing.

Jules rarely entered the shop. He felt, somehow, that it was not his place—a mart of trade. He even spoke once or twice of the sorrow it was to him that Helen could not be like other women—an ornament to the home.

Jules was very advanced, understand—advanced along his own lines. He felt that

woman should be free, emancipated, but beautiful, and entirely admiring in her attitude toward man. Just how those things were all coordinated in the twisted processes of his brain I cannot say, but they were all expressed passionately in his verses from time to time.

It was this, and the somewhat jeering attitude of the Olympians, that led to his air of martyrdom—the subtle something which was so perfectly in accord with the temperament of Yvette.

So he threw that cheap and tawdry thing which was his heart quite frankly at her feet, and before the amused gaze of the crowd he scribbled a poem on the wall—an impromptu composition to "My Lady of Gold." It made even the Olympians gasp. Barton French read it with the others, and made just one comment.

"You've got one too many feet in the last line, my boy!" he said—which was like Barton.

But Yvette said she thought it was sweet and subtle and showed that he understood. She told him this in the semiprivacy of a bay window where they had retreated for a moment, and it epitomized the whole matter. Whatever our little affectations before the world at large, we gave small shrift to that sort of thing among ourselves; and upon the heights, at least, there was no pretense among the gods. But here were two who eternally played a part, and naturally they gravitated toward each other.

Jules stopped at Barton's door the next day, ostensibly to return a book, but he stayed two hours, and after that he was a familiar figure, toiling up the path from his own gate to the cottage where Yvette sat drumming her fingers against the glass and looking out over the great expanse of bay and mountain and sky—a view which was as satisfying to her petty self as the preoccupation of her husband and the entire absence of admiration from his friends. For Yvette lived upon flattery and adulation. It was as necessary to her as opium to the drug-fiend, and Jules, with his poems and his devotion, fed this hunger. True, she had to listen to long discourses upon himself, his virtues and his vices, but she could always think of something else.

And we all looked on and laughed, for, who could take Jules seriously—Jules, with his silly poems and his still more silly affectations, and Yvette, with her baby face and her air of being misunderstood? Even when she talked largely of the freedom of women, with all that stereotyped chit-chat which the shallow-minded clip from the talk of the wise—even then we disregarded her and watched as one watches a bright bird that is kept for its beauty, despite the petty annoyance of incessant chatter. For beautiful she was, in her tawdry way. There was no gainsaying that.

And until our annual exodus into the mountains nothing happened. What occurred there we have never been able to

explain. It may have been merely the product of circumstance; it may have been due to the fact that for two months we were cooped up together; or George Cambert may be right—perhaps it would have happened anyway in the end.

Santa Susanna is a mountain—a thing of sheer beauty, dropping in graduated wooded slopes from five thousand feet to the sea. Near the summit there is a little flower-spangled meadow, set like a jewel between two fern-hung walls of rock, and it was there that we Olympians had built our summer cottages. Across the meadow zig-zagged a mountain stream, and our cabins overhung the water, with many slender bridges running from porch to porch. For two months Russian Hill was deserted, and we moved in this larger Olympus, secure in the knowledge that we should be undisturbed by the country yokels thereabout.

That Jules and Yvette should have cabins opposite each other was natural. Jules had insisted that George Cambert should give up his cottage to Barton French and Yvette. Of course he gave some excuse, as pitifully transparent as he was himself; but we all knew it was because the place in question was across from the cabin occupied by himself and Helen. George, who was to be away most of the summer in New York, gave in, growling a trifle, and doubled up with one of the other bachelors on his short visit to Santa Susanna.

So, while Jules and Yvette flirted upon the mountaintop, Barton French and Helen Deland sat facing each other across the narrow stream. I truly believe that up to that moment neither one had noticed the other. Barton was too busy, too engrossed in his play to have many thoughts to spare, and Helen was not a striking woman in town. She wore suits eternally—dark business suits. She was too boyish, too trimly correct, to be noticeable. But now, with her head bared, the little close-curling chestnut locks bound about it and flashing in the sun, the whiteness of her throat rising from the dull leaf-green of her corduroy mountain-suit above a flaming scarlet tie—one could not help noticing Helen then. She fitted the landscape, and was as perfectly in accord with it as a dryad, while Yvette, with her pitiful attempts at summer-resort costuming, seemed as much out of place as a painted doll.

Barton must have felt this even then, but his devotion to Yvette was something

quite apart from his brain. She was his, and it somehow never seemed to occur to him to judge her or watch her flirtation with anything more than the eye of a parent smiling at the harmless gambols of a child.

With Helen it was different. She had married Jules some five years before, and her loyalty and religion both bound her to him. For she was religious in a way—her own way—and followed a strange, silent code of her own making.

III

ONE cannot face a person day after day over ten feet of sparkling stream, in air like wine, without a certain intimacy. Barton and Helen had exchanged views, first on the weather, the view, the wild flowers, later on larger topics. In the end Barton began reading her his play, scene by scene, and he found in her a mind which matched his own. Unconsciously he grew to rely upon her for advice when he reached those inevitable barren wastes where his brain refused to carry him across.

We had grown accustomed to seeing them there, talking across from porch to porch, and then to the sight of Barton crossing the slender bridge to her side and reading from his manuscript, gesticulating with his nervous hands, while she sat calmly sewing and putting in now and then a word of comment or advice.

There was never any sentiment in their meetings. There they were, in the white glare of day, working upon their two separate arts, while we Olympians joined them, or wandered past, calling a greeting from the path. Nothing could have been safer or more devoid of sentiment.

But Yvette chose to resent it. Yvette, who had scarcely noticed Barton for months—who spent her time flirting with Jules and flaunting his adoration before his wife—Yvette, with her painted beauty and her insatiable thirst for admiration, developed a queer, sullen jealousy of Helen Deland.

It was this that changed the whole current of her flirtation with Jules, and turned it from a cheap and harmless affair to something bordering upon the tragic. For Yvette, in attempting to hurt Helen, found that all shafts of petty sarcasm fell short. Helen, having nothing to conceal, went serenely on her way, and Yvette, raging, resolved to strike at her through Jules.

The thing came to a head one night at the camp-fire. The fire was an institution

at Susanna. It was built upon a flat circle of rocks above the stream, and it lighted up the surrounding country like a beacon. When its flames mounted to their highest, even the summit stood out, a black tangle of rocks, their surfaces catching the glow here and there against the arching sky. We lighted it just when the darkness had come, and it burned well into the night, while, grouped about its cheering warmth, we threshed out the affairs of the universe.

We were discussing free love that night, and every one was having his or her say. I can still see it—the fire, the giant trees, and we Olympians, a poor handful of mortals, lost in the immensity of the night, discussing our pitiful, futile human passions while the sky arched above us, an awesome reminder of the insignificance of it all. As usual, Jules Deland's voice had been raised in argument, banal and commonplace.

"Woman should be free to choose," he declared. "Why should she be tied to one man when her soul calls to another?"

He raised his hand in an affected gesture, and his eyes sought Yvette; but we only smiled. Jules usually talked in platitudes, and we had come to take it as much a part of his pose as his long hair or his velveteen collar.

As if Jules had not spoken, Barton French contributed his bit. He was leaning back, his head comfortably pillowed against the bark of a redwood; his bronzed face smiling a bit as he talked.

"It's like this," he said. "You've either found the right person or you haven't; and when you marry you stay married, I take it. If you've guessed right, you don't want to change; and if you haven't—well, it's up to you to take your medicine like a man. Not meaning anything personal," he finished cheerfully, tossing a chip toward Yvette, who shrugged her shoulders in answer.

Somehow, I was not watching Yvette. My eyes were drawn to Helen Deland, where she sat, just inside the circle of the fire, leaning forward a bit, her lips half parted in the intensity of her interest.

"You're right," she said. "That's the whole point—the question of *loyalty*—it all comes to that in the end!"

Suddenly, as if stung into violence by something stronger than she could bear, Yvette sprang to her feet. Standing in the flickering light, outlined against the blackness beyond, her little dress of slimy silk seemed almost horrible, a thing out of time



"TO-MORROW?" HE SAID. "YOU ARE GOING TO-MORROW?" "YES!"—DEFIANTLY.
"AND YOU CAN'T STOP US—YOU CAN'T!"

and place. Her face was working, twisted with a strange passion.

"You're wrong!" she said. "You're both wrong! Why should any one stay tied to a person she hates—a person who's never understood her—who doesn't care, doesn't know—"

Some one caught her from behind, and she sat down again, her breath coming in little gasps, her teeth catching her under lip, while we tried to cover the ensuing pause with our nervous, meaningless laughter.

But it was plain that Barton French had suddenly awakened. He moved over to Yvette's side and sat there, studying her face as it showed now clear, now indistinct, in the flicker of light. He studied it as he might study the face of a stranger. He did not leave her again, but as they turned into the path which led to her own cabin I saw Yvette give Jules a word and a quick pressure of the hand. I also saw that Barton had caught the byplay, although he walked on unmoved toward his dark cottage.

That night he made the first false step of his sensible, well-ordered life. He attempted to reason with Yvette. If he had ignored the matter, everything might have come out of itself. If he had beaten her, she would probably have fawned on him, but to reason with her—it was the act of an overwise man, or a fool.

She listened to him as he talked to her with a kind dispassionateness, and then, flaring into sudden hate, she told him a thousand things which rose to her lips—things which she neither felt nor believed, but which seemed to assuage her raging jealousy of the woman across the stream. In the end she taunted him—him, Barton, the loyal, the true—with his friendship for Helen Deland. She taunted him in the low vernacular of behind the scenes.

From my cabin next door I could hear her voice rising higher and higher in the gusty torrents of passion, and I knew that Helen must be hearing, too. But she was spared the crowning indignity of Jules sharing her knowledge, for he had been taken with one of his fits of restlessness, and had climbed to the mountaintop.

Yvette, in a final burst of fury, ended her hysterical torrent of words with a sentence which cut through the night like a knife.

"We are going away," she said. "We can't stand your stupidity any longer. We are going away to-morrow."

And then it was that I recognized the mistake Barton French had made; for if she had not been driven to the admission by her anger, she would never have committed herself so irretrievably. Of that I was certain. Things would have gone on in a desultory and harmless flirtation until she left in the fall and forgot Jules in the larger audience of New York. But now there was no turning back.

Barton's words came slowly, as if out of a great mental haze.

"To-morrow?" he said. "You are going to-morrow?"

"Yes!"—defiantly. "And you can't stop us—you can't!"

There was a hint of hope in her voice, as if she wished him to stop her against her will. At that moment Barton might have done as he wished with her; but, instead, he opened the door and plunged out into the night, to lose himself in the darkness without, while Yvette expended the tag ends of her rage in packing some of her clothes into a suit-case.

IV

THEN Barton, meeting Jules on the path above the valley, made the second mistake of that night. Obviously there were but two things for Barton to do—either to knock the man down and keep knocking him down until the craven soul of him showed its yellowness, or, ignoring him utterly, to keep the affair between himself and Yvette; but Barton, with his splendid frankness, chose neither of these. He tried to reason with Jules, as he had reasoned with Yvette, and with the same effect.

Jules had not meant to leave with Yvette the next day. It had all been a part of the absurd game of sentiment they were playing. He must have been picturing the scene as he stood there in the moonlight—probably composing speeches for the occasion.

They would meet there on the morrow, talk largely of going out into the world "hand in hand." They would make plans for the future, rosy plans of fame and wealth, and the adulation of the multitude. They would taste in advance the charms of freedom and the joys of leaving the yoke that bound them, but in the end they would agree gravely—as they had always agreed—that the time was not yet. They would wait another day, or week, or month, until some vague, nebulous time, when things would be more propitious.



SUDDENLY
THE TWO ON THE
HEIGHTS TURNED AWAY
FROM THE SCENE AND FACED EACH
OTHER FOR A LONG, LONG MINUTE

But into this rosy dream Barton broke with all the clumsiness of his straightforward nature.

"See here!" he said suddenly, meeting Jules on the path. "I want to talk with you, Deland."

Jules stiffened.

"And if I don't care to talk to you?" he asked.

"But you do," said Barton grimly. "You'd better come with me."

He took Deland's arm as he spoke, and together, in the vague and mysterious darkness, they climbed the path to the summit. Even then Barton might have saved the situation, but when he spoke it was in the wrong key.

"I don't want to be too hard on you, Deland," he said. "You're a poet and all that, and of course one doesn't expect poets to have much sense; but this business of you and Yvette has gone far enough. I can understand your liking her, of course, and I don't mind a mild flirtation—"

That queer perverted pride of Jules in his pretensions flared into sudden wrath.

"My God!" he said dramatically "You call it a flirtation—our love, that sacred thing—"

"Our ideas of sacred things differ," said Barton; "but the point is, a summer flirta-

tion's all right. I'm not narrow, and I hope I can stand a certain amount of nonsense, but when you talk about going away together and all that rot—well, I won't have it!"

Jules, feeling the moment truly his, stood up on a convenient shelf of rock and made his declaration to the stars. Even in that moment his words came flat and hopelessly banal.

"And I swear that we shall not let our two souls be bound by you!" he cried.

Turning away before Barton could mar the effect of his utterance, he was off down the path.

The other sat for a long time at the crest of the mountain—sat until the east was tinged with a soft gray light; then walked slowly toward the valley below, and his cottage, where he knew Yvette was waiting.

But when he reached the cabin Yvette was gone. He looked about slowly. The room, gray with the light of earliest morning, showed evidences of hasty flight. He stepped out through the

"He came in for a minute," said Helen, "but went out again three hours ago. He does that sometimes when he's writing a poem; but to-night I—I sat up waiting. I didn't know—"

She looked at him with a question in her eyes, and Barton, reading beyond her words, answered her thoughts.

"They've gone," he said. "Gone together!"

And suddenly it seemed to him that in sharing the news he was experiencing a great relief, for Helen did not faint. She did not even give an exclamation. She merely stepped back into the room, admitting him, and closed the door.

"You are tired," she said. "You must drink some coffee," and a moment later she returned from an outer room with a steaming cup. "I had it ready," she said. "Somehow I felt that something must break. You see, I couldn't help hearing what happened over there last night."

Quite unreasonably, Barton was grateful to her for that. There need be no explanations between them—none of the tiresome words which somehow twist themselves in the uttering.

door and onto the porch again. The valley still slept, but from the house across the way he could hear light footsteps. He crossed the bridge and knocked at the door. It was opened after a moment by Helen Deland. She was dressed as usual, in her dull-green mountain-suit, and her face showed faintly white in the pale light.

"Where is—your husband?" asked Barton, hesitating over the words.

"I CAN'T STAND YOU ANY LONGER," SHE SAID. "YOU AND YOUR POEMS! I'M GOING BACK TO HIM!"



"I am to blame," he said. "I—I was clumsy, I suppose. But how is a man to know—"

She smiled suddenly.

"He can't know," she told him. "And, anyhow, it doesn't matter. The thing we have to face is not last night, but to-day." She took the empty cup from his hand. "We had better start now," she added.

"Start?" he questioned.

"Why, yes," she said simply. "We'll go after them, of course."

Rising, Barton confronted her, the light of understanding in his eyes.

"You see," she explained, "they'll go out together hand in hand, just as they said; but they don't know the trail. They forgot to take anything to eat, and Jules hasn't any money to speak of. Of course—you know Yvette—"

He nodded soberly.

"Yes—you're right. We shall find them sitting beside the path somewhere like homesick children!"

She looked at the clock.

"We must start," she repeated, "before the rest are up. It will look like a picnic then. A *picnic!*" she repeated with sudden humor.

V

So they went down the trail, those two, with the flush of the coming sunrise in their eyes and the velvet green of the cañon at their feet, through the hush of the morning and the odd green-silver mosaic of polished leaves, while the rising sun made a glory for their feet. They walked through the dim cathedral of redwood forests where the wind whispered in the spires overhead.

It was a silent trip. They tramped one

before the other, almost guiltily, as if they were afraid, in the hushed solitude, of surprising each other's thoughts. At noon they came to the top of a little rise, where the path parted suddenly, one branch dipping into a wooded cañon, the other running clear and exposed to the sun. Helen stopped suddenly and raised her hand to silence Barton, for below, in the middle of the space, were Jules and Yvette.

They had quarreled. That was evident, even at this distance; and in the stillness their voices came from below.

"I hate you!" Yvette was saying over and over. "I hate you, hate you, *hate* you! If you were a man you'd know the way, and I wouldn't have to walk like this! You'd get a burro or something—"

And Jules, striking an attitude, answered her.

"My God!" he said. "This is the woman I loved!"

Yvette turned on him.

"I can't stand you any longer," she said.

"You and your poems! I'm going back to *him!*"

The whole scene lay white in the glare of the sun—Jules with his long hair, his velveteen collar, the hopeless banality of his theatrical get-up; Yvette, in tawdry finery, the cheap beauty of her showing unveiled in the cruel light of day.

Suddenly the two on the heights turned away from the scene and faced each other for a long, long minute. Then, as the pair below began trudging up the whiteness of the path, their hands went out, one to the other, and, fingers entwined, Barton French and Helen Deland turned into the little wooded side path that led to the world below.

THE END OF THE ROAD

AH, 'tis in sight at last—

The end of the long, long way!

The toil and the travail are past;

The night falls, cool and gray.

Where are the comrades boon

Who made the journey blest—

Who greeted the morning and noon

With laughter and song and jest?

Onward I go with dauntless feet

To the end of the last far mile—

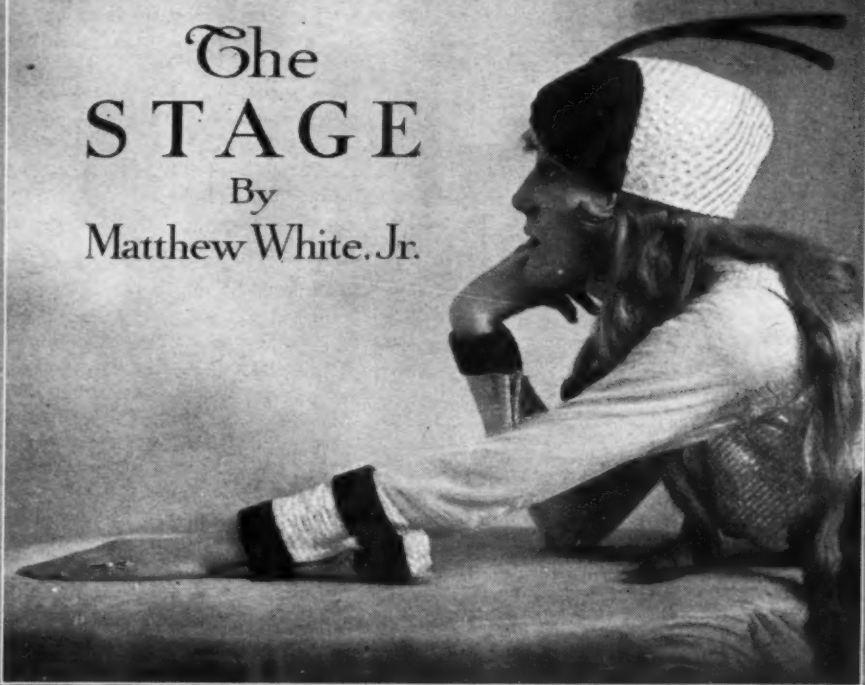
In my heart one memory sweet,

And the light of a deathless smile.

Doris Kenyon

The STAGE

By
Matthew White, Jr.



JESSICA BROWN, SPECIALTY ARTIST WITH LEW FIELDS IN "A LONELY ROMEO"

From a photograph by the Campbell Studios, New York

WITH twenty-one attractions playing in early July, the New York managers stand a good chance to carry out their intention of breaking Broadway records in the number of theaters kept open through the summer. Of course, musical shows are in the majority, with a possibility that at least twelve of these may link up the theatrical year of 1918-1919 with that of 1919-1920. Indeed, new ones are still bobbing up, and it begins to look as if I might have some difficulty in deciding when the old season ends and the new one begins.

Meantime you will want to know about some of the June productions, which include Lew Fields's return to Broadway after more than a year's absence. In connection with his appearance at the Century, in "Miss 1917," I said that Fields didn't have enough funny things to do. This mistake has been happily remedied in his latest vehicle, "A Lonely Romeo," showing him

as an elderly hatter whom the years have not robbed of his sportive inclinations. In endeavoring to conceal his indiscretions he dons a wig, and at one stage of the game he is forced to pose as his own son by a former marriage.

Mr. Fields himself assisted the veteran Harry B. Smith in preparing the book, and the music is by Malvin M. Franklin and Robert Hood Bowers. The latter, the program tells us, conducts the orchestra through the courtesy of the Columbia Graphophone Company.

This last item reminds me of the recent incident when a speaking show couldn't open in a Forty-Second Street theater because a movie concern which had been playing the house refused to give it up, although the actors had already gathered behind the screen in their make-up, ready to go on.

To be noted in connection with "A Lonely Romeo" is the fact that *Romeo* appears to have nothing to do with the case, ex-



FLORENCE MOORE, FEATURED IN THE NEW FARCE, "BREAKFAST IN BED"

From her latest photograph by Lumière, New York

cept that Tom Thomas sings a song called "Lonely Romeo" in the last act. It may also be chronicled that Mr. Fields's son Herbert, just back from the front, makes his theatrical début with considerable promise, and that "father" turns his first hand-springs in several years.

Mr. Fields was born in New York on January 1, 1867, began to act with Joe Weber when he was ten years old, and has

been at it pretty persistently ever since. The famous partnership in the Weber and Fields Music-Hall at Broadway and Twenty-Ninth Street was formed in 1896 and continued until 1904, during which period burlesques on successes of the legitimate stage were produced in a fashion that has never been equaled before or since.

No doubt F. Ziegfeld, Jr., whose "Follies" were launched a year or so after

Weber and Fields separated, set out with the intention of doing something of the same sort; but the beauty of the girls and the splendor of the scenery have gradually come to usurp first place in these annual summer productions at the New Amsterdam Theater. If the amount paid for seats be accounted a criterion, these are more important as *premieres* than any other theatrical occasions the whole year round.

The 1919—or thirteenth—edition of the "Follies" has been acclaimed the most beautiful of any in the series. Playing to capacity all through the hot months in the roomy New Amsterdam, and to enormous takings on tour in the big cities during the rest of the year, it is a safe investment for Mr. Ziegfeld to expend great sums in making each new offering more gorgeous than its predecessor.

One can purchase beauty in scenery and costume for cold cash, but real wit in dialogue and situation is not so simple a matter to come by; and as the "Follies" have grown more and more entrancing for the eye to look upon they have given the ear less and less in the way of real fun to tickle it. I dare say this may be in the line of progress. At any rate, the public does not kick except over the difficulty of getting seats to see the beauties of Urban scenery and Ziegfeld-picked girls.

"Follies" novelties this year are Ali Ben Haggin's deft combination of real and painted figures in tableaux, one of which shows "The Lady of Coventry." A neat idea, too, is introducing pretty girls one after another as illustrations to a song sung by John Steele, the young tenor who made his mark in the brief run of "The Maid of the Mountains" last autumn. In fact, there is more singing than usual in this "Follies."

To my notion, the funniest comedy scene is Rennold Wolf's skit on a target-shooting parlor, with Bert Williams as the new assistant to *Sure-Shot Dick*, somewhat nervous as to the adverb in the latter's slo-



ELISE BARTLETT, WHO IS MOLLY IN "AT NINE FORTY-FIVE," THE FIRST PLAY OF THE NEW SEASON

From a photograph by Abbe, New York



DORIS KENYON, LEADING WOMAN IN "LITTLE LOVE-BIRDS"

From a photograph by the Campbell Studios, New York

gan, "He Seldom Misses." Motorman, taxi-driver, hall-boy, hat-checker, janitor, waiter, and modern servant-girl are held up as "The Popular Pests" is a septet rendered by such revue stars as Van and Schenck, Eddie Cantor, Bert Williams, Eddie Dowling, and Johnny and Ray Dooley; but as there are

twenty-four episodes in this "Follies," I haven't space to single out more. You may judge from this, however, that as the running time of the show is crowded into the three hours between eight thirty and eleven thirty, no one of the numbers is so long as to tire anybody.



MARION DAVIES, WITH THE INTERNATIONAL FILM COMPANY IN A PICTURE VERSION OF
"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"

From a photograph by Abbe, New York



MARJORIE GATESON, LEADING WOMAN IN THE SHUBERT "GAETIES OF 1919," A BIG NEW
SPECTACLE OF BEAUTY, FUN, AND SPECIALTIES

From a photograph by Abbe, New York



LILLIAN GISH, WHO HAS SCORED HEAVILY IN THE NEW GRIFFITH FILM, "BROKEN BLOSSOMS"

From her latest photograph by Abbe, New York

But this summer the "Follies" do not reign alone on Forty-Second Street. They share electric-light space in the heavens on the south side of that betheated thoroughfare with George White's "Scandals of 1919," staged at the Liberty, a few doors west of the New Amsterdam.

In spite of its name, there is nothing particularly shocking about this holding up of earth-dwellers' doings to the mirror of the

immortals on the planet Mars. It is mostly a dancing and comedy show, devised by Mr. White himself and Arthur Jackson, who had a hand in "La-La Lucille," with pleasantly tinkling tunes by Richard Whiting. And, of course, there are girls galore, including Ann Pennington, of Wilmington, Delaware, but more recently of the "Follies." Then there are the bubbling Mabel Withee—of whom more anon—that wonderful

contortion dancer, La Sylphe, and Yvette Rugel. But instead of a review I want to tell you a story in connection with this piece, Mr. White being the first dancer since George Cohan to land on Broadway in a show of his own.

Although our names are the same, I had never met this young actor—who has received as much as fifteen hundred dollars a week in vaudeville—until I was taken back stage for a chat after a June Wednesday matinée. His last previous appearance in musical comedy, you may recall, was along with Lew Fields at the Century in "Miss 1917." When he answered my first question, as to whether he came of theatrical people, in the negative, I breathed a sigh of relief. I knew this meant a more interesting narrative of his beginnings than if he had had his way to the stage door paved for him by relatives who passed in and out of it nightly.

"I was one of a dozen children," he began, as he rubbed in the cold-cream to take the make-up off. "As a kid in Toronto, where I was born, I used to watch the other boys dancing on the street corners, and in this way picked up some steps. But dancing wasn't my first job. I got that when I was only twelve, and beat my way to Windsor, just across the river from Detroit, where I hired out at the racing-stables to exercise the horses. New York for mine, though, I kept telling myself; and one day I simply walked aboard a train and succeeded in dodging the conductors till I had landed in the big town.

"Strolling along Broadway, I saw a sign in the window of the telegraph company, at the corner of Murray Street, that messenger-boys were wanted; so I walked in and landed the job. Before I'd been there very long, I was sent one night with a telegram to what was then Piggy Donovan's saloon on the Bowery. Here I saw boys no bigger than I was dancing for the dimes and quarters the barroom loungers threw on the floor to them. That looked good to me, so I mixed in, using the steps I had learned up in Toronto, and I picked up so much small change that I never went back to the telegraph company. That was before the days of cabarets, you see, and we boys were the only entertainment, besides the drinks, the patrons of those joints had. The waiters weren't any too keen for us, arguing that we diverted some of the money that otherwise might have fallen to them. I re-

call that one of them at Donovan's was none other than Irving Berlin."

"But you were no more than a child," I interposed at this point, "and away from home. Where did you live?"

"Oh, that was summer," he replied. "We boys slept on the beach at Coney Island in the mornings. Of course, the best time for our work was at night—the later the better; but after a bit there wasn't any question of money to pay for lodgings. I'd be almost afraid to tell you how much I made in a week, going about from one joint to another, dancing for the coins that were pitched to me.

"It was in one of these places that I fell in with Ben Ryan, another dancing boy. Both of us having our eye on the theaters, we framed up a team act that got us into burlesque. The next step from that, you know, is vaudeville, but I didn't want to dance all my life; and besides, there's a time-limit for this branch of the business, especially for men. Fifteen hundred a week sounds like a big sum when you say it quick; but you must remember that a theatrical season is at most forty weeks, that you've got to go on living the other twelve weeks of the year, and that you may not get any of it after you're forty."

What I was thinking about just then, as I watched Mr. White's dresser hand him his street trousers, was that inside of three hours he must take these off again, put on his make-up once more, and go through the whole process of making ready for the stage in time for the evening performance. During that, of course, there would be several changes of costume, followed by the reversal of the proceedings again at eleven o'clock. All this was my notion of monotony raised to the *n*th degree, for which the fifteen hundred was only fair pay—but the actor was resuming.

"So, you see, if I get a show of my own well established under some such trademark as I have selected for this one, I can gradually draw out from the acting end myself. That's the reason I'm particularly delighted when anybody else in the piece makes a hit, for I don't want you to think for a minute that I'm starring myself. It's 'George White's Scandals' merely to give me a hold on the title."

Mabel Withee, billed as the little prima donna—she is only eighteen—is one of the "Scandal-Mongers" who is making a name for herself in Mr. White's show.



MARGUERITE CLARK, WHO IS STILL IN THE FILMS, AND WHOSE LATEST RÔLE IS THAT OF THE HEROINE IN THE CLYDE FITCH COMEDY, "GIRLS"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York



HELEN CLARK, APPEARING IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "LA-LA LUCILLE," AS PEGGY, THE BRIDE, WHO HAS VARIOUS STARTLING ADVENTURES

From her latest photograph by Abbe, New York

"And did you get on the stage?" I asked her, "by way of somebody in the family who was already there?"

"I should say I didn't!" she exclaimed. "My people were awfully down on the theater. When my mother found out that I wanted to be an actress, she was indeed shocked, but she took rather an unusual way to try to cure me. We lived in a little town out in Michigan, and there was a small theater in the place; so instead of the open opposition that would probably have made me more determined than ever to have my way, it was decided to take me down to the manager and ask him to see what I could do. My people were quite sure that I would make such a sorry fist at acting that he would discourage me for good and all. But poor mother had the surprise of her life. The manager was very much pleased when I had spoken my little piece for him, and offered me a job right away. Of course, I couldn't take a regular one, for I was still going to school; but he arranged for me to act during week-ends, and that's the way I set out on a career that eventually got me to Detroit, and so to New York, where I played with Al Jolson in 'Sinbad.'"

Helen Clark, of "La-La Lucille," didn't come of theatrical folk, either, but her start was handed her on a silver platter as it were. A native of New York City, she was dancing one night at a society event where Elisabeth Marbury chanced to be present. Impressed by the girl's personality and ability, Miss Marbury, who was about to produce "Nobody Home," the first of the Princess Theater's series of musical comedies, sought her out and asked if she would consider an offer for a part in the piece.

Miss Clark, who had secretly cherished this sort of ambition, did not require any persuading to accept the offer, and in "Nobody Home" she scored an immediate hit by her dancing with Quentin Tod, whom you haven't seen lately because he has been driving an ambulance over in France. Miss Clark's next appearance was in "Love o' Mike," and last winter she returned to the Princess in "Oh, My Dear."

In "La-La Lucille" there is another New York girl who had an offer of a job from a manager at an unexpected moment. This is Marjorie Bentley, who was attending the school maintained by the Metropolitan Opera House when she chanced to come under the eye of Charles Dillingham. In the present show she dances opposite John

Lowe, of whom I told you something last month. Lowe comes of theatrical parents, but as he wanted musical comedy rather than straight drama, he elected not to use this pull to get in, deciding to work up by way of the chorus, so he answered an advertisement for men to appear in "The Riviera Girl" two years ago.

My prophecy that young Lowe might develop into another Donald Brian reminds me that the latter is to be costarred, the coming season, with a man not hitherto identified with musical plays—Wallace Edginger. The new piece has the up-to-date title of "Buddies," and is the work of George V. Hobart. This is only one of numerous new plays that have sprung into announcement since my forecast went to press with the August issue.

Naturally "Buddies" suggests "Civilian Clothes" for next mention, this being the name of the new one by Thompson Buchanan which Oliver Morosco will bring out. It is Morosco, likewise, who will doubtless sponsor Maude Fulton's "Sonny," which it is to be hoped will make as many friends as did her "Brat."

Another item that escaped my August news net is that Mr. and Mrs. Coburn—who are established for the summer at the Booth, in the perennial "Better 'Ole"—have accepted a drama by Louis Anspacher with the engaging title, "All the King's Horses," though they will not appear in it themselves. Mr. Anspacher, in collaboration with Max Marcin, has adapted "The Dancer" for the use of Martha Hedman.

Two additions to the Cohan and Harris list are "The Acquittal," a mystery play by Rita Weiman, author of "The Correspondent," and "Jim's Girl," written jointly by Thomas J. Gray, a high light in vaudeville circles, and Earle Carroll. This comedy is built around one of the two million of our boys back from France.

To the Shubert string we must attach "He and She," not only written by Rachel Crothers, but also acted in by this leader in the ranks of our women playwrights. "He and She," I believe, was finished some time ago, but was not looked upon with kindly eyes by the managers. However, since Miss Crothers's "Little Journey" and "Thirty-Nine East" achieved more than a hundred nights apiece on Broadway, everybody is glad to consider a script even from the uttermost recesses of her receptacle for rejections.

The plot of "He and She" turns on the winning of a big prize in a sculptors' competition by a woman whose husband was also a competitor. Miss Crothers plays the wife, and the love interest centers around the sixteen-year-old daughter, who nearly runs afoul of the matrimonial rocks while her father and mother are trying to adjust their new financial relations. The father is acted by Cyril Keightley, and the daughter falls to Faire Binney, a younger sister of the Constance Binney who achieved such a hit in Miss Crothers's "Thirty-Nine East."

In addition to the Woods comedy by Somerset Maugham, the name of which has been changed to "Too Many Husbands," scheduled to follow "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson with Kenneth Douglas in the cast, this English playwright will be represented by "Caesar's Wife," to be done here by Charles Dillingham. It has been running at the Royalty in London since March, and Billie Burke will play the leading rôle.

Yet another English-made piece is the farce, "The Bashful Hero," by Harold Brighouse, to be staged at the Bijou by Woods, with Ernest Truex as the *Bantam V. C.* But so thick and fast come the titles of new productions for what promises to be the most active season the New York theaters ever saw, that unless I am to turn my department into a mere catalogue of names, I must close this annex to last month's summary with "See-Saw," the Henry W. Savage musical piece for 1919-1920, adapted by Earl Derr Biggers from his novel, "The Love Gambler," with music by Louis Hirsch, composer of "Going Up."

The movie folk regard this impending busiest of all theatrical years with a friendly rather than a jealous eye, for it will give them wider pickings for screen subjects—a problem which is all the while growing more serious, as the available material from the past becomes exhausted. Whether a spoken play succeeds or fails, it is all grist to the movie mill. Indeed, if it is taken off after a brief run, they get it all the sooner. There was an instance last season where a piece was practically produced with a view to the film market, to which it was sold promptly after its Broadway fiasco. Offered in manuscript, it would doubtless have gone begging, but there appears to be some magic in the fact that a public performance has been held with a real audience to applaud—or deride—the traffic on the boards.

In "Broken Blossoms" D. W. Griffith has sprung another picture sensation, showing to large houses in New York, Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia simultaneously. Adapted from the story, "The Chink and the Child," by Thomas Burke, in his "Limehouse Nights" tales, the theme is gruesome to a degree, and I advise nervous women and children to stay away from it. The photography, however, is beautiful, and the two leaders in the short cast—Lillian Gish as the girl who is whipped to death, and Richard Barthelmess as the young Chinaman of the lofty aims—are in every way deserving of the praise that has been lavished upon them.

RUSHING THE SEASON

Earlier in this section I observed that summer activities on the stage were so rife that I began to entertain doubts as to my ability to distinguish last season from next. The words had scarcely been sent to the printer when William A. Brady solved the difficulty for me by stealing a march on all the other managers and producing what he called the first play of the new theatrical year on June 28. To be sure, we have only Mr. Brady's word for it that "At 9.45" should be accounted the first gun of 1919-1920, rather than one of the last lingering shots of 1918-1919; but there appears to be a general acquiescence in his dictum, so June 28 stands against July 22 of last year and August 6 of the year before as the rise of the season's curtain—a pretty conclusive indication, one would think, that there is no need of it ever falling.

Mr. Brady, it appears, did not rush things for the mere pleasure of breaking records. His haste was to get ahead of two other mystery dramas said to be hovering in the offing. To my notion, however, "At 9.45" is merely a trailer—and a poor one at that—to "Who Did It?" produced on June 17 at the Belmont, where it closed five nights later. The author of this short-lived affair, Stephen Gardner Champlin, was quite unknown, its cast equally so, and two previous attempts to start it going had flashed in the pan. Each play has a murder mystery to solve, each provides several self-confessed perpetrators of the crime eager to take the blame, and in each the victim turns out not to be dead after all.

"At 9.45" was written by Owen Davis, his brow heavy with the laurels garnered by "Forever After" and "Sinners"; but

I cannot help thinking that "At 9.45" is more like some of his earlier stabs at fame, on the order of "Nelly, the Beautiful Cloak Model." His latest play does not seem to have been carefully thought out to the bitter end, and the comedy is of the antiquated type dragged in every so often when thought to be needed.

I am giving my impressions of the piece as seen at the opening, and I am free to admit that the other reviewers appeared to like it much better than I did. It seems to be running along with every indication of staying well into the new season which it inaugurated so far ahead of the usual date.

As an addition to the summer shows, "The Shubert Gaieties of 1919" arrived at the Forty-Fourth Street Theater on July 7, an unexpected outgrowth from "Biff Bang," announced for the Nora Bayes auditorium on the roof of this same house early in the spring. Now that it has registered success, we already have a quartet of attractions to look forward to during the hot weather term of 1920, for besides the perennial "Follies," with only the change of a figure, George White's "Scandals," and "The Passing Show" may be regarded as fixtures from year to year.

As to the "Gaieties," it has more plot than the "Follies," with quite as many pretty girls, a good deal of fun, and some strikingly beautiful scenery designed by Watson Barratt, who has revolutionized the Winter Garden in this respect. Ed Wynn is the master spirit of comedy, with William Kent—about whose services the managers have been quarreling—and George Hassell close seconds. There are twenty-five separate scenes, and as each of the four other similar spectacles now in town has about as many each, imagine the hotchpotch in the memory-cells of the stranger within our gates who seeks to take in all five shows within the limits of as many nights.

Ed Wynn, who spent the winter with "Some Time," is a Philadelphian, and was destined for his father's millinery business, but selling laughs proved more to his taste than purveying hats, so he traded on his success at turning out a college burlesque, and eventually landed in vaudeville. Marjorie Gateson appeared in "Miss Simplicity" last autumn.

Yet another musical piece, likewise in the nature of a *revue*, turned up in mid-July—"Greenwich Village Follies," smacking very much of New York's alleged Latin Quarter,

in the midst of which (at the Greenwich Village Theater) it scored so heavily that the critics (who were begged in one of the songs to be kind) seemed to think it would not be allowed to remain there, just as "The Better 'Ole" wasn't. Bessie McCoy Davis, in various impersonations, is the leading spirit among some especially pretty girls; Ted Lewis, the Jazz King, "stops the show" with the hit he makes; and James Watts evokes roars of laughter by his toe-dancing and his jewel song from "Faust" in "Marguerite's Back Yard."

The second dramatic production of the new season turned up on July 8 at the Lyric, seeking to anticipate two other plays which resemble it in dealing with returned soldiers—"Civilian Clothes," and "Jim's Girl." Comstock and Gest are the fortunate owners of "The Five Million," written by Guy Bolton and Frank Mandel. I say "fortunate" because it promises to make a lot of money for them. "Another 'Turn to the Right,'" I heard more than one person remark in the *entr'acte* talk. This means a comedy smacking of the real American soil, full of sentiment, and not disdaining situations as old as human nature itself. "Hokum," one of the critics called it, but the people love the concoction just the same. In this year of bedroom farce and mystery melodrama, a play in which the villain stays put, and which gives you no concern as to whom you dare take to see it, may be regarded as a refreshing novelty. The title of "The Five Million" refers to the number of American young men that went into khaki, and the action starts with the return of the troops to Clinton Falls, New York. Douglas Adams—played delightfully by Ralph Morgan, just out of "Lightnin'"—has been reported dead, and his sweetheart has engaged herself to the village slacker. William Meehan, unforgettable as one of the crooks in "Turn to the Right," has another capital part, with ample scope for comedy, this time as an army cook who finds that his wife prefers to hang on to his former job as an insurance agent, relegating him to the home kitchen. Percy Helton, who was the boy in "Young America," and who has been serving in France, does some remarkable work as the hero's younger brother, a youth who has taken one false step. Charles Abbe's Grand Army veteran, with a habit of alluding to the Civil War as "the big scrap," is also an enjoyable creation.

Beau Revel*

A SCINTILLANT NOVEL OF MANHATTAN'S MAD GAIETY

By Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The Lone Wolf," "Joan Thursday," "The Black Bag," etc.

XII

MONDAY'S reaction was sharp and extreme. However dismal Revel's day of rest, the fact that it had been one of complete physical relaxation proved beneficial. He was a bit disappointed to find himself, as he bathed and dressed, entertaining quite a cheerful outlook. Even breakfast, normally with him a matter of form observed sketchily for the sake of coffee and the subsequent cigar, today had its undeniable allure. He couldn't remember when he had contemplated bacon and eggs with so much toleration.

In the middle of the morning Nelly called him up at his office to say that, contrary to their understanding, it would not be necessary for her to bother him about finding something for Bert to do. Mother had taken that out of their hands; mother had consulted Mrs. Rossiter Wade about Bert, with the upshot that Ross Wade had undertaken to place the young man as a messenger in the private banking establishment controlled by the Wade interests. Bert was to report for duty that same morning, and seemed quite keen about his new job. Nelly was free to admit she didn't think he'd last very long; but for the present, at least, she needn't impose upon Revel's good nature.

The conversation closed with her yielding to Revel's insistence and promising to dine with him that same night. He hung up, swung round in his chair, and saw a sunny smile lighting up the face of the harbor. He smiled back no less sunnily. Not such a rotten old world after all! Bleak winds might blow, must inevitably, but still there was sunlight in the lee of the wall.

He went to meet her that evening with a doggishness in his strutting gait and glimmering eyes not matched even by that with

which he had left the Ritz after receiving Alice's first intimations of contemplated surrender on that night so long ago—ten days ago. And Nelly met him in a mood of gentle gravity, of gladness to be with him once more, tempered by doubts of her wisdom in encouraging him and defying her mother's wishes, that augured as promisingly as he could desire.

Deliberately dismissing all consideration of others, ignoring every qualm of compunction and pang of self-reproach, Revel abandoned himself without a struggle to the mad, sweet sweep of an infatuation that ran its predestined course—the course he knew so well, the course that was ever new to him, with something of the rhythmic progression of a Greek drama in miniature.

They met daily, often twice a day, sometimes thrice. In a single day they lunched openly at the Plaza, parting ostentatiously in its lobby; met an hour later for tea—which they hardly pretended to taste—in the mid-afternoon solitude of one of those many little "personal" French restaurants which broke out like a rash on the face of the shopping district that winter; dined secretly in an outlying Greenwich Village table d'hôte establishment which had as yet failed to catch the fancy of upper Fifth Avenue; and supped and danced with a feather-brained company at the Club de Danse till two in the morning.

Opposition was by no means wanting to steel them to their folly. Revel could hardly have wished a stouter ally than was provided by mother's insensate badgering of Nelly. Will Phyfe, snubbed mercilessly, was eliminated, so far as the girl was concerned, as a power of active hostility; but mother conscripted Bert to fill the gap in the ranks, and the pressure of Phyfe's aloof disapproval remained no less a psychic

* Copyright, 1919, by Louis Joseph Vance—This story began in the June number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

factor with Nelly than that of Dick with Revel. Rossiter Wade, 2nd, offered ill-advised interference and retired crestfallen to poison the mind of his mother against the girl. A wider circle of acquaintances in common looked on with worldly amusement, preserving a pose of neutrality, while reserving the right to manifest its disapprobation whenever it chose to consider its feelings sufficiently flouted.

On Wednesday morning, however, public attention was diverted by the bruited of the season's scandal, when Georges Benzoni and Nora Nettleton kicked over the traditional efficacy of Queenie's strategy by dropping quietly out of the ken of their world in one and the same hour. Queenie's prompt migration to Reno occasioned no surprise; but the hysterical bletherings of the Nettleton girl's mother, her threats first to horsewhip, then to shoot Benzoni on sight, her promise on second thoughts to invoke the Mann Act for his punishment, if and when apprehended, her employment of private detectives to trace the fugitives—all this kept their whole set agog, and blessed the newspapers with a sensation to offset the slump in public interest which had followed the signing of the armistice.

For the rest of the week only those most nearly concerned attempted to keep track of Revel and Nelly Steele; and it is doubtful if any of these guessed, much less knew, how often the two were together. There is no bond that lovers love so dearly as that of secrecy; there's none so binding. To outwit a world in league against them and have their way without detection unites them in a close community of irresistibly delectable stealth. Even the ingrained sybarite in Revel, which, under ordinary conditions, would have dictated dining always in a dress suit, and never in public save at what he esteemed the smartest place in town, yielded to the allure of sneaking off with Nelly to a clandestine meal, at best tolerable, in some out-of-the-way restaurant where "nobody ever went."

Once he tried to tell Nelly how gracious he thought she was to submit to such conditions without complaint.

"I love it," she said with her grave candor. "It's such fun. I'd go anywhere—I'd eat chop-suey with you!"

He told her nobody had ever paid him a prettier compliment; and he meant what he said. That was on Thursday, when Revel had ceased to pretend that the affair was

anything but desperate with him. "Life or death," he put it to himself; and it was so. An existence ungladdened by some woman's love, unanimated by love for some woman, was to him a thing without motive or excuse, unthinkable, death in life. To his love for Nelly Steele all other loves were as flames abashed by the noonday sun. True, he told himself as much of each successive love. While it lasted, each was always very real to him, the only real passion of his life; but now there was more ground for his feeling than ever before.

Though he had put it firmly out of mind, and was keeping it in that status with the ease of the practised philanderer, the loss of Alice had cleft his spirit to the quick, inflicting a wound deep and sore and slow to heal. Never before had a woman of her quality stooped to listen to him; never before, indeed, had he known a soul of such nobility. With Alice there had passed forever from his grasp something rare beyond hope of recapture or chance of duplication. And of this, the man of keen sensibilities hidden away within the hard and polished habit of the trifle was poignantly aware.

Then, too, there lingered, rankling in suppression, the bitterness of those gray Sunday morning hours when he had faced, eye to eye, the accomplished fact of his middle age.

So it was not too much to say what Revel told himself—that the love of Nelly Steele meant life or death to him. She was beautiful, she was sweet, she was in her own way unique even as Alice was in hers; more than all else, she was youth. If he failed to win her love, it could mean nothing else to him than that youth was done at last with Beau Revel.

Never in any wooing had he so exerted himself to please or dissembled his efforts so craftily. He used every resource, every stratagem and trick and wile he knew, he studied the girl as he had never studied another woman, he learned to defer to her prejudices, to anticipate her desires, to forestall her whims, before she herself was conscious of them. It was Friday before he offered to kiss her.

They had dined early at L'Avignon, and then, since Nelly was dressed for the evening and there was nothing in the theaters that attracted them—nothing, indeed, in all the world one-half so interesting to them as their two selves—they chose to motor up the Albany Post Road to Irvington and

back. Returning, the car swung off into Riverside Drive at Dyckman Street. With time to spare before Nelly need appear at the club, Revel instructed the chauffeur to drive slowly. The needle of the speed-indicator dropped below the mark 15. At this pace the springs made nothing of faults in the road; the car moved without a jar or any sound other than the thick, dull purring of the motor.

The night was very dark, but its air was clear and still. Far below, the silent Hudson had a surface of black glass jeweled with capricious lights. Nelly indulged an abstraction not devoid of consciousness of Revel's regard. Presently she sighed and extended a hand. He touched his lips to it before infolding it in both his own.

In a quiver of laughter she said:

"You've waited nearly a week, Larry, to finish what you started when that accident occurred. Do you remember?"

"Rather! But a week isn't long for a chance to kiss your hand. I knew I would some time."

"Did you?"

"Just as I know I'll kiss your lips some time, Nelly, when you are ready."

"You think so?"

Retaining her hand, he passed an arm over the back of the seat, so that his hand touched her farther shoulder. She turned her head slightly toward him, smiling. He felt the drum of pulses in his throat and temples.

"Nelly!" he whispered.

He made his touch a pressure upon her shoulder. She did not resist. She gave her lips frankly, and after a moment took them away again and turned her face aside, though her head still rested on his shoulder.

"I love you," he said in a broken voice.

She made a little sign of assent and sat back in her corner. A hand brought from under her wrap a handkerchief, with which she lightly touched her eyes.

"I love you, Nelly!"

"Yes," she said thoughtfully. "I'm sure you do."

"And you?" Her fingers tightened on his, but she said nothing. "Nelly?"

"No, Larry," she said thoughtfully, he fancied a trifle sadly. "I'm glad you love me, but—I don't love you."

"But—just now—"

"I'm very fond of you, Larry. That's why I kissed you. But it wasn't love, not as I understand love."

He timed a pause.

"Do you think you will, Nelly, ever—"

"I don't know." She gave his fingers a last pressure and took her hand away. "I think it rests with you."

"How?"

"If you don't know, Larry"—she turned her face to him with that impulse to be fair that he found so adorable in her—"I don't, either."

"You don't know—or don't want to say?"

"I'm not sure."

He pondered, not without intuition of her mind, but reluctant to acknowledge it, and, paltering, lost the initiative to her. She spoke in a new voice, not hard or unfeeling, but definite with decision.

"The trouble is, Larry, I *will* think. I can't help it. Sometimes I try, but in spite of myself—I've been thinking a lot of late about you and me, what it all means, why we like each other so much, and where we're going."

There was inquiry in his monosyllabic assent. He stared.

"It's going to go hard with us, Larry," she resumed. "It's been such fun, and sometimes more. It's made me happy. I've been—well, flattered. You see, I've never known a man like you before—I mean, as well. It's made me think well of myself." A touch of tenderness crept back into her tone. "It's been very sweet."

"Need it change?"

"You know it must. Neither you nor I know how to stand still. And—we can't go on."

"Why not, if I love you and you don't dislike me?"

"Because—well, because you're not a marrying man."

He had been prepared for this.

"You want to get married!" he said heavily.

"I shall have to be married, I think, before I love without reserve. Perhaps that's why I've never loved anybody as yet. Oh, I've been crazy about some people for days at a time, and fond of others, as I'm fond of you, or perhaps not quite so much—but never in love."

"You puzzle me," he said. "Love is the only sacrament for love. What can marriage have to do with it—an incantation mumbled by an overfed hypocrite in a cassock, a scrap of engraved paper on which the henchman of the political party in

power scribbles and imprints a stamp of some sort for a fee?"

"What you say is true enough—"

"Then tell me what has love to do—"

"I can't. If I tried, I don't think I could make you understand. But with a woman of my kind marriage has everything to do with love. I know others feel differently, just as other men than you, men who haven't had your unhappy experience—"

"Oh, I know marriage too well!" he growled resentfully.

"So you see, Larry—don't you?—why we can't go on. Not as we're going, I mean. I don't want to lose your friendship, and that would be inevitable—"

"Inevitable? In the name of God, why?"

"We know what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable obstacle—at least, I suppose we do—a smash-up. I don't want it to come to that with us. It needn't, if we're reasonable. And we've got to be; we've got to give up all this that's been so jolly."

"Unless I—"

"No, Larry. Even if you asked me to marry you, I couldn't say yes—even if I wanted to, I couldn't—not now."

He gave a gesture of resignation and was silent for some time, brooding with somber eyes.

The car jolted over the tracks on Fifty-Ninth Street, and he saw the lights of the Plaza. In another minute—

"Then it's good-by. I presume you mean it's good-by—Nelly?"

"Must it be more than good night? Because we realize we've got to be sensible and stop this running round together like a couple of foolish children, I don't see why that makes it necessary to bow distantly hereafter when we meet."

He sighed deeply, then sat up and squared his shoulders.

"You're right, Nelly, I know you're right—the rightest girl I know, and the dearest. It seems hard, damned hard, but it's got to be as you wish."

He bade her a subdued farewell at the entrance to the club, told the chauffeur to take him to Gramercy Park, and climbed despondently back into the car. When it turned the corner, however, he bestirred himself, consulted his cigar-case, and struck a match. The little flame ruddied a countenance by no means chapfallen. He blew out the match and lounged back, puffing,

with a grunt of amusement. Funny how history would insist on repeating!

"Friday night," he thought aloud. "Tomorrow is also a day. And then there's Sunday!"

XIII

SATURDAY morning brought him a fair mood, unclouded by misgivings, hardly flawed by a flying catpaw of regret when he remembered he had no appointment with Nelly to fill in the day. He might, of course, see her at the club in the evening, if he liked; but Revel entertained not the remotest intention of making any move so impolitic. It was, he told himself, only necessary now that Nelly should be made to miss him. After the last fortnight, she was sure soon to feel a little lost without that spell of blandishment which he had so cunningly woven round her. The never-failing fascination inherent in playing with fire—she would miss that, too. The conflict once begun between temptation and the instinct of self-preservation, the issue he conceived to be inevitable.

He gave her forty-eight hours, seventy-two at most.

In spite of the fondness for him which she had so freely owned, never before last night had he felt quite sure of Nelly. Consistently she had maintained a pose of self-reliance, based upon thorough acquaintance with the phenomena of man's love-making, which had served her like an armor of proof apparently lacking the pregnable chink. But now Revel was complacently confident.

After all, the business had moved with amazing fidelity to the schedule he had laid down for it. Now it stood at its last phase, the pause which always prefaced capitulation. He could recall no successful affair of sentiment that had failed to follow much the same course, arriving invariably at a stage when it was mutually and wofully agreed that it must go no farther, the two must see no more of each other, and a rupture more or less absolute was solemnly covenanted and inaugurated.

Contentedly, then, he mapped out an amusing day, and succeeded in frittering it away without a hitch. Only, he observed, his enjoyment began to pall toward night-fall. He found a flavor of futility in the smooth unrolling of its round. The people he played and idled with were too fed up with play, they got no fun out of their

pleasures, or if they did they dissembled it most ingeniously under an affectation of ennui that might be the vogue, but was most depressing. Now with Nelly it was never thus; she was so frankly delighted with every minute, even though it were filled with nothing more exhilarating than the mere sense of being alive. He missed her so much that it sobered him a little, made him thoughtful.

Especially at night did the sense of deprivation haunt and make him unhappy. This gnawing hunger in his heart—he hadn't counted on it at all. In spite of his faith in the immutable working of the formula, he was hideously afraid lest this might prove the fatal exception—fatal, since failure would be like the brutal heel of fate crushing to pulp the fingers with which he was clutching at youth, so that he must loose his hold and abandon himself to the swift and deadly decline.

He woke on Sunday tormented by those fears which had riddled his sleep, and yearning for the sound of Nelly's voice, the vision of Nelly's beauty, the solace of her friendship, with all the passion that was in him; and it shook him like a palsy. His valet knew evil hours that morning. When the telephone rang, Revel turned to it with the tremors of love-sick twenty.

It was only Drummond Hale wanting him for a day's motoring. Hard-bitten by disappointment though he was, Revel accepted without an instant of hesitation. Only by some such diversion would he be able to hold himself in hand. If he kept his time occupied, no matter how tediously, he was safe. Left to himself, he feared, he *knew* that he must weaken and, by some move of folly, lose all, everything he stood to gain if he kept his head.

Chance was kind to him in at least one way. Minor mishaps delayed the return of the party till well toward midnight. It was, in fact, twenty minutes short of twelve when he walked into his dark and lonely rooms, cursing Rudge liberally because the fellow had chosen Sunday for his night free—of all nights in the week! Never had Revel felt less inclined to do for himself or more averse to solitude. Not that he cared for Rudge, but the fellow would at least have been something to abuse. The gnawing at his heart was agony.

He shrugged discontentedly out of his ulster and let it rest where it fell. Then, in his bedroom, he sloughed his outer gar-

ments preparatory to donning a dressing-gown. The telephone called. He went to answer, muttering profanities.

Hearing Nelly's own voice, he felt his bosom seized by a convulsion that almost deprived him of the power of coherent speech.

"Nelly! Is it you?" he gasped with difficulty.

"Larry! I'm so glad. I've been trying all day to get you—"

"I've been motoring since noon—just got in."

"I've got to see you, Larry, at once."

"Very well. Where are you?"

"No," she replied, "I'll come to you. I'm not far away."

He heard a click. She had hung up.

He hurried back to his bedroom and began to climb into his clothes, trying to fit an explanation to the emotion he had detected in Nelly's voice—an agitation which, he fancied, had a singularly impersonal note. But for that, he must have given credit to the formula; but now he wasn't so sure. Something had upset her.

Before he could finish dressing, the bell rang. He scampered down the hall in shirt and trousers to press the switch which released the lock of the front door, one flight down, and had barely managed to get into his dressing-gown when Nelly's tap sounded on the living-room door.

She was breathless, and unspeakably lovely with the pallor and the dilated eyes of restrained emotion.

"Forgive me," she panted with a forced laugh. "Silly of me—but I ran all the way!"

"Where were you?"

"Just round the corner—at the flat of a girl I know in Irving Place. I've been there all evening, waiting for you to come home, calling up every few minutes. I simply had to catch you before you could get to bed."

She gave an uncertain smile of apology. He eyed her keenly, with a little sinking of the heart. His fears were justified—the formula had nothing to do with bringing Nelly to him to-night. There was something else.

"Better take off that wrap and make yourself comfortable while you tell me what's the matter."

"I mustn't stop, of course, but—" With an air of preoccupation she let him lift the squirrel cape from her shoulders. "It's

Bert," she announced in a breath. "I had to see you—get your advice—before morning. Ross Wade threatens—"

"Please!" Revel begged. "What has Bert done?"

"You don't know?"

"How should I?"

"I thought you were counsel for the bank—"

"I am; but what of that?"

"I presumed they'd tell you first of all, if they contemplated taking action against Bert."

"I've heard nothing. I was at the office only an hour yesterday, and none of my business had to do with the bank. If Bert has absconded—"

"You said you didn't know!"

"You've already told me enough to excuse a guess."

"It's true. He was given some Liberty Bonds to deliver, just before noon yesterday, and disappeared. I can't think what made him do it. If he needed money so badly, he might have asked mother or me. It was only a thousand dollars; and for that my brother became a criminal!"

She pressed a handkerchief to her lips, stifling a nervous sob.

"When he didn't come home last night, mother worried, but I—well, he's done that sort of thing so often I thought nothing of it. He will drink too much at times, you know."

"I remember your saying something of the sort."

"Mr. Wade called this afternoon and told me. Mother was out."

"Thoughtful of Ross!" Revel's look was grim. "Just what one might expect of him, too!"

She nodded.

"I'm afraid you're right. He pretended to want to spare us, but—when he made himself clear—"

"The damned rotter!" Revel exploded.

"Yes." The blue-gray eyes were dark pools of despair. "I thought perhaps you could tell me—"

"Don't fret about Bert. I'm not only counsel for the bank, I'm counsel for the insurance company that went on his bond. I promise you the boy sha'n't go to jail if the slightest extenuating circumstance can be found for him. The chances are, I fancy, that on his way to deliver the bonds he met somebody he knew, and stopped to have a drink—with the usual result. He's prob-

ably sobering up to-day, and keeping out of the way because he doesn't feel like taking a home scolding. I'll be surprised if he doesn't turn up to-morrow morning with the bonds and some cock-and-bull story, and try to hold on to his job in spite of everything. I can't promise he'll get away with that, however."

"But you don't—you don't think Bert's a thief?"

Revel smiled indulgently.

"Not *your* brother, Nelly!"

"I'm so glad! Larry, you're the most comforting man alive—and the kindest."

"I begged you long ago, Nelly—remember?—never to call me kind. I'm not inhuman; everything I do is tainted with self-interest. I almost wish some real trouble had brought you to me, serious enough to demand real exertion of me, so I might earn your gratitude and—more."

"Gratitude," she said slowly, "doesn't make one love, Larry."

"It sometimes gives an excellent imitation. Give me that—even the imitation—and I'll take my chances of making it real and lasting."

She gazed thoughtfully down at a forefinger that traced a pattern on the top of the table by which she was standing.

"You would lose," she said in a voice almost of regret. "Much as I like you, Larry—and that's very much indeed—it would take more than gratitude to make me love you as you want to be loved." Sensible of dangerous ground she shifted sharply. "As for trouble—I'm afraid it's real enough, aside from Bert. Not that I expect to suffer materially; there's always a place for me on the stage, but it breaks my heart to give up the club."

"You mean to say Wade was as rotten as that?"

"He made it impossible, I'm afraid. Even if I were willing to overlook things and go on, he wouldn't be, and his mother wouldn't. She's been getting more and more unpleasant of late—partly, I fancy, because I was slighting Wade for you. Now, when I can never permit him to speak to me again"—she gave a hopeless shrug—"it's all over."

Revel ground a fist into a palm.

"Damn Wade! And damn me, too! Yes"—he overrode her sign of protest—"I've done my part in making things impossible for you. If I hadn't fallen in love with you, paid you such conspicuous atten-

tions, Wade would never have dared to think—oh, I ought to be shot!”

“Please, Larry! You’re not to blame alone. I did my part, too, you know. Oh, yes, I did! I’m no child, Larry; I knew what I was doing when I encouraged you, what I was risking—yes, and how it must end.” Her eyes held a pitiful little smile. “I’ve been a bad girl, Larry—and now I must pay.”

“Don’t call yourself stupid names—”

“But it’s true; I haven’t played fair. I tell you, I knew what I was doing all along. I knew I must make you unhappy in the long run, and still I led you on. And making people unhappy is the greatest wickedness I know.”

“But—”

Of a sudden, interrupted by the chiming of a tall old clock in the corner of the room, Revel checked himself, and was silent, staring at the timepiece till the musical notes had died away.

Sunday midnight, and Nelly was with him, alone in his rooms!

Surely now, if ever, fate was playing trumps into his hands. In this troubled and chastened mood, he reckoned, it would need a single impulse of sympathy, pity, or regret, such as might be inspired by some suggestion of nobility in him, to bring her unresisting to his arms.

He went abruptly to the windows that overlooked the park and drew down the shades.

“Forgive me,” he explained. “I forgot, people across the street can look right in.”

“They can’t see well enough to know who I am,” Nelly said. “And, of course, I must go now.”

“Yes, you must.” But he made no move to help her with her wrap. “No—one minute more or less won’t matter. I want to tell you something.”

She paused in an expectant stare. He had a troubled look, a gesture of resignation, and spoke with a drooping head.

“Nelly, perhaps you’ll never speak to me again, but I’ve got to tell you. Your honesty—you sha’n’t share the blame for what was my fault alone. You’d have no cause for one qualm of regret if, in the first instance, I hadn’t been a cad, a hopeless cad, as rotten as Ross—worse—”

“Larry! What are you saying?”

“The truth—for once—to the one woman who ever got it out of me. It never occurred to me to feel ashamed of lying to

a woman before, but to you—” His hands lifted and fell with palms exposed, indicating surrender to a force stronger than himself. “Nelly, two weeks ago to-night Dick told me he loved you and wanted to marry you. I set myself against his wish. I told him no woman of the stage could possibly be a woman my son ought to marry. When he protested, I offered to prove it. I got his promise not to see you for two weeks, and promised him in turn that by to-night at midnight I’d have you here with me alone. I set deliberately about making my word good. If you hadn’t been the fairest, squarest, honestest girl I’ve ever known, if you hadn’t shamed me out of it, I’d have gone through with it without a minute’s compunction. You saved yourself because you were—you. You know I never once suggested that you should come here, under any circumstance. Chance alone to-night—”

He could not endure her eyes. He looked away and hung his head.

“Now you know what a contemptible thing I am.”

“But why?” There was a deep note of bewilderment and disrelish in her voice. “Why do you tell me this?”

“Because I love you.”

“Love makes you wish to offend me?”

“No, but I’d rather offend you than hold any measure of your good opinion when I’m unworthy of it. I love you so much, Nelly, that I can’t stand the thought of a lie between us.”

“There was none, Larry.” Her smile was rueful. “I wasn’t altogether taken in, you know. Subconsciously, I think, I knew. I remember, when Dick tried to tell me, I flew into a rage, wouldn’t listen to him—because I didn’t want to know the truth just then, because it would have hurt my vanity and—spoiled all the fun. But, deep down, I knew you weren’t sincere, that you couldn’t be so with me when you never had been with any woman.”

“Nelly!”

“You know it’s true. And, oh, Larry, what a pity that a man like you, whom so many have loved, have yourself never known real love, and never can, because you’ve always played a game with it, until now you can’t be sure whether what you feel yourself is real, or is just a mechanical response to moves and combinations which could get no other response in a game you know too well.”

The truth struck home with the force of a physical blow. Staggered, he groped for words, and groped in vain for any that would refute her.

"It isn't true," he mumbled.

She shook her head sadly and took up her cape.

"Don't judge yourself too harshly, Larry. You've done me no harm, and you've been consistent, true to the self you chose to be long ago, when the choice was still yours whether to be sincere with love or subtle. No one can blame you for choosing as you did. Love isn't always kind and fair even to those who play the game straight."

"God knows it's not!"

"So now, it's—in spite of ourselves—at last, Larry—good-by." He stared with sickened eyes at the hand she offered. "You're not cross with me for saying what I have?"

"No," he replied, with a broken laugh. "I love you too much. Nothing you can say to me can change that or make me angry. You must have loved me a little to learn to know me so well."

"A little, perhaps; but a little isn't much."

"Enough for a beginning!" He caught her hand and crushed it between his own. "Oh, I can't let you go!" he cried. "I can't!" All that there was in him of earnestness, of passion and persuasion, came out in his voice and eyes. "Nelly, I told you the truth to-night, to my own cost—it wasn't easy, for I knew the cost—because I loved you. I tell you the truth now when I tell you I can't conceive of life without your love. I want you to be my wife!"

Doubt flickered in her look.

"Not truly, Larry?"

"I mean it with all my heart—and not all my heart alone, but all of me. Will you marry me?"

He trembled for her answer. In her eyes doubt fought hard, but yielded, giving way to a smile of faith and tenderness. Warmer color suffused her face. Her lashes drooped, then lifted, that her gaze might probe deep into his.

"Yes!" she whispered.

Imperceptibly she swayed toward him. He cried out her name and caught her in his arms.

The bell rang when their lips had not yet touched. Alarmed, they started apart. The

bell rang again. The girl frowned an inquiry. Revel shook his head, then knew a shock of intuition.

"Dick!" he breathed, aghast. "This is the night. He's come to see— He mustn't find you here!"

He caught her cape and sought to place it on her shoulders. She did not stir.

"Why not," she asked, "if I'm to be your wife?"

"For that very reason. I promised not to oppose his marrying you, if I failed to have you here with me to-night. Can we let him think the reason why he must not marry you is a reason why I must?"

The bell shrilled impatiently to a prolonged pressure.

"Come down the hall—this way." He led her by the hand to a door opening on the public hall at the back of the apartment. "I'll let him in the front way. When you hear our voices slip out and go home. I'll call you up first thing in the morning."

The bell buzzed angrily as they kissed. Revel murmured a good night, pressed the switch-button, and hastened back to the front entrance. Already he could hear the sounds of some one taking the steps two at a time. He opened the door and stood waiting, the lids heavy on his eyes, a hand shielding a yawn.

Dick emerged from the darkness of the hall, strode in, stopped short, staring fixedly at Revel with smoldering eyes in a set, white face.

"Well, Dick, this is a surprise!"

"So I imagine." Dick's glance raked the room. "Where is she?"

Revel betrayed mild perplexity.

"Where's who?"

"Nelly—"

Revel made his eyes round.

"How should I know?"

The boy had a struggle with his temper. "You were to have her here," he said between his teeth. "The fortnight's up to-night, you know."

"O-oh!" Revel used the rising inflection of enlightenment. "My dear boy," he chuckled, strolling to the table and helping himself from the cigarette-basket, "I'd forgotten all about it."

"Do you expect me to believe you? How could you forget?"

"Because I gave up days ago all thought of what you have in mind."

"Why?"

"You were right about the girl. I found it out, and naturally—"

"Naturally you wouldn't tell me, when you knew I was waiting, suffering!"

"Dear boy, how could I? You were acting like a pettish little fool. You refused to speak to me in public, or to come near me."

"But you did convince yourself Nelly was all right?"

"I've said so."

"Then there's no reason why I shouldn't marry Nelly?"

"None that I know of—if she'll have you."

In uncontrolled rage the boy threw hat and stick into a corner.

"You liar!" he cried. "Don't you suppose I know she's here?"

"Why, Dick, you're mad!"

"She's in this flat this minute—"

Revel dropped wearily into a chair.

"Look for yourself," he said, fatigued.

"I'm not fool enough. If you're willing to have me look, it's because you've let her out the back way. I tell you, I saw her come in. I was watching—first you, then Nelly. It was an assignation, if ever there was one! I watched from the other side of the way, and saw her talking to you before you thought to pull down the window-shades. In the name of reason, why must you lie to me?"

"A man," Revel explained gravely, "may use any method he thinks best to protect the reputation of his future wife."

"What?"

Dick's pallor faded to ghastliness, his eyes held a blaze like madness.

"Nelly has promised to marry me," Revel told him quietly.

For an instant Dick stared as if at an utter stranger.

"You are impossible!" He fell heavily into a chair and clamped his temples between his hands. "I simply can't understand you!"

Revel got up and dropped a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Take it easy, dear boy," he begged.

"I know it seems hard—"

"Please take your hand away—it offends me. You disgust me!"

With a start of sudden resentment Revel turned back toward his chair. The boy jumped up.

"What right," he demanded violently—"what *right* had you to do this to me?"

"I thought I was acting for the best—"

"The same damned, sniveling excuse! Good God! What right had you to think or do anything, unless you *knew*, when it meant so much to me?"

"I thought I was justified—"

"Why?"

"As your father—"

"As my father, you thought you had a right to wreck my life's happiness?"

"In the judgment of riper experience than you could possibly have—"

"How did you get it, this famous 'judgment of riper experience'?" Revel blinked, without guard against this unexpected flank attack. "Did you get it by standing aside and letting your father—or anybody else—live your life for you? Have I no right to gain judgment of riper experience by living my own life? You may know more than I do, but it's only because you've lived more, and acquired your experience as you went along—not at second hand, either. You had no right! Oh, it's not you alone—the whole system's wrong, unfair, unjust, cruel, that lets a father interfere with his children's lives, guide them, repress them, till they aren't worth living. What if I had made a mistake and suffered for it? At least it would have been my mistake, not yours. I'd have nobody to blame but myself, I'd still have a father I could look up to and love, instead of one whom I must despise because he's cheated me out of the biggest thing my life has ever known—cheated me out of it, and taken it to himself!"

The boy's voice broke in sobs. Revel gave a gesture of despair. With a low cry of pain Dick picked up his hat and stick.

"I warned you, however it turned out, I'd never forgive you, and I won't!" He went as far as the door, then flung passionately back. "See here—do you suppose you've got one vestige of a sense of fair play left in you?"

"I think so," Revel said dully. "What of it?"

"Two weeks ago you said to me: 'Stand aside, because I'm your father; let me prove to you Nelly Steele's not good enough for you that I can make her my mistress—'"

"Dick!"

"That's what it amounted to—and that's what's happened—"

"No!"

"Oh, perhaps not in fact but in intention. She was here to-night—"

"She came here because her brother was in trouble, to seek my aid and advice."

"Perhaps. It doesn't matter why she came, but only that she did come to you, at midnight, alone. That shows how matters stand between you. And you did it all in two weeks—just as you boasted you could! Well, if you could, why can't I?"

"What are you saying?"

"You owe me my chance. You took it away from me without any right. Now, if you're half the man and the sportsman you pretend to be, give it back to me! I let you persuade me to clear the field for you. Now do the same by me—step aside for two weeks and let me have my innings. Perhaps I can win her back. Well, what do you say?"

"You aren't serious, Dick?"

"It's life or death with me."

"Life or death!"

Inaudibly Revel's lips repeated the words—the very phrase he had been saying over and over again to himself. What he had suffered, fearing lest he might lose Nelly, Dick was suffering now. An acute pain seared his heart.

"Well, are you game? Will you give me my innings?"

In a dull stare Revel apprehended the insolent genius of youth, which alone could conceive and empower a demand so bizarre, so exorbitant, so incredible. And in the same moment, though Nelly's promise still echoed in his hearing, though Nelly's kiss still was warm upon his lips, he was chilled by a recurrent vision of the man whom his glass had revealed to him that last Sunday morning, that gray, bleak thing into which Beau Revel was merging, that cold *cliché* of middle age.

"You ask the impossible," he said.

"Why?"

"Nelly has already said she would be my wife. I could hardly—"

"Why not? You've only got to pretend that a business matter calls you away from town for a fortnight. I don't ask you to do anything more. I don't even ask you to beg Nelly to forgive me and forget I said things that angered her. I don't ask anything but a chance, a fighting chance to win back what you've stolen from me—yes, stolen!—under a pretense of taking a father's loving interest in my welfare. I want my chance back—I have a right to it. Will you give it?"

"No."

"Then you're afraid I might win!"

"Yes, I am afraid. I dare not. It means too much to me. I might—yes, lose."

"Then you lied to me again—when you said you'd satisfied yourself Nelly was good enough to be my wife. If you had any faith in her—the faith a man ought to have in the woman he asks to marry him—you wouldn't be afraid she'd fall for another man inside of fourteen days! You can't trust her—but you want her for yourself!"

Rage welled in Revel. He could have struck the boy in the face. Before he could move to execute that impulse he felt his rage subsiding. The enervation of a great fatigue drugged his spirit.

"I will not argue with you," he said listlessly. "You will not understand, you can't. I love her."

"A-ah!" In the incoherence of disdain, maddened by disappointment, the boy snarled like a beast.

"That is not true."

Upon the utterance of those words in the voice of Nelly Steele the tension snapped. Thunderstruck, the two men turned to face her. Dick, trembling and unstrung, gave a low cry of despair. Revel had a leaden heart as he saw, in this woman who stood regarding him with unimpassioned countenance, her eyes level and dark with thought, another woman than the one whom he had known, a Nelly Steele whose very existence had never been suspected by him, a woman in whom pride of spirit burned like a strong white flame.

"You do not love me," she said deliberately. "You have never loved me. You have never loved any woman. You don't even love Dick."

"Nelly! You don't know what you're saying!"

"Ah, but I do. I'm telling you the truth, Larry—the truth I've just learned. You don't love me; you love only the picture of yourself in love. So it has been with all the other women—and partly, I think, that's why you have lost them. It is so with your love for Dick—whom you have also lost. And me—you have lost me, too, because you loved the thought of yourself being in love with me to the exclusion of loving me altogether. Why, Larry, you don't even *know* me!"

His lips moved to frame a contradiction, but her eyes abashed him. He had neither the effrontery nor the wit to deny the truth of what she said.

"You know me so little you can't trust me! Dick was right. Perhaps it is more true to say that you know yourself too well to trust me. You felt, if you did not consciously put the feeling into words, that this love of yours for me was too poor a thing to inspire enduring love in response. You dared not put it to the test. You were right! I don't love you, Larry. I thought I did, in a way, for a moment, but I, too, was self-deluded. I loved the thought of myself being loved and married to Laurence Revel—only that!"

Revel carried his hand to his eyes, as if to shield them from the light of hers.

"You are killing me," he mumbled.

"With the truth? Forgive me," she said. "I should have gone when you told me to; but I'm not sorry. I know now that I've been making a great mistake. I've undervalued myself blindly." She hesitated, with an ironic smile.

"I've always thought," she went on, "that I wasn't anything much—just a woman of the stage, as you say—because I put aside things precious to me so that I might make a good marriage—I mean, to money and position. I schemed deliberately to make that kind of marriage, and I'd probably have made it with you, Larry, if your heart hadn't failed you when you realized that you'd asked a woman of the stage to wear your name!"

"Please!" Revel interjected with an imploring hand.

"No, let me finish. I never meant to marry Dick, though I was very fond of him. But you or Dick—with either I'd have played fair; I'd have given all the love I had to give, and none to anybody else. That was before I learned that you look upon woman as a sort of chattel, whose sex makes her valuable enough to be a stake in a wager. Even when you told me, a while ago, Larry, I didn't think what an indecent thing it was, your attitude toward woman in general, toward me in particular. I can't tell you how glad I am to know what I've escaped. After this I'll be content with the love of the one decent man I know, even if he is an actor. I'm going to marry Will Phyfe as soon as we can get a license, and I'm going to be glad, glad I'm marrying a man of my own sort! For even if the theater isn't your world, it isn't such a bad shop; and even if I'm only a dancer, I'm too good, I'm far too good for such a man as you!"

She went to the door. Revel started forward as if to detain her. One look stopped him like a blow. The door closed.

Conscious of Dick's stare, but unable to meet it, he sank slackly into a chair and shaded his face with his hands. After some time Dick, saying no word, crossed to the door and went out. Muffled on the stairs, his footfalls, in the stillness of that hour, rang sharply on the sidewalk till he turned the corner.

XIV

To him who has the love of cities there is in all the world no walk so prodigal of wonder and reward; and never is Fifth Avenue more entrancing than on a winter's evening, when, under a suave, still sky, an early twilight, blue and wistful, trembles in apprehension of swift extinction in milky lamp-glow, while afoot on sidewalks walled with golden windows, and in motors shouldering from curb to curb, in twin currents opposed yet confused, faltering yet resistless, the life-blood of the town runs by like ardent wine.

Revel walked rapidly, threading the press with the readiness of habit, his head high, perhaps a hint of challenge in his eye, his heart desolate and sick with a sense of irreparable dissociation from all that for so long had meant so much to him. He saw no one whom he knew, or who saw him. Familiar faces passed him by without a sign; whether through inadvertence or design, when his gaze sought theirs they were looking the other way. Whatever the cause, the fact was ominous.

Queenie's warning sounded in his memory like a knell. Had he at last transgressed too far? Or was it merely that he had been out of town too long, nursing his stricken heart in hiding? In such a little while will the town, as fickle as it is fascinating, forget! His return to-day excited in its acute and vivid consciousness never a stir of reminiscence; he who had fallen out was so soon—nobody.

Notwithstanding, he showed few signs of change save in his haunted eyes. His person was as ever admirably clothed and carried. None but he knew the aching emptiness of his heart. But the avenue turned him a shoulder of such indifference that he felt himself no better than some unquiet spirit lingering on in the ways of life—ways that are ever oblivious of the yearning dead.

What was most galling, he might easily have spared himself this ordeal; but at Forty-Second Street inexorable impulse had turned him to walk up the avenue in the gloaming—in the hope of seeing Nelly Steele.

Hope dies so hard!

Repenting his weakness, he sought to atone for it by studiously disregarding that sea of faces which surged ceaselessly toward him—faces pretty and plain, gross, delicate, keen, obtuse, hungry, satiate, flushed, and pallid, one and all prepossessed with passions private and inscrutable; faces that showed at a distance as masks without features, mere fleshy blurs moving slowly, but gaining momentum as they drew near, step by step, taking on contour, expression, individuality, coloring, kaleidoscopic in the play of tinted window lights and cool blue shadow, till at length they swept blindly by—driven along like wavelets on a river of souls.

Now he had no more wish to meet Nelly. He was ashamed. She would guess too well his only excuse for walking that way. He cringed from the thought of her eyes of scorn; and of a sudden he determined to cross over and continue on Madison Avenue—where nobody ever walks.

At Fiftieth Street he waited on the curb for a break in the race of motor traffic. A block at the next down-town corner caused the procession of passing cars to back up like logs in a river jam. Directly opposite him a taxi stopped. He glanced idly in through its window, and saw Alice Lathom sitting there alone.

Her face, framed in dark furs, gleamed like a windflower under a hedge at dusk. At her waist red roses burned. White-gloved hands were folded in her lap. She did not stir; from the first her eyes were steadfast to his.

In that shock of recognition he winced and paled, and his bosom was oppressed by a swift, thick welling of emotion. His hand moved with a mechanical gesture to his hat.

He saw her hesitate for an instant. Then she bowed; with the shadow of a civil smile she inclined her head a little, in a salute as cool, as impersonal, as she might have given a tradesman.

The jam broke, the cab moved on—left him standing, staring, hat in hand. A man behind him trod impatiently on his heels. He moved aside with a muttered "Sorry,"

stepped back, and instinctively resumed his rapid stride, the stricken eyes in his set face fixed on remote nothingness.

There had been no pity in Alice's look, no compassion, no regret. There had not even been reproach.

Passers-by were staring. He stared back resentfully, then with heated cheeks put on his hat.

Curtains of a deeper twilight dropped softly from high, proud cornices. Windows took on a warmer hue. Here and there a motor-car opened sleepy yellow eyes.

In those few ruinous weeks he had become a stranger to her, less than a stranger—outside her world.

And in spite of his infatuation for Nelly Steele, which would not die and give him peace, he knew it now—he still loved Alice. The two passions were not incompatible. He craved Nelly, he desired her with an intensity that hurt desperately. That way only might his scotched vanity be made whole. But through Alice alone, through her love that had been his, could he save his soul alive.

Mysteriously, without a sound, endless chains of twin lamps became incandescent pearls, making radiant the street and dark the sky.

He pictured to himself in intimate detail that hour in the crowded little vestibule of the Ritz—the gracious gestures of women exquisitely groomed, the murmur of sweet, clear voices, sensuous whiffs of scent, the restless, yet unhurried, shifting of groups, the inescapable sense of the comeliness of life—the woman he loved meeting there, no doubt, another man for tea.

At the Plaza the sky grew wide, and golden rectangles in towering hotel blocks gave a contrasting accent to the blue of the deep and windless vault.

Over the park a violet haze hung like wood-smoke.

Up that almost unbroken sidewalk that runs over against the mansions of the envied he swung blindly on, vaguely sensitive to a atmosphere apart from that of the lower avenue, to a smug tranquillity exhaled by those solid and sedate residences that affect so blandly to ignore the streams of motor-cars and buses that barge and blare beneath their austere noses.

Out of his profound abstraction he gave an impassioned gesture. Those roses at her waist—their significance was maddening—maddening!

Somewhere above Seventy-Second Street annoyance with himself began to work as a counter-irritant. The complexion of his mood became less angry and inflamed with mutiny, more melancholy in false resignation. Turning in at the Seventy-Ninth Street entrance to Central Park, he walked slowly, heavily, with a hanging head.

His aimless wanderings took him through that bowered walk called Lovers' Lane; and he remarked, in a phase of cynic humor fugitively gratifying, the irony of its emptiness, with its forlorn and leafless trees sketching gestures of uncouth misery against a formless sky.

Later he paused on the stone terrace of that mock-medieval monstrosity they call the belvedere, and stood in a stare of sheer surprise provoked by the view before him, a vista of magic loveliness. Never in his memory had the park worn any aspect so bewitching.

Was it true, then, that suffering was needed to make the senses quick to beauty in familiar scenes?

The haze hung close in looping reefs, lilac and taupe and faded rose, disguising every distance and lending pensive charm to all it touched; robing tenderly the nakedness of trees, enhancing the green that lingered on the lawns, wreathing with a dusty nimbus each lamp that sentineled the winding ways, brimming all the hollows with mist of dreams. Against a sky of jade, clouded yet cloudless, toward the horizon banded with red-gold and mauve, loomed fairy turrets of pearl-gray shadow, innocent of any likeness to the Museum of Natural History, and all around rose broken cliffs of purple bright with amber bosses.

Far away, on the unseen scaffolding of the Elevated, a train like a jeweled snake crawled toward Eighty-First Street station. In the south luminous sky-signs flared and faded under the closing draperies of night. Northward, beyond the opalescent reservoirs, where the soft, gray plume of the Catskill aqueduct plays, Harlem drowsed and droned in a smoky shroud.

In the air there was no stir at all, and a strange hush brooded, superimposed upon the city roar, profaned not even by those motor-cars which, like victims of some weird infatuation, restlessly pursued one another over the sweeping drives of the park, like dull-eyed monsters toiling in enchanted silence.

The sadness of it, that such beauty might not be viewed without a thrill of pain!

In envious fascination his interest fastened upon that endless chain of cars, imagining each a shelter for lovers hand in hand, or, emboldened by the deepening dark, embracing—Nelly, perhaps, with her husband; Dick, it might be, finding solace with another woman. And fancy conjured up a muted murmur of fond sighs and whispers, sacred pledges broken in the act of utterance.

While he was but a looker-on, alone, lonely, unloved, lovelorn.

Slowly it came home to him that love was no more. His sacrilege had slain it, and its passing had been as the drawing of a sigh. There remained the agony of longing, the deep hurt of need relentlessly denied.

Envisaging a future without love, a look of terror filled his eyes. In even death was there an end?

THE END

THE GREAT MYSTERY

DEATH is the silent road,
From life withdrawn,
That leads to dark or dawn.

Death is the riddle deep
No man can read,
By word or deed.

Death is the door between
Unknown and known,
Through which we pass alone.

William Hamilton Hayne

